ROYAL PALACES AND THEIR MEMORIES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/royalpalacesthei0000sara

The Promenade in St. James Park.

ROYAL PALACES AND THEIR MEMORIES

By SARAH A. TOOLEY

Author of

"A Personal Life of Queen Victoria"

"The Life of Queen Alexandra," &c.

WITH 48 FULL-PAGE PLATES AND
A PHOTOGRAVURE FRONTISPIECE

ROBERT R. MUNTZ LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
TYLER, TEXAS 75701

London: HUTCHINSON & CO.
Paternoster Row 1902

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER LIBRARY

TEXAS EASTERN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

PREFACE

THE aim in the writing of this book has been to tell the story of the Royal Palaces from the human rather than from the antiquarian or architectural standpoint; to people them again with the historic figures who have played the drama of life within their walls, and to focus the great events as they have transpired century by century until the present time. The work, begun some four years ago, has been done during intervals of leisure, and no pains have been spared in research which would enable the writer to present a graphic history of the Palaces from their foundation, together with the incidents and anecdotes which have made them famous. The Palaces selected for description have a living as well as a past interest, and no attempt has been made to deal with the castles and Royal residences of Great Britain which were in former days the abodes of our Kings and Queens, but have now fallen into decay; or been destroyed, like Whitehall; or are devoted, like Westminster and the Tower, to other uses. It is hoped that the book may prove of interest at the beginning of a new reign.

SARAH A TOOLEY.

KENSINGTON,
October, 1902.

CONTENTS

I

PAGE

WINDSOR CASTLE 3

II

ST. JAMES'S PALACE 95

III

HAMPTON COURT PALACE 169

IV

KENSINGTON PALACE 211

V

BUCKINGHAM PALACE 277

APPENDIX 327

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	To face page
THE PROMENADE, ST. JAMES'S PARK	Frontispiece
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR	3
WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER	10
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR	22
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE THRONE-ROOM	30
WINDSOR CASTLE: LOWER WARD ON SUNDAY MORNING	40
INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR	48
HERNE, THE PHANTOM HUNTER	52
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE EAST TERRACE	66
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE LONG WALK, PLANTED BY CHARLES II.	74
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS	80
THE HERMITAGE, VIRGINIA WATER	82
WINDSOR CASTLE: THE WATERLOO GALLERY	86
THE CHRISTENING OF KING EDWARD VII. IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR	88
HENRY VIII. (BUILDER OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE) WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS MARY, AND WILL SOMERS, THE JESTER	95
AN OLD VIEW, SHOWING THE VILLAGE OF CHARING (NOW CHARING CROSS)	98
ST. JAMES'S PALACE: EXTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING HOLBEIN'S GATEWAY	110
ROSAMOND'S POND, ST. JAMES'S PARK, 1758	118
ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE GUARD CHAMBER	136
THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III. BY MARGARET NICHOLSON IN 1786, WHEN ALIGHTING FROM HIS CARRIAGE AT ST. JAMES'S	148
THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE ROYAL CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840	156
T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S	161
ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE THRONE-ROOM	164
CARDINAL WOLSEY	169
HAMPTON COURT: THE GATE-HOUSE, WEST FRONT OF WOLSEY'S PALACE	176

To face page

HAMPTON COURT: INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL BUILT BY HENRY VIII. . . 180

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: THE GREAT CLOCK GATEWAY 190

HAMPTON COURT: THE LONG CANAL, MADE BY CHARLES II. 198

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: THE SOUTH-EAST FRONT, AS COMPLETED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN 202

HAMPTON COURT: QUEEN MARY'S BOWER 204

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM 206

KING WILLIAM III. AND QUEEN MARY II. 211

KENSINGTON PALACE: THE KING'S GALLERY 218

KENSINGTON PALACE: QUEEN ANNE'S GARDENS 236

KENSINGTON PALACE: THE CUPOLA ROOM 248

THE BROAD WALK 250

KENSINGTON PALACE 258

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL 268

IN THE PRIVATE GARDEN AT KENSINGTON PALACE 271

THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN FRONT OF KENSINGTON PALACE BY PRINCESS LOUISE 273

GEORGE IV. 277

OLD BUCKINGHAM HOUSE 282

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM 288

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE STATE DINING-ROOM 294

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS DESIGNED BY GEORGE IV., AND SHOWING THE MARBLE ARCH IN FRONT OF THE FORECOURT 300

JOHN NASH 307

CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA 310

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN'S PAVILION 320

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY 324

I

WINDSOR CASTLE

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR,
The founder of Windsor Castle.

[*To face p.* 3

I

WINDSOR CASTLE

THE English have not been a people given to the building of palaces, and the stately Castle of Windsor alone redeems the country from the opprobrium of having no Royal residence commensurate to the greatness of the Empire over which the monarch rules. This noble exception is indeed worthy of the nation's best traditions. True, it does not dazzle by beauty and grace of design, like the palaces of Italian and Byzantine architecture, but standing proudly on an eminence commanding the fair valley of the Thames, the Castle, with its towers, battlements, and terraces grouped around the Norman keep, speaks of massive strength, of endurance, and of regal power. "Madame, il est digne de vous," was the courtly utterance of the Czar Nicholas when he visited Queen Victoria at Windsor.

The story of the Castle is as fascinating as a romance. Each stone breathes memories of the poetry, tradition, and legendary lore of the country. From Arthur's Knights of the Round Table to Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra is a range of history which, filled in period by period, yields a rare harvest of national incident. Windsor is the home of Magna Charta, the shrine of St. George, the birthplace of the most noble Order of the Garter, and a spot sacred

to the drama of Shakespeare, the "Chronicles" of Froissart, and the verse of Chaucer. Wandering round the precincts of the Castle, one half expects to see the whimsical figure of the Father of English Poetry in his long coat and pointed hood on his ambling steed, or to encounter the generous proportions of Falstaff or the mischievous faces of the Merry Wives. In the Great Park memories linger of Herne the phantom hunter on his coal-black steed, and of Mabel Lyndwood rowing her skiff on the lake; while according to some witnesses the Castle terraces are frequented by the ghost of Queen Elizabeth, and from the window named after her peeps the fair face of Anne Boleyn. In imagination we hear the chanting of monks in the old cloisters of St. George's, the clank of mail-clad knights on the steps of the Round Tower, and the shouts of the combatants in the great tilt-yard. Yes, and other sounds echo from the past—the moan of the starving captive or the shriek of the murdered in the dungeon keep, for Royal Windsor has dark tragedies to tell, and the walls of the Norman Tower are covered with the names of despairing prisoners.

But to begin with the memories of legendary history. Upon the Windsor hill great Merlin reared, so 'tis said,[1] a magic fortress for King Arthur and his knights, and in the hall, decorated with trophies of their prowess, was set the Table Round, at which no knight could sit above his fellows, all being of equal valour. In the great forest around his enchanted castle Arthur pitched his tents and made "broad pathways for the hunter and the knight." In his hours of leisure he basked in the smiles of his fair but false Queen Guinevere, and in time of stress listened to the councils

[1] Harrison in Holinshed's "Chronicles"; Froissart's "Chronicles."

of Merlin. The dimness which hovers over the early history of Windsor is pleasantly lighted by this romance of Arthur.

In the year 1066 we come to something much more tangible than the famous Round Table of the Arthurian legend, for then it was that William the Conqueror built on Windsor Hill a Norman keep or fortress of defence. Exit the shadowy figures of King and knights, who held aloft Excalibur, and enter warriors of flesh and blood clad in chain armour and wearing the pointed helmet of Normandy.

There is authentic history of Windsor, however, before William founded the present Castle. In Saxon times it was the abode of Royalty, and named Windlesore from the winding banks of the river in the vicinity. Edward the Confessor had a small palace or lodge by the river bank, at Old Windsor, to which he at times retired, and as a pious act he granted the demesne to the monks of Westminster, "for the hope of eternal reward, the remission of his sins, the sins of his father, mother, and all his ancestors, to the praise of Almighty God, as an endowment and perpetual inheritance," on January 5th, 1066. So runs the mention of Royal Windsor in the old charter.[1] The monks, however, did not long remain in possession of the Confessor's gift. William the Conqueror espied the goodly land by the "winding shore" of Thames, and the adjacent forest filled with deer ready for his hunting, and obtained Windlesore from the monks in exchange for some lands in Essex. He kept the old Saxon "palace," buried amidst oaks in the valley, for a hunting lodge, and on the summit of the ridge above built a Norman keep or tower as a prison for his enemies.

[1] Cottonian MSS.

The memories which gather round Windsor at this early stage of history are of the Norman knights hunting the red-deer with their iron-tipped arrows, and returning to the King's hunting lodge for feasting and carousal. William made roads through the great trackless forest, placed here and there a keeper's lodge, and enacted severe laws for the preservation of the game. His son, William Rufus, continued the traditions, and came often to Windsor for hunting. During his reign the Castle keep received its first State prisoner,[1] Robert de Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, a Norman baron who had crossed the sea to seek his fortune. He plotted against the separate government of England and Normandy, provided by the Conqueror's will, which William Rufus desired to maintain, and would have liked to see the island under the entire dominance of the Normans. The act, however, which brought about his downfall was the treachery by which he encompassed the murder of Malcolm King of Scotland. Mowbray was summoned by Rufus to Windsor to answer for his deed; he refused to come, upon which the King marched to the North, besieged him in his stronghold of Bamborough, finally made him prisoner, and conveyed him to Windsor. Twenty-five years later he was reported to be alive in the dungeon; then record ceases. Robert de Mowbray was left to rot in the Norman keep.[2]

So far we find little trace of the domestic Court life of the Sovereign associated with Windsor Castle; it was principally a fortress, a prison, and a hunting lodge. But after the accession of Henry I. (Beauclerc), the younger brother of William Rufus, it began to assume the appearance of a palatial residence. The King built below the

[1] "Saxon Chronicle." [2] "Royal Windsor," by Hepworth Dixon.

Norman keep of his father spacious rooms and halls, as a home for his beloved Queen Matilda, daughter of King Malcolm of Scotland and Margaret Atheling. This addition was on the site of what is now the upper ward of the Castle.

The first Royal mistress of Windsor is a character who graces well the page of its history. Matilda, more commonly called by her contemporaries the "good Queen Maud," was a niece of Edward the Confessor, reared by her saintly mother, Queen Margaret, in the traditions of Saxon liberty. After the death of her father, Malcolm of Scotland, through the treachery, as we have shown, of Robert de Mowbray, and the decease of her mother, who died broken-hearted immediately afterwards, Matilda was placed under the care of her aunt, the Abbess Christina, at Wilton Abbey, which had been a place of training and education for Anglo-Saxon princesses since it was founded by the Confessor's Queen, Edith. There Matilda grew into a lovely, and, for her time, an accomplished girl. She kept close within her nunnery to escape the unwelcome attention of the Norman nobles, but was averse to taking the black veil urged upon her by the Abbess Christina. Henry I. was attracted to the maiden, not only because of her beauty, but also on account of her Saxon lineage. Though a son of the Conqueror, Henry prided himself on being a native of England ; he spoke the language of the country, wore his yellow hair in curls about his neck according to the Saxon fashion, and was desirous of further ingratiating himself with his Anglo-Saxon subjects by taking a Queen of their nationality. At first the fair Matilda declined the King's suit, for the story of his many amours had penetrated even to her cloister. She finally yielded on the representation of the nobles of her house, that as

Queen she would be a powerful influence in staying the feuds between the native Saxons and the Norman settlers. Not, however, until her Royal lover had promised to confirm to the English nation their ancient laws and privileges, as established by Alfred and ratified by Edward the Confessor, did she consent to become his wife. Matilda and Henry were married on November 11th, 1100, at Westminster Abbey, crowned immediately afterwards, and set up their Court at Westminster Palace.

The old chroniclers[1] agree in testifying to the domestic happiness which followed the union, and to please his idolised Queen Henry planned for her a home at beautiful Windsor. It is pleasing to find that not only was the first palace on Windsor Hill built for this noble and gracious woman, to whom in part we owe our freedom and liberties as a nation, but she herself personally superintended the building,[2] as Henry, being engaged in his wars in Normandy for a considerable part of the time, left her virtually regent in England. The Queen had for chief adviser the episcopal architect, Gundulph, and his skill, guided by her artistic taste and that of the King, made the new Royal abode an elegant and sumptuous house. The building begun in 1107[3] appears to have been completed about 1110. In the summer of that year the King returned after a long absence in Normandy, and, joining the Queen and her children at Windsor, kept Court with great splendour in the new palace.[4] Henry also erected a chapel and dedicated it to St. Edward, and founded a college in connection with it, for eight priests or canons, to be maintained out of the Royal exchequer.

[1] William of Malmesbury, Robert of Gloucester.
[2] Strickland's "Lives of the Queens of England."
[3] Stow.
[4] "Saxon Chronicle.

We may picture this first domestic *ménage* at Royal Windsor. Henry was a warrior King, handsome, powerful, yet withal of refined and elegant tastes. His flowing ringlets had for many years been the pride of his Queen, and the Anglo-Normans who attended him adopted the same picturesque fashion ; but at this period he had returned from Normandy with close-cut beard and hair, his followers being likewise shorn of their love-locks. Doubtless the change was distasteful to his Queen, but she was a dutiful wife. In appearance Matilda was a typical Saxon beauty, with fair hair and complexion and blue eyes. She had a long white neck and queenly carriage. The portrait of her in mature life preserved in an old illuminated book[1] at the British Museum shows her with a face of benignant dignity and holding in her hand the charter which she granted to St. Alban's. Piety, charity, and sympathy with the people in their struggle for constitutional freedom were her distinguishing characteristics. Everything of merit which Henry did during her life was attributed to Matilda's influence.

> Many were the good laws that were made in England
> Through Maud the good Queen, as I understand,

rhymed Robert of Gloucester. Copies of the laws which at her request Henry had on their marriage granted to the people had been committed to the keeping of various religious houses. All appear subsequently to have been destroyed, save one copy, which served the barons as a legal precedent in the reign of John. This was the basis of Magna Charta, which, with singular poetic justice, was signed at the field of Runnymede, within sight of the good Queen's

[1] "The Golden Book of St. Alban's."

home at Windsor, from whose gates, indeed, the reluctant John set forth.

The influence of Matilda pervaded Windsor at this period and made it a typical Saxon home. She trained her children in the old traditions of Alfred the Great and Edward the Confessor, and prayed that her idolised son, Prince William, might govern, when his turn came, justly and well; but, alas! he perished in the flower of his youth in the "white ship." At Windsor her daughter Maud, or Matilda, was at the age of five married by proxy to the Emperor Henry V., but remained for succeeding years under her mother's tutelage. The Queen's household was composed chiefly of Saxon ladies who, like herself, were devoted to good works and the cultivation of the homely virtues. The Norman nobles spoke slightingly of the austerity with which the "Saxon woman," as they termed the Queen, ruled the Court. Her maids of honour—Emma, Gunilda, and Christina, whose very names breathe propriety—were a remarkable contrast to the sprightly damsels who in later years graced the Castle. After the death of Matilda, which occurred, not at Windsor, but at Westminster Palace, her favourite hand-maidens retired to the hermitage of Kilburn, afterwards converted into a priory, as the deed[1] says, "for the reception of these three virgins of God, sacred damsels who had belonged to the chamber of Matilda, the good Consort to Henry I."

Changes came to the Court at Windsor after the death of Matilda. Henry took as his second Consort Adelicia of Louvaine, a beautiful young girl to whom he was married at Windsor Castle on January 24th, 1121. She shared the King's taste for literature and

[1] Preserved in the Cottonian MSS., Claudius.

Photo by York & Sons.

WINDSOR CASTLE, FROM THE RIVER.

[*To face p.* 10.

the arts, and together they kept an elegant and lively Court. At one of the Christmas merry-makings at Windsor the King conferred upon the young Queen the whole county of Salop. When it became apparent that she would bear no children, Henry brought his daughter by the first Queen, the Empress Matilda, now a widow, to Windsor, and there assembling the barons, caused them to pay homage to her as his heir and successor. This was the first occasion on which a woman claimed the regal dignity in this country.

In the years which followed the death of Henry I., Windsor entered upon a period of war and bloodshed. The one peaceful home of the good Queen Maud was the scene of the struggles between the usurper Stephen and the Empress Maud, and of the hostilities, during the absence of Richard the Lion-hearted at the Crusading wars, between his Deputy Governor of the Castle, Hugh de Pudsey, Bishop of Durham and Earl of Northumberland, and William Longchamp, Bishop of Ely, the "clerical dwarf," who finally established himself in the stronghold of Windsor, bidding defiance to all who assailed his power.

With the accession of King John we come upon still more discreditable memories connected with Royal Windsor. It was the usurper's favourite residence. There he kept Court with his Queen Isabella, held councils, pursued his shameful intrigues, murdered or imprisoned his enemies, and made the Castle a stronghold against the barons. The reign of John forms the blackest chapter in the history of the Castle. Of the many foul deeds which he committed therein, the diabolical murder of Maud de Braose and her son stands out in lurid light. This lady was the wife of William de Braose, a powerful baron who had incurred the King's displeasure.

John sent his emissaries to her, demanding that she should yield her son as hostage for her husband; but she replied with more spirit than discretion that "she would not entrust her child to the person who could slay his own nephew." The unfortunate mother afterwards tried to propitiate the King by sending to Windsor as a present to the Queen a herd of four hundred cows, all white as milk, save the ears, which were red. This unique herd lowed in the Royal pastures, but the donor was brought a prisoner to the Castle, and with her young son was cast into a vault of the Norman keep, bricked up, and left to starve. Miss Strickland gives a still more ghastly story, and says that William de Braose, his wife, and five children were fastened in a strong room at Windsor and left to their fate. Later historians confine the murder to Maud and her eldest son.[1]

After this ghastly tragedy the barons rose in revolt against the tyrant, and demanded the restitution of the Saxon laws. John endeavoured to evade the demands, and sought refuge within his fortress Castle, but in vain. Archbishop Langton pressed close upon him, and at a conference at Windsor made the oft-repeated demand, "Away with unjust laws! Restore good laws! Give us back the laws of Alfred and of Edward!" and John, finding himself unable to resist the gathering forces of his vassals, was compelled to treat with them. From Windsor to London and from London back to Windsor did Langton ride full many a time in the momentous days which followed, to arrange terms between the King and the barons. Perforce John yielded to their demands, and on Monday, June 15th, 1215, sullenly rode forth

[1] Tighe and Davis, "Annals of Windsor"; "Annals of Margam."

from his Castle and, meeting Langton, Lord Fitzwalter, and the chief barons in the field of Runnymede, between Staines and Windsor, signed Magna Charta.

That day the little township of the Royal borough was alive with exulting citizens, who had flocked from London to celebrate the charter, and with a goodly company of prelates and earls rejoicing in the restitution of Saxon liberties, and their thoughts must have turned to the good Queen Maud. Within that fortress Castle, John was gnashing his teeth in rage at the deed he had been compelled to do. It is related[1] that "he whetted his teeth, and did bite now on one staff, now on another, as he walked, and oft brake the same in pieces when he had done, and with such disordered behaviour and furious gestures he uttered his grief." Three days he remained within the Castle stupefied by events. It had been agreed that he should retain the Royal domain with its forest and appurtenances, and now the faithless King, leaving it in charge of his creatures, set forth to raise mercenary troops to assist him in overthrowing the barons. He returned to Windsor, after devastating the country, gloating over the triumph which seemed within his reach, when he heard that the barons had invited Louis of France to assume his crown. He made Engelard de Cigony Keeper of Windsor, and entrusting its defence to him and sixty of his knights and their companies, again fell back on the shires. In his absence the Castle withstood the severe siege by an army under William de Nivers. For weeks the massive fortress held out, though engines vomited stones against its walls and slingers and bowmen hailed shafts at its defenders. Finally

[1] Holinshed.

the barons raised the siege in order to meet John and his army. He evaded them by marching towards Wales. On his return he was seized with sickness and died at Newark.

We now come to the second great epoch in the construction of Windsor Castle. The recent siege, though it had left the Norman keep practically intact, had almost wrecked the buildings erected by Henry I. for his Queen. Henry III. on his accession began the operations which brought the Castle to palatial dimensions, but more than exhausted the King's treasury. Lacking in statecraft, weak as a ruler, Henry was a man of artistic taste, with a hobby for architecture. The best workmen which the country could produce now came flocking to Windsor, and we may picture them swarming about the Castle towers and walls in the picturesque dress of the period—coloured gaberdines and hose—as they hammered, chiselled, and built while the good-natured King, with his fresh face and fair locks, viewed the operations. The town grew apace to provide accommodation for the great army of workmen. The chief carpenters were maintained on the Royal establishment, and to all Henry was generous and thoughtful while funds held out.

He had a gigantic scheme to fortify and crown the Castle hill with towers and ramparts, and the slow-working levers laboured year after year to hoist the stone to the masons. Enthusiasm died away, and there was discontented clamour amongst the workmen when wages grew into great arrears. In vain the King robbed the Jews and borrowed from the citizens. The money disappeared through the great sieve of the Castle buildings. Many inconvenient creditors had their clamouring stopped by a sojourn in the prison

of the Norman keep. Masons and carpenters might be so treated, but when the canons and choristers of his Castle church pressed him for their due, the King was driven to meet their demands by pawning the beautiful new statue of the Virgin, but under condition that the sacred pledge was to be treated with becoming respect.

When the King first began operations, he repaired the old Royal lodging in the upper ward and then proceeded to build another "King's house" in the lower ward around the chapel of his patron saint, St. Edward. He designed a magnificent apartment for himself, another for the Queen, and adjoining them a great hall. He also built a new chapel to St. Edward 70 feet long and 28 feet broad. Opposite his new house he erected a lodging for his son, Prince Edward, which is intact to-day, and known as the Constable's Lodging. There the young Edward, first of the name, lived with his tutors and governor. Great misfortunes befell the new building; some of it gave way, and on St. Dunstan's Day, 1251, lightning struck the Queen's new apartments, causing havoc in the room where she and the Royal children were. Queen Eleanor was very fond of Windsor, and after this catastrophe she migrated with her young family to the old "house" of the good Queen Maud in the upper ward, which was fully restored and decorated for her use. The King also had apartments prepared in this portion of the Castle, which became, and has since remained, the Royal residential quarter. The lower ward was now left to the fine new chapel and the cloisters and canons' houses which grouped around it. Meanwhile Henry had been pushing forward the operations on the outworks of the Castle, and the three towers

now known as the Curfew, Garter, and Salisbury were erected by him on the western side of the lower ward. He also continued the ramparts along the southern side, and on the north the Winchester Tower, and probably the Norman Tower.

The Court which Henry and Eleanor kept at Windsor appears to have been a gay one. Very sumptuous attire was worn by the nobles and dames, and the extravagance of the Royal household became a scandal to the country when the national exchequer was almost exhausted. Still, Henry was not unmindful of the poor, and on holy days a great number of destitute people were collected in the great hall and fed and clothed by the King to the glory of God.

In the closing years of Henry's reign, Windsor again became the centre of a contest between King and barons. At one time he and the Queen were forced to quit the Castle, leaving it in the hands of the barons. The valiant Prince Edward recovered it, but was again forced to yield it to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. Finally it returned to the Royal possession.

Throughout the long reign of Henry III. the town had been increasing in size and importance around the Castle, and in 1276 his son and successor, Edward I., created Windsor a free borough[1] and conferred special privileges upon its inhabitants. It returned two members to Parliament. Edward I. lived much at the Castle with his Queen, Eleanor of Castile, and there four of their numerous family were born. At Windsor he meted out parental discipline to his son, that Edward of Carnarvon first named Prince of Wales, and for some months confined him within

[1] Charter in 5th year of Edward I.

the Castle boundaries for lawless behaviour, and to ween him from the disreputable companionships he had formed; but with no lasting effect. When this son succeeded as Edward II., a period of disgraceful episodes marked the annals of the Castle, to be succeeded, however, by the most important and glorious epoch in its history.

The son of Edward II. and his fair but erring Queen, Isabella of France, was the thrice renowned Edward III., surnamed "Windsor," after the place of his birth. The auspicious event took place on November 23rd, 1312. The Queen, though five years married, was only eighteen. She was a captivating and sprightly girl, versed in all the fascinations and elegances of the French Court, and was of great lineage and connection, being the daughter of a powerful King, the sister of another, and cousin of a third. United to a worthier husband, Isabella might have developed into a noble woman, instead of disgracing the annals of queenhood. She was clever, witty, accomplished, of great beauty, and as yet innocent and lovable, and the birth of her son called forth her best instincts. The young Queen had spent some hours of the day previous to her son's birth praying in the Castle chapel of St. Edward. Immediately after the event she sent a messenger from Windsor to London to acquaint her good friends the citizens with the intelligence. "Because we believe that you will hail this news with joy, we send you word that our Lord, by His grace, hath given us a son. . . . God have you in His love."

At this time Edward II. was in a deep rage over the murder of Piers Gaveston, the favourite who had been his undoing, and was in a mood to plunge the country into civil war. Isabella begged

that her lovely babe might be a hostage for peace. The King was turned from his wrath, and the nobles and citizens forgot their grievances in rejoicing over the birth of an heir to the throne. On the third day of his life the infant Prince was christened in St. Edward's Chapel, and received the name of the Saxon saint.

Surely the spirit of the good Queen Maud hovered over the cradle of Edward of Windsor. He grew into a peerless youth, handsome of person, strong of body, accomplished in scholarship, cultured in the arts, a valiant soldier, and a spotless knight. He had escaped his father's despicable qualities and only inherited the best side of his mother's nature. Fortune favoured him in love. The hands of the most eligible princesses in Europe were at his disposal, but during his travels he had looked into the eyes of a maiden beautiful and innocent as himself, and her and none other he would wed. She was Philippa of Hainault, daughter of William the Good, Count of Holland. Edward and Philippa were united at York Minster on January 24th, 1329. The young King was seventeen and the bride a few months younger. A fairer sight was never seen than the arrival of the illustrious couple at Windsor, marred only by the presence of the Queen-mother, Isabella. But as yet Edward knew not of the dark deed by which his sire had been murdered in Berkeley Castle at the instigation of his mother and her paramour Mortimer. When some years later he learned the truth, it turned the light-hearted youth into a stern man. Edward banished the Queen-mother for ever from his Court, and she worked out her remorse and shame a prisoner for twenty-five years in the castle of Rising, on the lonely marshes of the Wash.

A new era now dawned for Windsor Castle. Edward was

attached to the place of his birth, and constantly held Court there. He added to the Castle buildings and in the upper ward erected a series of stately apartments for himself and the good Queen Philippa. He built a church and dedicated it to St. George, the patron saint whom he selected for England, established the Society of St. George, and instituted the most noble Order of the Garter. To Windsor he returned as the victor of Cressy and Poictiers, and there he lodged his Royal and distinguished prisoners. Under Edward III. Windsor Castle became the scene of the most brilliant Court in the annals of chivalry.

It appears at first strange that the King should have practically banished from Windsor the saint after whom he himself, his father, and his puissant grandfather were named. The first sanctuary of the Castle had, as we have seen, been dedicated to St. Edward by Henry I. to please his Saxon Queen. Henry III. also dedicated his new chapel to St. Edward, but the name was unpopular with those of Norman lineage and sympathy. Many of the Norman barons refused to call the chapel at Windsor by the name of St. Edward, recalling, as it did, the old Saxon dynasty. So it transpired that at this period, although Ireland had its St. Patrick, and Scotland its St. Andrew, England was without a patron saint. Edward III. supplied the omission. He had returned to his Castle at Windsor a victorious soldier burning with devotion to the warrior saint, whose aid he had invoked with such good results at Cressy, and he decreed that St. George should be the ensign of his banner, the battle-cry of his knights, the superscription on his coinage, and, in short, the patron saint of England, and proceeded to found an Order and raise a shrine to his memory at Windsor.

There are in the calendar "saints and saints," but fortunately for our national prestige, the choice of Edward fell upon a saint of great "respectability." St. George was a holy and valiant man; the son of wealthy parents, descended from the "saints who dwelt at Lydda," in the days of the Apostles. He was born at this town of Lydda in Cappadocia, trained to be a soldier, and, entering the Imperial service, fought under the lieutenants of Diocletian. At the time of the persecution he laid down his commission and threw in his lot with the Christians, for which he was arrested and tortured, but refusing to recant, was condemned to a martyr's death. In due course he was proclaimed a saint, and pilgrims flocked to his tomb, over which Constantine built a church. When the Crusades were started, St. George, so runs the legend, left his throne in heaven and became a soldier of the Cross. He now, to use a modern phrase, "materialised" as a knight, mounted and armed, clad in white mail, riding a white charger and wearing a white shirt on which was stamped a blood-red cross. Thus did he lead the Christians against the infidel hosts.

When Richard the Lion-hearted joined the Crusaders, he found the warrior saint the most popular name to conjure with, and led his soldiers at the siege of Acre to the battle-cry of St. George. It is said by some historians that Richard founded a knightly Order to his new saint, but however that may be, it is conceivable that his followers returned home worshippers of St. George and familiarised his name among the soldiers of this country. The cult, however, was to find its great expression under Edward III.

St. George was the hero of many valiant deeds, foremost amongst these traditions being the slaying of the dragon. It is thus set forth

in "The Golden Legende": "Saint George was a knight born at Capadose. On a time he came into the Province of Libya, to a city which is called Sylene, and by this city was a stagne, or pond, like a sea, wherein was a dragon, which envenomed all the country; and the people of the city gave to him every day two sheep for to feed him; and when the sheep failed, there was taken a man and a sheep."[1] At length, runs the story, the inhabitants of the town were driven to appease the insatiable appetite of the dragon by yielding to him their young people. Matters reached a crisis when the lot fell upon the daughter of the King. She was apparelled as a bride and "led to the place where the dragon was." At this juncture St. George rode by upon his horse and straightway "bore himself against the dragon, and smote him with his spear, and threw him to the ground, and delivered the lady to her father, who was baptised, and all his people. This blessed holy martyr, St. George," continues the chronicler, "is patron of this realm of England, and the cry of men of war; in the worship of whom is founded the noble Order of the Garter, and also a noble college in the Castle of Windsor, in which college is the heart of St. George, which Sigismund, the Emperor of Almayne (Germany) brought and gave for a great and precious relic to King Henry V. And also the said Sigismund was a brother of the said Garter; and also here is a piece of his head." These relics are not at Windsor to-day, and the Duke of Argyll inclines to the idea that Cromwell's men destroyed them.[2]

Having selected a saint honoured throughout the fighting world as the presiding genius of battles by land and sea, and one acceptable to his Anglo-Norman followers, Edward prepared to found an Order

[1] Caxton's edition, 1483, folio 157. [2] "The Governor's Guide to Windsor."

of knighthood. In the past, Orders had been ordained by the Church, and were more or less of an ascetic kind, from which women were excluded. The hero of Cressy was a knight of chivalry. He had a fair Queen who had accompanied him in his campaigns and stimulated his soldiers by her presence. Edward had noticed that when Queen Philippa and her following of noble dames were near the camp it gave a stimulus to his knights, who strove valiantly to distinguish themselves under the bright eyes of the ladies. St. George, as we have seen, demolished the dragon to save a fair lady from its jaws. It was fitting that in an Order founded in his name women should have a place. So thought King Edward, and he decreed that Queen Philippa and her daughters, the Lady Isabella and Lady Yvenne, were to be enrolled as Dames of St. George,[1] and with a following of some three hundred ladies of high degree were to attend the jousts and tournaments connected with the inauguration of his Order of the Knights of the Round Table, which subsequently became the Order of the Garter. The first installation took place on St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1344.

Of the various accounts given of the founding of the Order of St. George—or of the "Garter," as it subsequently became—none gives the atmosphere of the time like the contemporary account in the "Chronicles" of Froissart. This picturesque historian was private secretary to Queen Philippa. "In this season," he records, "the King of England took pleasure to newe reedefy the Castell of Wyndsore, the whiche was begonne by Kyng Arthure; and ther firste beganne the Table Rounde, whereby sprange the fame of so many

[1] For several ages after the first installations each knight was accompanied by his dame, who was considered to belong to the Order.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINDSOR.

[*To face p.* 22

noble knightes throughout all the worlde. Than Kyng Edwarde determyned to make an order and a brotherhoode of a certain nombre of knyghtes, and to be called knyghtes of the blewe garter; and a feest to be kept yerely at Wynsore on saynt George's day. And to begynne this order, the Kynge assembled togyder erles, lordes, and knyghtes of his realme, and showed them his intencyon, and they all joyously agreed to his pleasure, bycause thei sawe it was a thyng moche honourable, and wherby great amyte and love shulde growe and encrease. Than was ther chosen out a certayne nombre of the moost valyantest men of the realme, and they sware and sayled to mentagne the ordynaunces, such as were devysed: and the Kyng made a chapell in the castell of Wynsore, of saynt George, and stablysshed certayne chanons ther to serve God, and enduyed them with fayre rent. Then the Kyng sende to publysshe this feast, by his heralds, into Fraunce, Scotlande, Burgone, Heynault, Flaunders, Brabant, and into thempyre of Almayne, gyveng to every knight and squyer that wolde come to the sayd feest XV dayes of salve conduct before the feest and after; the which feest to begynne at Wyndsore, on saynt George day nexte after, in the yere of our Lorde M.CCC.XLIIII. (1344) and the quene to be ther accompanyed with III.C. (300) ladyes and damosels, all of noble lynage, and aparelled acordingly."[1]

We further read that there were to be twenty-six companions of the Order to bear the name of Knights of the Blue Garter, and as one died or was deprived another was admitted into his place, the King of England to be ever the chief of the Order. The dress

[1] "The Chronicle of Syr John Froissart," the Tudor translation commanded by Henry VIII. and edited by W. E. Henley.

was a blue robe or mantle, and a garter about the left leg "richly wrought with gold and precious stones," having this inscription in French upon it: "Honi soit qui mal y pense" ("Shame come to him that evil thinketh"). The Order was dedicated to St. George, as the chief patron of men of war, and each year the knights were to celebrate his feast with many noble ceremonies at the Castle of Windsor. One of the chief laws pertaining to the Order was that the knights should aid and defend one another and never turn their backs or run away when fighting under the command of their sovereign lord, or of his deputy. Of the first twenty-six noblemen and knights who formed the Order, Froissart gives the names :—

THE FIRST KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

1. King Edward III.
2. Prince Edward (the Black Prince).
3. Prince Henry (Duke of Lancaster).
4. The Earl of Warwick.
5. The Captal de Buch.
6. Ralph Earl of Stafford.
7. William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury.
8. Roger Lord Mortimer.
9. John Lord Lisle.
10. Bartholomew Lord Burghersh.
11. John Lord Beauchamp.
12. Lord de Mohun.
13. Hugh Lord Courteney.
14. Thomas Lord Holland.
15. John Lord Grey of Rotherfield.
16. Sir Richard FitzSimon.
17. Sir Miles Stapleton.
18. Sir Thomas Wale.
19. Sir Hugh Wrottesley.
20. Sir Nestle Loring.
21. Sir John Chandos.
22. James Lord Audley.
23. Sir Otho Holland.
24. Sir Henry Eam of Brabant.
25. Sir Sanchio d'Ambretcourt.
26. Sir Walter Pavely.

Froissart does not clearly define between the institution of the Brotherhood of the Round Table and of the founding of the Order of the Garter, and Sir Harris Nicolas, in his history of the Garter, thinks that many facts point to June 24th, 1348, as the day

when the institution of the Order of the Garter—a development of the Brotherhood of the Round Table—actually took place. Queen Philippa gave birth to her fourth son, William, in May of that year, and probably the King chivalrously postponed the great festival from St. George's Day, April 23rd, to June 24th, so that she might be able to grace the occasion.

We may imagine this valorous company—all for the nonce of equality, like Arthur's Knights—dressed in russet gowns and wearing mantles of fine blue woollen cloth, powdered with garters, and having the badge—a jewelled garter below the left knee—and bearing the other insignia of the Order, with the exception of the collar, which was added by Henry VIII., marching bareheaded in solemn procession from the Castle to the chapel of St. George, there to make their vows. The Queen and Princesses also wore blue robes powdered with garters. Mass was celebrated by William Edington, Bishop of Winchester, the Prelate of the Order. Afterwards the knights partook of a great banquet. For fifteen days the festivities continued. The knights matched themselves in deeds of skill and daring, each invoking the name of his lady. The King challenged all comers in the name of the Queen, taking for his device a white swan and having on his shield the motto :

> Hay ! hay ! the white swan !
> By God's soul, I am thy man.

The distinguished prisoners in the Castle—David King of Scotland ; Charles de Blois ; and Raoul of Eu, Constable of France—were invited to take part in the jousts. Edward provided the King of Scotland with a suit of armour richly embroidered with a pale

of red velvet. Until comparatively recent times this armour was preserved amongst other relics of prisoners in the Round Tower. We picture the animated scene on Castle Hill as champions invited combat, horses were spurred, shields held aloft and swords waved, as each knight bethought him of the great dragon-slayer, and entered the lists with the cry of "St. George for Merry England!" Bright eyes strained to watch the combats; there was fluttering of hope and fear in gentle breasts, as lances were broken and knights unhorsed, and white kerchiefs fluttered at the shout of victory. The winner of the crown was Raoul of Eu, the Constable of France, and so jealous of the new Order was the King, his master, that when the victor returned home he paid for his prowess at the Windsor jousts with his head.

It was not all tilting and feasting at the great festival at such times, for men's thoughts are apt to turn to love, and the glades of Windsor Forest, with the great oaks and elms in freshest green and jubilant with myriad songsters, would prove inviting to the knights and their fair ladies. Some romantic episodes which the chroniclers have not set down occurred, we imagine, at the inauguration of St. George.

It was not to be expected that an Order of chivalry could escape a romantic legend. Many have been the attempts to explain the association of the garter with the cult of St. George. The estimable saint himself had not made that article of the toilet famous. It would indeed have seemed more in keeping if his knights had had their robes powdered with dragons instead of with garters. At this period the legend of Arthur still hovered over Windsor. Edward had built a round hall in the Norman keep, where he and his

knights feasted on equality in imitation of the earlier Round Table. Things "circular" were the fashion at Court. It has been assumed that the adoption of the garter badge had some relation to King Arthur's Round Table and the desire of Edward to perpetuate its memory amongst his knights. But in those days of chivalry it seemed necessary that an Order of knighthood must be associated with some fair lady, and the King's wife not being sufficiently romantic, the populace found the required heroine in the Countess of Salisbury, the beautiful wife of a valiant knight who was a prisoner in France. During her husband's absence, the Countess was besieged by the Scots in her castle at Wark. King Edward and his soldiers scattered the besiegers. The fair lady came forth to the castle gate in her richest apparel to meet the King and tender her thanks in person. He was at once enamoured of her beauty, and during his brief sojourn under her roof made overtures which the virtuous lady resisted with a grace and tact which still further inflamed the King's passion. Mr. Hepworth Dixon relegates this story to the realm of myth and ballad, and says that the incident of the dropping of Lady Salisbury's garter, which led to its being adopted as the badge of Edward's new Order, is not mentioned by the contemporary historian Froissart, even though he refers to the love episode. We find, however, that Froissart does give the story about the garter, but attributes it to popular gossip.

"There goeth a tale amongst the people, that it arose by this means," he writes. "It chanced that King Edward, finding the garter of the Countess of Salisbury, with whom he was in love, being fallen from her leg, stooped down and took it up:

whereat divers of his nobles found matter to jest, and to talk their fancies merrily touching the King's affection towards the lady, unto whom he said, that if he lived, it should come to pass that most high honour should be given unto them for the garter's sake: and thereupon shortly after he devised and ordained this Order of the Garter, with such a posy; whereby he signified that his nobles judged otherwise of him than the truth was." Froissart is disposed to defend this origin of the knightly Order. "Though some may think," says he, "that so noble an order had but a mean beginning, if this tale be true, yet many honourable degrees of estates have had their beginning of more base and mean things than of Love, which, being orderly used, is most noble and commendable, since nobility itself is covered under Love." Most excellent reasoning, O chronicler of the days of chivalry, but one wonders how thy noble mistress, Queen Philippa, would have relished the line of argument! If the enamoured King had found the fair Countess more compliable to his humour, the motto of the most noble Order of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," would have been robbed of its meaning. Whether the story be true or no, certain it is that the Order founded in honour of St. George lives by its sobriquet of "the Garter."

It seems in a measure that St. George is fated to be neglected. Not only was his name dropped from the Order founded to his memory, but to-day, while St. Patrick's Day and St. Andrew's Day are kept with patriotic celebrations, St. George's Day is passed by unheeded.[1] It is singular, when we consider the fame which the

[1] There is now a "Society of St. George" which is endeavouring to get the day celebrated as a national fête.

saint enjoyed in the Middle Ages, the victories which were achieved under his banner, the preservation of his martial figure upon coins of the realm, and the representations of him in wood and marble which are preserved in mediæval churches and cathedrals, added to the fact that Royal Windsor itself is his shrine and home. True, his ensign, and not the Union Jack, floats from the Round Tower of Windsor Castle when the Sovereign is in residence, and his banners hang in brave array above the knights' stalls in St. George's Chapel, while emperors and kings proudly wear his badge; but his name receives little recognition from the people. Surely the patron saint of England should be accorded the meed of yearly recognition when April 23rd comes round.

That anniversary was never passed unheeded in the Court of Edward III. and Philippa. Indeed, the cult of the saint grew year by year. Men prayed by St. George and they swore by St. George. The prowess of the King and his knights resounded through Europe and reached a culminating point when, after the brilliant victory of the Black Prince at Poictiers in 1357, King John of France was brought a captive to Windsor. The following festival of St. George (1358) was celebrated at the Castle with such princely entertainments and tournaments that King John, invited with his fellow royal prisoner, David of Scotland, to take part in the jousts, remarked that he "never saw or knew such royal shows and feastings without some after reckoning in gold and silver coin."

At the time of this celebration the King's new buildings in the lower ward, consisting of the chapel and college of St. George, with adjacent lodgings for the poor knights and the canons, were nearly completed, and he was contemplating the erection of new royal

apartments. The site for these was chosen at the suggestion of the captive Kings. Edward was surveying the Castle hill, accompanied by his prisoners, King John and King David, and discussing the site of his new house. King John, a man of taste in building, thought the site of the existing Castle badly chosen.

"Your Grace's Castle," said he, "had been better on the higher ground than where it stands; there would be more to see, and your turrets would be visible a long way off."

King David agreed with his fellow-captive's judgment, and Edward replied in good humour that he would bring his Castle to the hill. They smiled, but he met their incredulity by explaining that he would so extend the royal apartments and buildings until they reached the pleasanter side of the Castle hill. The King of France remained some years at Windsor, and left his name in King John's Tower, on the site which he had advised, and close to the King's new palace buildings, for which his ransom had doubtless helped to pay.

About this period it is related that the King "set workmen in hand to take down much old buildings belonging to the Castle, and caused divers other fine and sumptuous works to be set up in and about the same Castle, so that almost all the masons and carpenters that were of any account in the land were sent for and employed about the same works."[1] The King's overseers were empowered to compel masons and other artificers to come to Windsor under pain of imprisonment, and some workmen who left their employment at the Castle were imprisoned in Newgate. The works carried out by Edward III. virtually amounted

[1] Holinshed.

Photo by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

WINDSOR CASTLE: THE THRONE-ROOM.

[*To face p.* 30.

to a rebuilding of the Castle. In the lower ward he repaired what remained of Henry III.'s buildings, and there erected his chapel and college of St. George and the houses in the Dean's Cloister. In the middle ward he built the Round Tower to the Norman keep, and in the upper ward he erected the new Royal lodgings, St. George's Hall, and made a magnificent square occupying a space of 420 feet for the holding of his jousts and tournaments. He surrounded the Castle hill with towers and ramparts, in continuation of those begun by Henry III. It was a great undertaking, but Edward was enriched by the ransoms of his prisoners of State, and the monarch of a country swelling with pride of victory and the prospect of maritime supremacy on the horizon. Royal Windsor arose as a fitting habitation for the all-powerful King of England.

At first the Castle building was under the direction of John de Sponlee, master of the stone hewers, but about 1356 the superintendence was placed in the hands of the famous William of Wykeham. After he had completed the rebuilding of the Winchester Tower, Wykeham caused the words "Hoc Fecit Wykeham" to be inscribed upon it. The King showed displeasure at this act of presumption, but the astute architect declared that the words signified that the Castle had made *him*, and not that *he* had made the Castle. In the Winchester Tower Wykeham lived while he superintended the buildings, and four centuries and a half later it was the abode of another Windsor architect, Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, who planned the alterations to the Castle for George IV. William of Wykeham was ambitious for position, and asked his Royal master, to whom he acted as secretary as well as overseer of the

Castle works, for a bishopric. Edward met his request by saying that he could not make him a bishop as he was neither priest nor scholar. Wykeham replied that he would soon be the one, and in regard to the other he would make more scholars than all the bishops of England ever made. He justified his boast by founding the school of Winchester and erecting New College, Oxford. Wykeham achieved his desire and was made Bishop of Winchester, and in virtue of that appointment was Prelate of the Garter. He died loaded with honours, and was interred in the Cathedral at Winchester.

In the new royal palace King Edward and Queen Philippa kept a Court of great splendour and interest. It was famed for deeds of valour and glorified by the atmosphere of chivalry. The most valiant knights of the age came riding to Windsor to test their skill in tilt and tourney. Minstrels and troubadours journeyed thither to tune their harps and sing their lays in honour of the mighty Edward and his fair Queen, and returned to their respective countries to magnify the glories of the Court.

Philippa was fit mate for her thrice renowned lord. She passes through the page of history a gentle, brave, and beautiful woman. True to her motto, "Iche wrude muche"—"I labour (or toil) much"—she blended the romance and magnificence of chivalry with the useful arts of her native Flanders. "Blessed be the memory of King Edward III. and Philippa of Hainalt, his Queen, who first invented clothes," says an old chronicle. It is not to be inferred that Philippa was the first to supplement the fig-leaves of Mother Eve, but she introduced the manufacture of cloth into this country. Her Flemish artisans established works at Norwich, where she often

resided, and that city became a kind of Ghent. Doubtless the first robes of the Garter knights and dames, which were of blue woollen, were made by the Queen's weavers. She also reopened the mines on her estates in Tynedale, where she lived during her husband's Scottish campaigns, and gave an impulse to our coal trade. Philippa was, moreover, a woman of elegant taste, imbued with the artistic instinct of her nationality. She encouraged letters : Chaucer was her *protégé* and Froissart her secretary. Her beneficence was unbounded ; no knight, lady, or damsel in distress ever appealed to her in vain. She accompanied the King in many of his campaigns, being with him at his great naval victory over the French at Sluys and at the siege of Calais. When left at home in 1346 as regent in the King's absence, she governed with discretion and inspired her soldiers fighting against the Scots with fresh courage. The victory of Neville's Cross was regarded by Edward as due to the inspiring address delivered by Philippa to the army. Her deeds of clemency, notably her intercession for the burghers of Calais, made her name honoured by brave men.

To the prisoners under her roof at Windsor or in the Tower of London she showed such gracious kindness as her great lord would permit. One day, when she was entertaining at Court some of the prisoners brought to the country after the victory of Poictiers, her son, the Black Prince, proposed that the renowned champion, Bertrand du Guesclin, should name his own ransom. "A hundred thousand pounds," said Du Guesclin. The Prince expressed astonishment at the value which his prisoner put upon himself, and asked how he could expect to raise such a large sum. "I know," replied he, "a hundred knights in my native Bretagne who would mortgage

their last acre rather than Du Guesclin should either languish in captivity or be rated below his value; yea, and there is not a woman in France now toiling at her distaff who would not devote a day's earnings to see me free, for well have I deserved of their sex. And if all the fair spinners in France employ their hands to redeem me, think you, Prince, whether I shall bide much longer with you?"[1]

Queen Philippa had been an attentive listener to this conversation, and turning to the Black Prince, said: "My son, I name fifty thousand crowns as my contribution towards your gallant prisoner's ransom; for though an enemy to my husband, a knight who is famed for the courteous protection he has afforded to my sex deserves the assistance of every woman."[2]

The Queen had borne in all a family of twelve children, several of whom were born at Windsor, others at her favourite retreat at the Palace of Woodstock and at places abroad where she chanced to be staying when accompanying the King in his campaigns. We can picture these seven sons and five daughters as they grew to maturity sitting around the family board at Windsor. All the sons were valiant men—"seven fair branches springing from one root"—and have left their names on the page of history. There was the eldest, Edward the Black Prince, second only to his father amongst military commanders of the day, and Lionel, afterwards Duke of Clarence, a strikingly handsome young man nearly seven feet in height and of athletic proportions. Then came the more statesmanlike John of Ghent—"time-honoured Lancaster"—Edmund of Langley

[1] "Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry," translated from the French of M. de St. Palaye.

[2] Strickland's "Queens."

Duke of York, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester. When in the intervals of warfare they sojourned at the Castle, Philippa was a proud mother as she witnessed their skill in the tilt-yard and heard them exchanging tales of camp and field with their distinguished prisoners.

The Princesses matched the doughty deeds of their brothers by the conquests achieved by their beauty. The eldest daughter, the Lady Isabella, was beloved by the elegant Lord de Courcy, who came to Windsor as hostage for King John of France, and after the death of that monarch they were married in St. George's Chapel. Another of the Princesses, the Lady Joan, was so beautiful that every minstrel who came to the Castle made her the theme of his lay. The lovely girl died in Spain on the eve of her nuptials with Pedro, son of Alphonso of Castile. The fifth daughter, the Lady Margaret, married the Earl of Pembroke. She was counted a learned lady and became the great patroness of Chaucer. One cannot imagine a household of greater interest and distinction than that of Edward III. and Philippa with their children.

Windsor has, however, nothing to record in the shape of great weddings during this period. In vain did the King urge an alliance with a foreign princess upon his eldest son. The hero of Poictiers might have had his choice of a wife in the Courts of Europe, but he had given the love of his youth to his cousin, Joanna Plantagenet, the "Fair Maid of Kent," and though she was later wedded to another, he remained a bachelor for her sake. After some years she was left a widow, and the Prince, having gained the reluctant consent of his parents, proposed for her hand. The marriage of the Black Prince, now thirty-two, and the fair Joanna,

some years older, was celebrated at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on October 10th, 1361, in the presence of Queen Philippa. The King was absent, but he afterwards conferred the Duchy of Aquitaine upon his son, who departed thither with his bride, followed, however, by forebodings which his subsequent death from disease justified. It was a melancholy ending for the hero of a hundred fights.

The observant Froissart describes the leave-taking between the King and Queen and the Prince and his bride when they set out for Aquitaine, and relates an incident prophetic of the future, which also throws a sidelight on the talk prevalent amongst the ladies of Philippa's Court, and shows how the memory of Merlin still ruled the imagination of the time. "I was at this time," says Froissart, "twenty-four years old and one of the clerks of the chamber to my Lady the Queen. During this visit (to see the departure of the Prince and his bride for Aquitaine), as I was seated on a bench, I heard an ancient knight expounding some of the prophecies of Merlin to the Queen's ladies. According to him, neither the Prince of Wales (Edward the Black Prince) nor the Duke of Clarence (Prince Lionel), though sons to King Edward, will wear the crown of England, but it will fall to the House of Lancaster."

Queen Philippa did not live to see the decay of the prestige of her husband and eldest son nor the waning glory of the Court over which she had presided. She died at Windsor Castle in 1369. The faithful Froissart chronicles the sad event. "She fell sick in the Castle of Windsor," he quaintly explains, "of a sickness for which there was no remedy but death." He thus describes the parting between Philippa and her husband :—

"When the good queen perceived that her end approached, she called to the King, and extending her right hand from under the bed-clothes, put it into the right hand of King Edward, who was oppressed with sorrow, and thus spoke: 'We have, my husband, enjoyed our long union in happiness, peace, and prosperity. But I entreat, before I depart, and we are for ever separated in this world, that you will grant me three requests.

"King Edward with sighs and tears replied: 'Lady, name them; whatever be your regards, they shall be granted.'

"'My Lord,' she said, 'I beg you will fulfil whatever engagements I have entered into with merchants for their wares, as well on this as on the other side of the sea; I beseech you to fulfil whatever gifts or legacies I have made, or left to churches wherein I have paid my devotions, and to all my servants, whether male or female; and when it shall please God to call you hence, you will choose no other sepulchre than mine, and that you will rest by my side in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.'

"The King in tears replied: 'Lady, all this shall be done.'

"Soon after, the good lady made the sign of the cross on her breast, and having recommended to the King her youngest son, Thomas, who was present praying to God, she gave up her spirit, which I firmly believe was caught by holy angels and carried to the glory of heaven, for she had never done anything by thought or deed to endanger her soul." [1]

How beautiful is this leave-taking of Edward and Philippa at Windsor in contrast to that other famous death-scene when Caroline of Anspach took farewell of George II. in the Palace of St. James's!

[1] "Chronicles" of Froissart.

With the death of Philippa it seemed that the good genius of Windsor had departed. Edward survived her for eight years, and they were the inglorious ones of his otherwise brilliant career. Edward the Black Prince, that "flower of chivalry," died the year before his father, and to his young son, Richard of Bordeaux, the crown now passed.

The descent from the Court which Edward and Philippa had kept at Windsor to that of their weak grandson, Richard II., is great indeed. During the twenty-two years of his reign the Castle was the scene of foolish display on the part of the King, and the hot-bed of plots and counter-plots on the part of his followers and those of his uncles, the royal dukes. When a mere boy, Richard married Anne of Bohemia, to whom he was tenderly attached, but even her good influence could not wean him from his indolent life of pleasure. The people groaned under unjust taxation, and a deputation of citizens came to Windsor to appeal to the King. He listened nonchalantly to their grievances, made fair promises, but as soon as they had disappeared down the Castle hill he returned to his hunting, his guitar, and his life of luxurious ease. When the citizens of London refused him a loan, he summoned the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, aldermen, and twenty-four of the leading citizens, and after abusing them roundly, placed them in custody, and imprisoned the Lord Mayor in Windsor Castle.

The people soon learned that their weak King had no concern about the country over which he ruled, and viewed Windsor with the same distrust which it had evoked in the days of King John.

Still, there were jousts and tourneys at the Castle on St. George's Day; but they failed to elicit the enthusiasm of the great barons,

who felt that the banner of the saint was being dragged in the mire. At the celebration of the Garter feast in 1384, Richard's young Queen made a picturesque figure in a robe of violet cloth and a hood lined with scarlet, and was attended by a large following of ladies, similarly attired, who had been newly received as Dames of the Order.

At Windsor, which had witnessed in Edward's time the deeds of brave men, the treacherous Richard held what he was pleased to call a Court of Chivalry, before which the charge of treason brought by his cousin Henry of Bolingbroke against Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, was heard. The King, surrounded by lords temporal and spiritual and seated on a platform erected in the courtyard of the Castle, had the contending dukes brought before him. Both accuser and accused desired to settle their quarrel in mortal combat, and permission was given to them to do so at Coventry.[1] When the time arrived, however, the King forbade the duel. It suited his purpose better to banish Norfolk for life and to send his cousin Bolingbroke into years of exile. In vain did old John of Gaunt plead for his son; his kingly nephew was obdurate. The Nemesis came when, some years later, Bolingbroke returned as the idol of the people, and Richard was ignominiously forced to yield his crown to the man whom he had banished and whose lands he had seized.

A fair and innocent figure lightens the dark canvas of the latter years of Richard II.'s reign at Windsor. After the death of his first wife, Anne of Bohemia, the King, now a man over thirty

[1] "Chronicque de la Traison et Mort de Richart Deux, Roy Dengleterre," translated for the Historical Society by Benjamin Williams, F.S.A.

years of age, espoused the Lady Isabella, daughter of the King of France, a child of seven years old. After being crowned at Westminster, "La Petite Reine" was brought to Windsor, to be educated under the eye of her kingly husband. She was an affectionate and beautiful girl, and we picture her with her tutors and governesses, passing what was to her an enchanted life at the great Castle, with her books, her guitar, and her popinjay. She strolled in the forest glades and dreamed her happy girlish dreams of the day when she should have done with books and tutors and be in reality the Queen of the Castle and the wife of Richard. Isabella lived in a fool's paradise. She grew romantically attached to her mature husband, who was handsome, elegant in manner, effeminate in tastes, and, indeed, more fitted for a lady's boudoir than a throne, while to his little Queen he was very chivalrous. Clad in green uniform, he bore her device—a white falcon—and challenged all comers in her name at the St. George's tournaments, and Isabella looked on, with her train of maidens, and thought no heroine in the annals of chivalry had had such a wonderful knight as she. Her vision was bounded by Windsor Forest; she knew not that in the shires angry and oppressed men were eager to get rid of her idol.

The day came when Richard found that his crown was gone. Henry of Bolingbroke had returned from exile, and the people preferred his standard to that of the King at Windsor. Richard took an affectionate farewell of his little Queen before he left the Castle to meet his destiny. He led her by the hand from her apartments to St. George's Chapel, where a service was performed. Afterwards he took her to the Deanery, where they sipped wine and

From "Views of Windsor Castle," by George Nash, 1848.

WINDSOR CASTLE: LOWER WARD ON SUNDAY MORNING,
Showing choristers passing to St. George's.

[*To face p.* 40.

ate comfits together. Then he bade her adieu, lifting her in his arms and kissing her again and again. La Petite Reine cried, at being left alone at Windsor, but Richard promised that she should come to him very soon. "Adieu, adieu, ma chere! until we meet again,"[1] he said, and Isabella with tearful eyes watched him depart. She never saw him more. By degrees she learned the truth, that Richard was deposed and a prisoner in the Tower, while Bolingbroke reigned in his stead. Next she heard that her husband was dead. The maiden widow refused to be consoled by the offer of an alliance with Bolingbroke's son, Prince Hal, a gallant youth destined to live in history as the victor of Agincourt. She returned to her native France, fondly lamenting her Richard, and with the fairy castle she had reared for herself at Windsor in ruins about her young head. La Petite Reine subsequently married the son of the Duke of Orleans, and died at the age of twenty-one, after the birth of her daughter.

We must pause before leaving the reign of Richard II. to note a figure, revered wherever the English language in spoken, who is connected during this period with Windsor Castle. In 1390 Geoffrey Chaucer was appointed Master of the King's Works at Windsor. The document[2] conferring this post upon the Father of English Literature further states that the chapel of St. George was in "a condition that threatens ruin." It now became Chaucer's care to restore this famous shrine. He was empowered to impress workmen and materials for the purpose. The writer on Chaucer in the "Dictionary of National Biography" is disposed to regard this appointment of Chaucer's as a sinecure, and thinks it unlikely that

[1] *Ibid.*

[2] See appendix to Godwin's "Life of Chaucer."

the poet had the knowledge of building and architecture to fit him for the post. However, in that age scholars and great Churchmen did not disdain to study architecture. Chaucer was a many-sided man—courtier, traveller, soldier, as well as man of letters, and why should a knowledge of architecture be denied to him? During his soldiering days he had received inspiration from the sacred edifices of France and Belgium, and the Windsor chapel, dedicated to the saint of chivalry, was a fit subject to arouse the enthusiasm of an heroic poet. But, skilled or unskilled in matters of building, certain it is that for nearly two years Geoffrey Chaucer lodged in the Winchester Tower of the Castle and superintended the repairs to St. George's Chapel. We picture his quaint figure, in a long robe confined at the waist by a girdle and a hood framing his oval face, with the shrewd eyes and the humorous smile, passing to and fro amongst the workmen or riding musingly upon his horse as it ambled with him through the Windsor Forest glades.

Chaucer was not new to Windsor. He had known it in the mighty Edward's time, when he was page to Prince Lionel, and attended his master at the Castle jousts. To the Castle he had returned with the King and his sons from their campaigns, and then had put off his coat of mail to enchant the Queen and her ladies with his poetry. He married an attendant of Queen Philippa, and was much about the Court. It was the home of brave knights and fair ladies—a fitting atmosphere to inspire a poet. On St. George's Day, 1374, King Edward, in a Royal patent dated Windsor, conferred on Geoffrey Chaucer the post of Poet Laureate. For a period he was in direct attendance on the King, who granted him a life pension and a daily supply of wine from the Royal cellar.

Edward's son, John of Gaunt, was likewise his patron, and to the memory of his patron's first wife Chaucer wrote "The Dethe of Blanche the Duchesse." Sorrowfully must the poet, now superintending the repairs to St. George's Chapel, have thought of the glory which surrounded the Castle when the mighty Edward had built the shrine. Chaucer was also Master of the Builders in connection with several other Royal residences,[1] but latterly he declined in favour with King Richard. His star rose again when Bolingbroke took the throne, and he received the grant of a suite of apartments at Westminster Palace, where he died.

Henry IV. kept occasional Court at Windsor with his Queen, Joanna of Navarre, but the memories attaching to the Castle at this time gather largely around the rightful heir to the throne, Edmund de Mortimer, son of the Earl of March, and his brother Roger. The boys were kept in close confinement in the Norman Tower—not so close, however, but that a clever woman, Lady Constance of York, penetrated to their apartments. Lady Constance knew the Castle well, and, provided with a bunch of specially made keys, entered it one night, and, passing by means of her keys from room to room, at length reached the Norman Tower and entered the room of the young Princes. She bade them quickly dress and come with her to meet their mother. The boys obeyed, and through the silent rooms and corridors passed with Lady Constance until the Castle was left behind, and they were speeding away through the forest, fast as horses could take them.

[1] The Palace of Westminster, the Tower of London, the Castle of Berkhamstead, the manors of Kenyngton, Eltham, Clarendon, Shene, Byfleet, Childern-Langley, and Feckenham.

At dawn a cry was raised that the young Princes were missing. The King's men mounted their steeds to give chase, and, overtaking Lady Constance and her charges in the Chiltern woods, brought them back to the Castle. Later the young Roger died in the Norman Tower, and his brother Edmund lived on in lonely imprisonment until he was liberated by Henry V. on his accession, and allowed to marry the Lady Anne Stafford, with whom he had fallen in love while in custody at Windsor. Lady Anne was one of the attendants on Henry IV.'s Queen, Joanna.

With the entrance upon the stage of Henry V., once the madcap "Prince Hal" of Shakespeare's pages revelling at the Eastcheap tavern, a more glorious era dawns for Windsor Castle. The new King was a man of parts. He revived with all their former splendour the festivals of St. George, and again the tilt-yard of Edward III. resounded to the prance of horses and the clash of steel. There were great hunts in Windsor Forest, and so agile and fleet of foot was the King, that it was said that with the help of his attendants he could capture the deer without the aid of dogs. After the victory of Agincourt Henry returned to Windsor bringing several noted prisoners of State—the Duke of Bourbon, the Duke of Orleans, the Count of Eu and other Princes of the House of France, and Boucicalt, the Marshal. Henry was as generous as he was brave, and the captured heroes had a gay time at Windsor in the jousts and tournaments, and an opportunity of seeing St. George's festivals and of worshipping at his shrine. They had seen the English knights rallying to the cry of "Hey St. George!" on the field of Agincourt to some effect.

A curious visitor came to Windsor the year after the great

battle, to pay his respects to the valorous Henry, in the form of his cousin, the Emperor Sigismund. This potentate of the high-sounding name brought with him a host of impecunious followers, and the resources of the great Castle were taxed to their utmost limit; even the canons were turned out of their lodgings in the cloisters for Sigismund's hordes, many of whom were billeted on the townspeople. Henry, duly informed that his illustrious visitor was bringing with him a relic, none other than the heart of England's patron saint, postponed the St. George's festival until his arrival.[1] It took place in May, 1416. At an imposing religious ceremony Sigismund deposited the heart of St. George in the chapel. He was the hero of the subsequent banquet, and was installed by the King a Knight Companion of the Garter.[2] Unfortunately he seemed in no hurry to quit the Castle when the great celebration was completed, and the hero of Agincourt had to do more than "hint" before he got rid of the Emperor Sigismund.

Henry V. wooed as valiantly as he fought, and in due course Katherine of Valois, daughter of the King of France—that "Kate, sweet Kate" of Shakespeare's drama—came as his Queen to Windsor Castle. She brought a following of fair ladies and kept a sprightly Court. Alas! Kate, a most loving wife to her lord, was guilty of disobedience which, if omens are to be believed, resulted disastrously to the country. The time of her *accouchement* was approaching, and the King, about to set out for a campaign in Normandy, warned the Queen not to stay at Windsor Castle for the birth of her child. She might take her choice out of Eltham,

[1] Cottonian MSS., Julius, B 1.

[2] The name-plate of Sigismund is still in St. George's Chapel.

Kennington, Sheen, and the other Royal residences, but not Windsor. Kate was as wilful as she was charming, and, having seen her lord off to the wars, prepared for the coming event at the great Castle. No other place would satisfy her. There the ill-fated infant to be known in history as Henry VI. was born. When the news was carried abroad to the King, he with troubled brow recalled the prophecy "that Henry of Windsor shall lose all that Henry of Monmouth had gained."

Henry of Monmouth was indeed to gain the crown of France, and a few months later Queen "Kate" left her babe at Windsor and went to Paris to share her husband's triumph. It proved, alas! that she was to attend his death-bed. Henry V. died at the zenith of his fame at the castle of Vincennes. The young widowed Queen returned to Windsor, where the infant son of eight months was proclaimed King of England and King of France. At the Castle the early years of Henry VI. were passed with his tutors. When Katherine, disgraced by her marriage with Owen Glendower, died in the abbey of Bermondsey, she expressed to the nuns her great contrition for having disobeyed her kingly husband, and believed that her son's ill-fortune was owing to his birth at Windsor Castle.

To the foregoing period belongs one of the most noted of the Castles romances. On his accession Henry V. had brought to Windsor the young James King of Scots—who for some years had been kept at Nottingham Castle as a prisoner "ward" by the late King—and assigned him a suite of apartments in the Devil's Tower. There James was in truth kept from his own, but not unkindly treated. He studied Chaucer, wrote poetry himself, and lived a studious life, from which the gallant Henry occasionally

tempted him to a hunt in Windsor Forest or a turn in the tilt-yard. When the sprightly Katherine came as Henry's bride, she was moved with compassion for the interesting "prisoner" who sat a guest at her coronation banquet, and she asked that the King would give him his liberty. Henry was scarcely likely to do that until Scotland sent his ransom; but in compliance with his fair Queen's wish, he granted James extra privileges and made him a Knight of the Garter. Love, however, made the Royal captive less anxious to quit Windsor.

Seated at his favourite window in the Devil's Tower, James overlooked the moated garden where the ladies of the Court walked. Soon his eyes saw only one—the Lady Joan Beaufort, cousin to the King, and a maiden, if we can trust the captive poet, of surpassing loveliness. He sang of her beauty to his lute in "The King's Quair":—

> Her golden hair and rich attire,
> In fretwise couched with pearly white,
> And great balls levening as the fire,
> With many an emerald and fair saphire;
> And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue
> Of plumis parted red, and white and blue.

Not until now had James realised the bitterness of being a captive:—

> To see her past, and follow I nae might,
> Methought the day was turned into night.

He began to question his unfortunate fate:—

> The kid, the beast, the fish eke in the sea,
> They live in freedom, everich in his kind:
> And I a man, and lacketh liberty!

The young Queen appears to have taken the love affairs of James in hand, and according to Stow he was betrothed to the lady of his choice at Katherine's coronation festivals, and certain it is that she was always the friend of the lovers. After the death of Henry V., she arranged at Windsor the marriage of King James and the Lady Joan and so, to quote the old ballad :—

> A lady nigh to England's King,
> Joan Beaufort, Jamie wedded.

After the large ransom of £40,000 had been paid into the English exchequer, James I. returned home to assume the crown of Scotland, taking with him the fair bride won in adversity. They lived in great domestic happiness, working to promote the good of their people until that fatal day when James received a rebel's stab in the presence of his faithful Queen, who was wounded in his defence, while one of her ladies, Catharine Douglas, had her arm broken in trying to defend the door of the King's apartment. Thus ended in tragedy the love match begun at Windsor.

The fatal prophecy which Henry V. dreaded seems to have hovered over the career of his son and successor. Under Henry VI. the Royal residence on Windsor Hill passed through one of its unfortunate stages. The King was poor, and the Castle fell into decay ; he was tottering, too, on the verge of insanity ; and his Court and that of his distracted Queen, Margaret of Anjou, was a dismal one. It is related that in a lucid interval he talked with the Queen about their infant son.

"What is his name ?" he asked.

From Pyne's "Royal Residences."

INTERIOR OF ST GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

[To face p. 1.

"Edward," replied the Queen.

"Thank God for that," he replied; possibly he felt that with an Edward the Windsor curse which had rested on him might be lifted.[1]

The Wars of the Roses ended in another Edward, he of York, coming to reign at Windsor, while the unfortunate Henry was murdered in the Tower, and his Queen fled to her native France. The curse indeed seemed to have fallen on Henry surnamed "of Windsor." The body of Henry VI. was brought in 1484 by command of Richard III. from its grave at Chertsey and interred at St. George's, in the choir.[2] By this time the gentle and unfortunate King was honoured as a saint, and his tomb was visited by many pilgrims. A lasting memorial connecting Henry with Windsor is the college of Eton, which he founded and endowed in 1440-1 for the accommodation of twenty-five poor grammar scholars and twenty-five poor men to pray for the King, on the opposite bank of the river from the Castle. The old grey turrets of Eton are to-day one of the most interesting features in the view from the North Terrace.

An epoch of revived prosperity came to the Castle under Edward IV., famous as the builder of the present St. George's Chapel. Finding that the foundations of the old chapel were decaying, the King resolved to raze it to the ground and build a larger and handsomer edifice, and appointed Richard Beauchamp, Bishop of Salisbury, surveyor of the works, with power to pull down in the lower ward anything which might impede the carrying out of his design. Three of the thirteenth-century towers—Clure's

[1] Fenn's "Paston Letters," vol. i. p. 80. [2] Stow's "Annals."

Tower, Berners' Tower, and the Almoner's Tower—were swept away, and upon their site arose the stately chapel of St. George as we know it to-day. Within five years it had advanced so far towards completion that the bells were hung, and the choir stalls carved.[1] So pleased was King Edward with the manner in which Bishop Beauchamp had performed his task, that he "constituted him Chancellor of the Garter, to wit, that out of mere love towards the Order, he had given himself the leisure daily to attend the advancement and progress of this goodly fabric."[2] The legend of St. George was freely introduced into the ornamentation of the chapel.

Edward IV. did not live to see the completion of the great work. On April 14th, 1483, he was buried in the beautiful structure which he had raised, in a tomb on the north side of the altar. His Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, also rests in the chapel, which henceforth became not only the shrine of St. George, but a Royal burying-place.

Bishop Beauchamp had continued to superintend the building of the chapel until his death in 1481, when Sir Reginald Bray succeeded him. At his death in 1503 he left a gift of money to carry on the work. He is buried at Windsor in the Bray Chapel, named after him. The cost of the fine vaulting of the Gothic stone roof of St. George's, held to be one of the most beautiful specimens in existence, was defrayed by the Knights of the Garter in the reign of Henry VII.

That monarch lived greatly at Windsor. There he brought his Queen, Elizabeth of York, the fair "Bessie" of the ballads, who

[1] Poynter's "Windsor." [2] Ashmole.

by her marriage with him united the rival "Roses" of York and Lancaster. On a subsequent celebration of St. George's Day he added the collar and the badge to the decorations of the Order of the Garter, in honour of his Queen and their child. The collar of gold was decorated with red and white roses intertwined, and the badge was called the "George."[1] To the rallying-cry of that saint, Henry VII. had won Bosworth, and this, his first celebration of the Windsor festival, recalled, and in sumptuous display probably excelled, the feasts kept by Edward III. after Poictiers and by Henry V. after Agincourt. On the auspicious day the Castle was filled with the foremost men in the kingdom in brave attire of velvet and cloth of gold, and the fairest ladies in silks and brocade. The King rode to St. George's Hall followed by a train of gallant knights, and the Queen came in a car covered with cloth of gold, drawn by six horses, whose harness and trappings displayed the emblems of St. George. Next came the Queen's sister, the Lady Anne, on a white palfrey wreathed with white roses, and a following of twenty-one ladies dressed in crimson velvet and riding white palfreys.[2]

The King proposed, like his great predecessor, to erect for himself and Queen new apartments at the Castle. He had a taste for architecture and planned the new buildings himself. The result was the Tudor Tower in the upper ward, which, however, was only a part of his great design for a new Royal house. He also

[1] There is a discrepancy on this point between "Garter" historians. Ashmole attributes the collar and George to Henry VIII., but Sir Harris Nicolas says they were instituted by Henry VII.

[2] "Memoir of Elizabeth of York," by Sir Harris Nicolas.

began to convert the old chapel of St. Edward standing adjacent to the new church of St. George into a royal tomb-house ;[1] but the death of his Queen and of several of his children threw the King into such melancholy that he abandoned the completion of his building at Windsor.[2] The Queen was buried at Westminster Abbey, and there eventually the King, who died at Richmond or Sheen Palace, was interred in the beautiful chapel which bears his name, and which he erected instead of finishing the tomb-house at Windsor. During the reign of Henry VII. Christopher Urswick, his almoner, rebuilt the Deanery.[3]

With the accession of his son, memories picturesque and romantic, if not altogether creditable, weave themselves around the Castle. We hear in imagination the hunting horn of Henry VIII. resounding in the forest, see his men in Lincoln green filling the glades, or the King himself in the tilt-yard engaged in jousts with his knights and squires, or in rollicking mood donning the dress of a yeoman of the guard, and, in company with Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, talking treason of his own sacred Majesty to unsuspecting rustics, or making love to lowly born beauties. Side by side with the jolly figure of Henry VIII. rises the vision of Herne the phantom hunter who was the terror of Windsor Forest. We see him grinning from the branches of the giant oak named after him, striding by the great lake, or rushing like a whirlwind through the glades on his coal-black steed, with stags' horns standing out from his helmet and eyes rolling like balls of fire. At

[1] Now the Albert Memorial Chapel. Cardinal Wolsey also designed for himself a stately tomb on this spot, which, however, he did not occupy.

[2] Poynter's "Windsor." [3] Ashmole.

From the etching by George Cruikshank.

HERNE, THE PHANTOM HUNTER.

[*To face p.* 52.

other times Herne mixes in the Castle festivals in the unobtrusive guise of a monk, and marks with eyes as keen as those of my Lord Cardinal Wolsey the growing passion of Henry for Queen Katharine's maid of honour, the fair Anne Boleyn. Indeed, according to ghostly legend, the phantom hunter kept a vigilant watch over the doings of the great Tudor monarch and had a Mephistophelian habit of appearing at critical moments in Henry's career. He lives in the pages of Harrison Ainsworth,[1] and has been immortalised by the pencil of Cruikshank. When the boom of the gun on the battlements of the Round Tower told the death-knell of Anne Boleyn, Herne appeared to the King as he rode in the forest and hurled at the despot the taunt: "The bloody deed is done. Thou art free to wed once more. Away! Bring thy new consort to Windsor Castle!"

During Henry's reign the Court at Windsor changed according to the tastes of his Queens. Under Katharine of Arragon it had had the pomp and austerity of a Court of Spain, and was rendered oppressive and dull by the preponderating presence of friars and duennas. It became more austere as the Queen felt her power declining. Henry lived apart in the Tudor Tower, and Katharine wept and prayed alone in her own rooms while the divorce was pending. At length she was forced to quit the Castle, a despised and forsaken Queen.

Next the memories of Windsor gather around the fair form of Anne Boleyn, with her eyes of witching blue, and bright, vivacious personality. After her betrothal to the King was common talk, though the hoped-for papal divorce had not arrived, Anne

[1] "Windsor Castle: A Historical Romance," by Harrison Ainsworth.

came to Windsor accompanied by her father and a train of ladies and gentlemen. We see her progress up the Castle hill smiling from her litter of cloth of gold upon the astonished townspeople, no man of whom dare say a word against the "Lady Anne" if he desired to keep his head. Daily she went a-hawking with the King; was the queen of the tournament; exhibited her skill with the bow and arrow; and shot coquettish glances at her old lover, Sir Thomas Wyat, which later proved her undoing. The King desired to ennoble the lady whom he intended to make his bride, and created her Marchioness of Pembroke.

Anne Boleyn was the first peeress in her own right created in this country,[1] and her creation took place at a great Court held by Henry VIII. at Windsor Castle on September 1st, 1532, in the Presence Chamber. To this room the fair Anne was conducted by a train of lords and ladies, preceded by the Garter King-at-Arms bearing the patent of her nobility. She wore her rich brown hair hanging loosely about her shoulders. Her robe was of crimson velvet lined with ermine. Thus she advanced and knelt before the throne of the enraptured Henry. Mr. Secretary Gardiner read aloud the charter of nobility, and when he came to the words "*mantillæ inductionem*," the King took the robe of state from the attendant lady and put it on the shoulders of Anne, and at the words "*circuli aurei*" he likewise took the coronet and placed it on her fair brow. After the charter was read he gave it to Anne, together with another which secured to her a life pension of £1,000. Anne then gave the King humble thanks, and in her robes of investiture retired,

[1] Miss Strickland's "Life of Anne Boleyn."

"the trumpets sounding most melodiously as she departed from the Presence Chamber." [1]

After her marriage to the King, Anne frequently kept Court at Windsor, where she surrounded herself with wits, poets, scholars, and beautiful and accomplished ladies—a contrast to the friars and duennas of the deposed Katharine. Amongst the gallants of the Court of Anne Boleyn was the elegant Surrey, the noble poet, whose story is one of the most pathetic memories of Windsor Castle.

The young Surrey had been brought to Windsor when a mere boy to be the companion of Henry Richmond, the natural son of Henry VIII. The two boys became as David and Jonathan. Together they studied and travelled, and they simultaneously fell in love with two young ladies of the Court whose bright eyes they encountered looking from the windows of the Maiden's Tower. The Earl of Surrey in his own musical verse thus referred in after years to the twin love episodes :—

> The large green courts, where we were wont to rove,
> With eyes cast up unto the Maiden's Tower.
> . . . . . .
> The secret groves, which oft we made resound,
> With pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise ;
> Recording oft what grace each one had found,
> What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.[2]

The youths had to support themselves under a little delay, for Surrey was but eighteen and Richmond fourteen ; while the objects

[1] Milles's "Catalogue of Honour," p. 42. The original of Anne's patent of nobility is preserved in the Chapter House, Westminster

[2] "Elegy on Windsor."

of their passion—the Lady Mary Howard, sister of Surrey, and beloved of Richmond, and the Lady Frances Vere, the adored of Surrey—were of similar ages. Anne Boleyn, in the heyday of her triumph and happiness, stood the friend of the lovers. Surrey was her cousin, and in due time, with the Queen's aid, he married the Lady Frances, while Richmond plighted his troth to Lady Mary, but was as yet too young to set up housekeeping. In the meantime the star of Anne Boleyn had set in red on Tower Hill, and Jane Seymour reigned at Court, supported by her powerful uncle, Edward Seymour, the future Protector Somerset. Richmond was not a *persona grata* with the new Queen's family, and ere he could claim his wife, his gentle life ended mysteriously.

Surrey mourned for his friend, but it was not until he came a prisoner to Windsor that his muse broke forth into that sweet plaint which has immortalised his own name and that of the gentle Richmond. At first it seemed that Surrey was to rise high in the State; he distinguished himself so much as the King's lieutenant-general in suppressing Pole's insurrection, and also as emissary in France, that on his return Henry made him a Knight of the Garter. Jealousy and enmity were at work, and in four short months after his installation, Surrey was lodged a prisoner of the Crown in the Norman Tower. There he wrote his famous "Elegy on Windsor," in which he recalls the days of yore when he and Richmond strayed a pair of happy youths:—

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy
With a King's son my childish years did pass
In greater feast than Priam's son in Troy;

Where each sweet place returns a place full sour!
The large green courts where we were wont to rove,
With eyes cast up into the Maiden's Tower,
And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.

All the drama of those bright happy years passed before the prisoner in the Norman Tower, and in sad accents he bewailed—

O place of bliss, renewer of my woes!
Give me account. Where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose,
To other lief, but unto me most dear?
. . . . . .
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint.

The poem, with its touching pictures of Surrey's life with Richmond, Henry's loved though bastard son, appears to have acted in favour of the captive, and he was released. Calumny again gathered around him, and eventually he tasted the fickleness of the Royal friendship, and came to the block a short time before the death of the King. There now hangs at Windsor Castle Holbein's portrait of the Earl of Surrey, showing the poet as a noble youth dressed in the fashion of his day, with pinched waist, a shirt with ruffles, a cap of scarlet with a white feather, and leggings, stockings and shoes. His muse is enshrined in the Norman Tower, where he not only wrote his "Elegy on Windsor," but began his romantic poem of "Fair Geraldine."

During Henry VIII.'s reign a notable investiture of the Garter took place in 1522, when Charles V., nephew of Katharine of

Arragon, was installed a Knight of St. George. Fond as Henry was of Windsor, he appears to have had no ambition to continue the works begun by his father. His name lives only in Henry VIII.'s Gateway,[1] which he erected in the lower ward at the beginning of his reign, and which is decorated with his arms and devices and those of Katharine of Arragon. In St. George's Chapel the great Tudor monarch was laid to rest with much pomp and ceremonial in the same tomb as his "true and loving wife, Queen Jane," according to his own direction.

Their son, the young King Edward VI., was brought to Windsor by his uncle, the Protector Somerset, during the dissensions in the Council. According to Mr. Hepworth Dixon,[2] Somerset had an antipathy to the Windsor saint, and it was under his *régime* that the Order of St. George was changed to that of the Garter.[3] The ambitious Protector speedily lost his ascendency, and he left Windsor, eventually to terminate his career on the block. The young King only survived his uncle a year.

With the coming of Mary, Windsor again resumed, for a time at least, its courtly traditions. We see her in her chamber at the Castle, an unprepossessing virgin of thirty-nine, preparing with a flutter of assumed juvenility to meet her coming bridegroom, Don Philip of Spain. Dressed in fair apparel and with a noble following of lords and ladies, she set out for his landing-place, but with inward

[1] Stow's "Annals."

[2] "Royal Windsor."

[3] Ashmole refers to a Chapter of the Order "holden at Westminster, the 17th of March, 1552-3," when it was decreed, according to the statute,' that the Order "from hensforth shall be cauled the Order of the Garter, and nat of saynte George, leste the honor which is dew to God the Creator of all things mighte seem to be given to any creature."

misgivings that she lacked youth and beauty by which to please the supposed Adonis. Mary had already restored the national saint to his former position at Windsor, and her gift to her bridegroom when he arrived was the badge and collar of St. George. This was not altogether pleasing to the people, and Tennyson shows the spirit of the time in his description [1] of the appearance of Philip at the marriage altar, when he—

> Flamed in brocade, white satin his trunk hose,
> Inwrought with silver,—on his neck a collar,
> Gold, thick with diamonds; hanging down from this
> The Golden Fleece—and round his knee, misplaced,
> Our English Garter, studded with great emeralds,
> Rubies, I know not what.

After the marriage at Winchester on July 25th, 1554, and the attendant festivities, Mary brought her bridegroom to Windsor on August 3rd, and at a great ceremonial at St. George's she with her own hands invested him with the Garter mantle.[2] Cranmer was amongst the officiating clergy; Alva stood watchfully near his master, and all the knights made offerings at the altar and saluted Philip as Grand Master of St. George, the dignity conferred upon him by his adoring Queen. From the chapel, Mary led her spouse to the Royal apartments. The honeymoon was one of disillusion. Philip looked in vain for the fair and buxom lady described to him by the negotiators of the marriage, in the withered-looking woman, straight and flat as a pikestaff, whom he called wife, and Mary did not find Philip to be the Adonis whom she had been led to anticipate. He was short, misshapen, without distinction, icily cold,

[1] "Queen Mary," a Drama.

[2] Ashmole's "History of the Garter."

and certainly not the "good young man" whose virtues she had heard extolled. Philip left Windsor on the earliest possible pretext, but not until he had engraven himself as deeply as Calais was to do hereafter on the Queen's heart. In commemoration of her marriage Mary erected a fountain in the great court of the Castle, and had it gorgeously decorated with heraldic ornaments, and her own arms and those of Philip impaled upon it.[1]

We gladly turn from the brief years of Mary's persecuting reign to the glorious epoch which the advent of Elizabeth brought to Windsor Castle, as to the country at large. The friars and monks pass out of the cloisters of St. George's to make way for the Protestant clergy; priests and cardinals have no place in Reformed Windsor. For the first time since a chapel was erected on the Royal hill nearly five centuries before, the Gospel is preached in the English tongue.

Elizabeth was proud to be at the head of the great chivalric Order, and invested the cult of St. George with its old-time splendour and importance. It must, however, be noted that a statute of her reign abolished the annual feast of St. George at Windsor with the ancient solemnities, and that henceforth only installations were held. The Castle had been neglected during her sister Mary's last years. There was no constable at the keep, no dean at the chapel, and few knights in the stalls. Elizabeth came with her brilliant train of courtiers and changed gloomy Windsor into a gay and sumptuous abode. She lodged her valued adviser, Cecil Lord Burghley, in a suite of fine apartments; made her favourite, Robert Dudley, the fascinating and accomplished

[1] This was demolished by Charles I.

Earl of Leicester, Constable of the Castle ; filled the vacant stalls in St. George's with knights from among her distinguished courtiers ; took down the banner of Philip of Spain from over the Sovereign's stall, and set up her own in solitary state. Philip was aggrieved, for he was intending to retain the kingdom of England by espousing Elizabeth, and when he heard that she had removed his banner, he offered in pique to send back his "George." The "Maiden Queen" graciously begged him to retain the jewel, "since if he were not now the Grand Master, she regarded him as one of her knights." "Give her some crumbs of hope," Philip had said to his ambassador, Count de Feria, when debating the possibility of his marrying Elizabeth ; "but she must not expect me to stay long with her ; I have to live elsewhere." His Majesty of Spain must have felt as dumfounded as the Laird of Cockpen, "when the lady said 'Nay.'" The Queen continued also to say "Nay" to other suitors whom he proposed, since he could not obtain her himself. Philip had yet to learn that his deceased wife's sprightly sister was a match for him ; yes, and for his Armada, too.

The Court of statesmen, poets and wits, elegant men and women, whom Elizabeth gathered around her at Windsor had had a smaller counterpart under the brief *régime* of Anne Boleyn. The great Queen united the graceful accomplishments and literary and artistic tastes of her unfortunate mother to the regal spirit of her father. Because she elected to remain the "Virgin Queen," it was an offence for the gentlemen of her Court to make love matches. Leicester found it prudent to keep his early union with Amy Robsart a secret, and Raleigh, in spite of that chivalrous cloak episode, was promptly lodged in the Tower for daring to fall in love with

and marry Elizabeth Throgmorton, one of the Queen's ladies, while the luckless bride was expelled from Court. The artful plaint of Raleigh in the Tower, intended to reach the ears of Elizabeth, gives an idea of the accomplishments with which the Queen was credited. "How," he asks, "can I live alone in prison, while she (the Queen) is afar off?—I, who was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess; sometimes playing on the lute like Orpheus?" We can imagine that among the frequenters of the "White Hart Inn" and the "Garter," which stood facing the Castle, Queen Bess was counted a paragon, and there were many like the

> little sailor that to death
> Was hot in love with Queen Elizabeth.

At Windsor the Queen mingled study and pleasure. We think of her discussing statecraft with Cecil, religion with Archbishop Parker, philosophy with Bacon, the extension of her empire with Raleigh, poetry with Spenser or Sackville, and classic lore with her old tutor, Roger Ascham. She spent her mornings in listening to Ascham reading the Orations of Demosthenes in Greek, or in herself translating the "De Consolatione Philosophie" of Boethius.[1] On certain days, however, as the Keeper of the Records says, she "did forbeayre to translate." The fresh air and sunshine tempted her to her favourite sport in the park, for Elizabeth could bring down a deer as deftly with her cross-bow as she could render Greek. She loved fresh air, like her great successor, Queen Victoria, and each

[1] Ascham's "Epistles" Camden; Nichol's "Progresses of Queen Elizabeth."

day before dinner walked for an hour on the North Terrace, which she had constructed. If it rained, she paced to and fro under an umbrella;[1] wind was the only thing which deterred Elizabeth from exercise on the terrace. In the park her favourite walk was past the scathed oak of Herne the Hunter, which to-day, in memory of her, is called Queen Elizabeth's Walk. The Queen sometimes entranced her courtiers by playing upon the virginals; she also danced with sprightly grace, and was jealous lest it should be thought that in these elegant accomplishments she was inferior to Mary Stuart.[2] On summer days, Elizabeth took her pleasure on the river, being rowed in a barge by picturesque watermen and having about her a gay company.

We can in imagination people the Castle of that day with ladies majestic in ruffles and farthingales, and gentlemen in trunk hose and tights, wearing graceful mantles and plumed hats. The talk was of poetry, art, and the drama, with a leaven of philosophy and a spice of wit. It was an era of national exultation and the renaissance of literature. Elizabeth was the sun around which the greatest lights of her reign revolved. There were no achievements in any direction which were not dominated by her will and pleasure. Bacon philosophised for the Queen; Spenser and Shakespeare, in common with lesser poets, wrote for her ear; Raleigh colonised; and Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher scoured the high seas, all for the Virgin Queen; while wise men guided the affairs of State so that the throne of Elizabeth should become still more glorious. The spirit of chivalry which had dominated the Court of Edward and Philippa lived again on the Castle hill while the great Tudor

[1] Strickland's "Life of Queen Elizabeth." [2] Sir James Melville's "Memoirs."

Queen held sway, and not the victories of Cressy or Poictiers brought more exultation to the St. George's knights of the earlier epoch than did the rout of the Armada to those whose banners hung by favour of Elizabeth.

Yet she had a woman's weaknesses. She liked things graceful and pleasant about her, expected homage, raged if she was slighted, liked to be admired, was naturally a coquette, and could freely imbibe flattery, but we question if she was ever deceived by it. The qualities which had been the fascination and the undoing of her mother survived in Elizabeth. She had the changeableness usually credited to her sex, and it frequently gave her ministers trouble, and humble people about her Court also. When the Queen removed from one Royal residence to another, the carts and horses in the neighbourhood were "impressed" for the Royal service, and Elizabeth's indecision often caused the owners inconvenience. A Windsor carter who had been ordered to come to the Castle to convey a part of the Royal wardrobe found when he arrived that the Queen had changed the day of her departure. A second time he came, and for the same reason was sent away. But when the same thing happened a third time, the man clapped his hand on his thigh and said: "Now I see that the Queen is a woman as well as my wife!" Elizabeth, standing at an open window, overheard the remark. "What villain is this?" said she, laughing, and directed her attendant to give the man three angels "to stop his mouth"—her way of compensating him for lost time.[1]

The youth of Eton shared the Queen's interest when she was

[1] Birch's "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth."

at Windsor, and she occasionally went in state to the college to receive addresses from the boys. To her influence they and all generations of schoolboys owe a less free use of the birch. One day Elizabeth's reader, Roger Ascham, was drawn into a controversy with Mr. Secretary Cecil, Sackville, and other of the Queen's gentlemen regarding the value of corporal punishment, news having reached the Castle that some of the Eton boys had run away for fear of beating. Several of the courtiers spoke in favour of the rod, Ascham alone contending that "a child might be lured by love when not driven by stripes." In the midst of the argument Ascham repaired to the Queen's room for the customary daily reading. Elizabeth heard his views with favour, and looking across to the turrets of Eton, was doubtless moved with compassion for the boys subjected to unmerciful "striping." Finally, at the instance alike of Queen and courtiers, the learned Ascham elaborated his views in a treatise which was to gain immortal renown as "The Schoolmaster." Before he died Ascham had dedicated it to Elizabeth.

Another classic of the English language, more widely known than Ascham's treatise, had its birthplace at Windsor under the auspices of Queen Bess. She delighted greatly in the drama, and caused a stage to be erected at the Castle for the regular performance of pieces. Painted scenery was provided, a wardrobe for the actors, and an orchestra which must have outrivalled the Tower of Babel. It consisted of trumpeters, lutists, harpers, ringers, minstrels, and flutists. On this stage Shakespeare first produced "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

The story goes that Elizabeth was so amused with the

character of Sir John Falstaff that she wished to see him as a lover and introduced into a drama with the scene laid at Windsor. "Write me this play in fourteen days," she is reported to have commanded Shakespeare. It was done, and produced to the Queen's satisfaction. Never surely had the Royal orchestra rung up the curtain on a merrier comedy, and we can imagine how Elizabeth and her ladies would shake their ruffles with laughter when Falstaff, with his generous proportions, was, at the instance of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, squeezed into the laundress's basket to be carried to Datchet Mead and pitched into a muddy shallow of the river, where, as the outraged Sir John afterwards told his friends at the "Garter," "you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking." The jest of "The Merry Wives" would serve the Court for many days' talk and entertainment, and "Will" of Stratford and his actors, if they did not receive the presentation scarf-pin and Royal autograph portrait of modern times, doubtless had an equivalent compliment from Queen Bess. The play remains a perfect picture of Windsor town—with its prosperous citizens basking in the vicinity of the Court, its inns, gossips, and local pastimes—as it was in the days when Elizabeth reigned on the Castle hill. We cannot here follow the Shakespearean specialists into the identification of the site where stood the house of Mistress Ford, or the abode of the Pages, nor the spot at Datchet where the panting Falstaff struggled in the river mud. The "White Hart" still fronts the Castle, and into its modern structure has absorbed its old neighbour the "Garter Inn," where Shakespeare is said to have written "The Merry Wives," and where in all probability he

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

WINDSOR CASTLE: THE EAST TERRACE.

[*To face p.* 66.

and some of his company lodged when the play was produced at the Castle.

Elizabeth's additions to Windsor consisted of the formation of the North Terrace and of a small gateway leading from the North Terrace to the steps of the Round Tower, at either end of which the initials "E.R. 1583," are cut in the stonework above the portals, and of a long gallery, still known by her name. Queen Elizabeth's Gallery is now the Royal library. Her private apartments immediately joined it, and were in what some historians designate the Tudor Tower. When recently exploring the Castle buildings I was unable to find any attendant or local person who could locate the Tudor Tower. The name seems to have been lost, and in recent plans of the Castle the wing which adjoins Queen Elizabeth's Gallery is described as Henry VII.'s Building, which I take to be synonymous with the Tudor Tower. We know that her rooms commanded her favourite view across the river to Eton, and overlooked the North Terrace, which she constructed for a promenade.

Hentzner, the German traveller, who visited England in 1598, has left an interesting picture of Windsor in the last years of Elizabeth's reign. Her bedchamber, he tells us, had in it a table of red marble with white streaks, a cushion most curiously wrought by her Majesty's own hands, and a unicorn's horn of above eight spans and a half in length, valued at £10,000. "The Queen's bed," he tells us, "is covered with curious hangings of embroidery work," and the walls of the room were covered with tapestry representing Clovis King of France, with an angel presenting to him the *fleur-de-lis* as a badge, in place of the ancient device of the

three toads used by former French kings. This curious tapestry is thought to have been brought to Windsor either by Edward III. or Henry V. after their victorious campaigns in France. Hentzner, after describing the glories of the state apartments, especially St. George's Hall, refers to the terrace as "a walk of incredible beauty, 380 paces in length, set round on every side with supporters of wood, which sustain a balcony from whence the nobility and other persons of distinction can take the pleasure of seeing hunting and hawking in a lawn of sufficient space," and he proceeds to describe the magnificent view over the surrounding country which has exercised so many pens in succeeding years. "The fields and meadows," he writes, "swell gradually into hills of perpetual verdure quite up to the Castle, and at bottom stretch out into an extended plain that strikes the beholder with delight." [1]

In these latter years the Court of Elizabeth had perforce lost its old gaiety. Gone were the times when she could transfix with bow and arrow the stags driven past her in the Home Park, or go hawking with the courtly Leicester or Essex in attendance; but the Tudor Queen retained her magnificence and dignity. Though forced to use a staff to support her weak limbs, she moved in gorgeous apparel, her train borne by four gentlewomen, and all persons bent low as she went by. Occasionally she would rally her spirits for a Court pageant or crack a joke with Mr. Secretary Cecil, or listen to his fulsome flattery with the smile of the coquette still upon her withered countenance. But beneath this outward show Elizabeth carried a heavy heart. Her trusted counsellor, Cecil Lord Burghley, was no more, Essex she had sent to the block, and

[1] Hentzner's "Journey into England."

others of the *dramatis personæ* of her brilliant reign were passing away. Elizabeth stayed at Windsor for the last time in the autumn of 1602, when she was, as she said, "a-weary of life." She died the following year at the Palace of Richmond or Sheen, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

How are the mighty fallen! The memories which cling around Windsor when tenanted by the Stuarts form a sad and humiliating contrast to the golden age which closed with Elizabeth. James I. crossed the Border and took up his abode at Royal Windsor with alacrity. He had a taste for sport of a mild kind, such as chasing rabbits with dogs or bringing down partridges with a hawk. He had no nerve for hunting the red-deer and the wild boar like his predecessors, and liked, moreover, to enjoy his sport without observation. It has been said that the superior skill of his wife, Anne of Denmark, in shooting led him to shut out curious and critical eyes from the Royal grounds.[1] When that clever and sprightly lady arrived at Windsor from Holyrood to join her husband in his new kingdom, she was hurried into the park to see his rabbit-coursing. The sport struck her as tame enough, and calling for a cross-bow, she brought down a stag as unerringly as Elizabeth would have done. The Windsor people liked this show of spirit. They applauded the Queen—and offended the King. Immediately afterwards he closed the Little Park.

The feud thus begun with his neighbours waxed stronger and stronger. The town which had developed around the Castle in a spirit of unity and friendship now became alienated. The poorer folk broke through the King's enclosures, and stole his wood and

[1] "Royal Windsor," Hepworth Dixon.

lopped his trees. The local justices were slow to prosecute, and James became angry and more arbitrary.

It was during the reign of James I. that Norden made his survey of Windsor. The circuit of the forest was 77½ miles—formerly it had a circumference of 120 miles—and there were thirteen walks within it, each under charge of a keeper. The park contained three thousand head of deer.

James had not been long at the Castle before he went to law with the dean and canons of St. George's regarding some repairs to a break in the wall. The dispute lasted for three years, and when heard before the Barons of the Exchequer, a verdict was given against the King. The Roman Catholic sympathies of James soon became apparent, and the people feared a return to the religious tyranny of Queen Mary. The public dissatisfaction grew louder when, with his usual want of tact, the King installed Marco Antonio, the former Archbishop of Spalatro, whom the people believed to be still a Jesuit, in the deanery of Windsor, and made him his confidant. Never before had a foreign Catholic occupied this position at St. George's. The Queen's influence was with the Protestants, and her brother, King Christian IV. of Denmark, during his visits to the Court at Windsor, endeavoured to persuade James to be more conciliatory to his new subjects. The King, however, continued to quarrel with the clergy of St. George's and the burgesses of the Royal borough, and died leaving no memorial of his reign on the Castle hill save tyranny and oppression.

The storm which he had brewed spent its violence on his son and successor. Charles I. and his Queen, Henrietta Maria, frequently came with their Court to Windsor, and so far as their

private lives were concerned, their life at the Castle was one of domestic happiness and felicity. Both had cultivated and artistic tastes, which manifested themselves in the Royal apartments. They were the patrons of Rubens and Vandyke, and the collections of the paintings of these masters now at Windsor are due to their taste. The King upheld the old position of St. George on the Royal hill, and Rubens conceived a way by which to convey a grateful compliment. He painted a picture of St. George slaying the dragon, and located the scene in Windsor Forest, showing the Castle in the distance ; moreover, he gave to the saint the lineaments of Charles, and to the princess whom he was rescuing the fair face of Henrietta Maria. One can imagine the satisfaction with which the Royal pair saw the painting hung in the Castle. After the death of Charles the picture was sold abroad. Eventually it was repurchased by George IV. No doubt it served the painter's purpose for a compliment, but it is not a convincing realisation of the chivalric legend. The face of Charles is too composed and meditative for the warrior saint ; one of the kingly heroes who kept Court at Windsor in the olden days—the mighty Edward or the hero of Agincourt—would have been better suited for a model.

While the King and Queen delighted greatly in their Castle in the forest, and filled it with pictures and *bric-a-brac*, there were storms of popular discontent raging without. Henrietta Maria surrounded herself with Catholic ladies, lodged her French priests and confessors within the Windsor precincts, celebrated mass in her private chapel, and surreptitiously drew the minds of the Royal children towards the Catholic faith. Meanwhile the King was making arbitrary regulations regarding the amusements of the people, as

though he were a feudal monarch, and had entered into his fatal controversy with Parliament. In 1642 we find Charles hurrying to Windsor to escape the execration by the populace which his impeachment of the five members had occasioned; at the end of that year the Queen had gone abroad for safety, the King had been obliged to abandon a Castle which he had no means of fortifying, and Royal Windsor was in the hands of the Parliamentary army, and many of the King's adherents were lodged as prisoners within its walls. In six years the struggle between King and people was brought to a close.

One evening in the year 1648 a company of horsemen came through the High Street to Windsor Castle gates. The central figure, riding his horse with downcast mien, caused some expressions of sympathy from the burgesses. "God bless him!" said some, and others were dumb with surprise, and knew not what to say. It was the King, being brought a prisoner to the Castle which was once his regal home. Some weeks later, on February 7th, another procession under cover of night wended its way up Castle Hill. In that funereal coach rested the body and severed head of Charles Stuart, which was being conveyed from London by a few faithful friends for interment in the Royal vault at Windsor. The chapel of St. George had been pillaged and robbed during the Civil War, and no one could find the required vault until a man from the town came up and pointed out the stone, which had last been lifted to receive the remains of Henry VIII. Silently, save for some stifled sobs, the coffin of the King was lowered. The prayers of the Church were not permitted to be read. On the coffin lid a silver plate bore the words:—

KING CHARLES.

1649.[1]

While this scene was transpiring in St. George's, two noted Royalists—James Duke of Hamilton and Henry Hastings, Lord Loughborough—were effecting their escape from their places of confinement in the upper ward. Loughborough got across the Channel and joined the son of the dead King, but the Duke of Hamilton was recaptured, and refusing the terms of pardon offered by Parliament, followed his Royal master to the block.

At the inauguration of the Commonwealth, Windsor Castle—with its shrine despoiled, the banners of the knights torn from their stalls in the chapel, their shields from St. George's Hall, and the Royal apartments dismantled of their costly treasures—presented a melancholy picture of fallen greatness. The neglected park was overrun by vagrants, who even squatted in corners of the Castle buildings. The House of Commons debated the sale of the entire structure and demesne, into so ruinous a condition had it fallen during the six years of the Civil War. Finally it was decided to retain the Castle—it being useful for keeping the Royalist prisoners—and sell the park.

After the establishment of the Protectorate, Windsor became a garrison, and was frequently the abode of Cromwell, on whom it was settled. He now bought back the Home Park. We may picture him pacing the terrace of Elizabeth in thoughtful and restless mood, or looking out from the ramparts of the Round Tower towards Runnymede, and congratulating himself that he had

[1] Clarendon. The coffin of Charles I. was opened at Windsor on April 1st, 1813, and an account has been published by Sir Henry Halford.

struck a blow for the re-establishment of the rights of Magna Charta. The poetic memories of the Windsor of chivalry stirred not the heart of the stern Puritan, whose thoughts were in the present and his mind exercised for his country's weal. Cromwell liked Windsor; its proud position on the hill and its martial keep and rugged towers agreed with his temperament; and there is no evidence that he at any time ordered the defacement and spoliation of the historic shrine. That was done by the first Parliamentary Governor, Colonel Venn.

But now we pass from this period of gloomy and chaotic Windsor to the great rebound to mirth and grandeur heralded by the Restoration, but the change, though more pleasing to the eye, had its discreditable elements. Charles II. converted Windsor into a great pleasure palace. Thither he repaired for the summer months, bringing his gay train of courtiers from Whitehall, and within the Royal house or in the vicinity he sumptuously lodged my Lady Castlemaine, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Nell Gwynne.[1] His Queen, Catharine of Braganza, found such comfort as she could in the exercise of her religion, as another Katharine had done in the reign of the inconstant Tudor.

The "Merrie Monarch" had youthful memories of the Castle when his parents had made it the home of art and beauty, and he began in 1670 to restore it to its former splendour. Sir Christopher Wren was his chief architect, and under his supervision and that of Prince Rupert, Governor of the Castle, a handsome range of state apartments was erected. The ceilings were painted

[1] The only letter of Nell Gwynne's known to exist is dated "Windsor, Burford House, April 14th, 1684," according to Cunningham, her biographer.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

WINDSOR CASTLE: THE LONG WALK, PLANTED BY CHARLES II.

[*To face p. 74.*

by Verrio with scenes from the history of the gods; the woodwork, notably that in St. George's Hall, was carved by Gibbons. The walls of many of the apartments were hung with tapestry, and the rooms were filled with rich furniture and adorned with fine paintings. The new buildings extended eastward from those of Henry VII., and received the name of the Star Buildings, from the device of the star of the Garter being used to ornament them; later they were known as the Stuart Buildings. Charles extended the terrace to the east, past his new wing. He restored the choir of St. George's, filled the stalls with knights from among his cavaliers (one of the first to be installed was the youthful Monmouth), and appointed the dean, clergy, and choristers. Parliament voted the King £70,000 to put a memorial to his father in St. George's; but he professed not to be able to discover the tomb, and used the money for other purposes.

The park was again filled with deer, and the King and his courtiers enjoyed much sport. Charles had a taste for landscape gardening, and spent considerable sums in beautifying the Windsor domain. He built Cumberland Lodge as a retreat in the Great Park, and planted the magnificent avenue of the Long Walk in the Home Park; he also constructed an ornamental water for his wild-fowl. We may picture the sylvan walks alive with a gay cavalcade laughing, jesting, and turning compliments as their picturesque doublets and plumed hats gleamed in the sunshine and their love-locks tossed in the breeze. The terraces of Windsor were the scene of promenades as noisily gay as those of the Mall at St. James's.

Glimpses into the life of the Court and descriptions of the restored Royal house occur in the diaries of Evelyn and Pepys.

In February, 1665, we find Mr. Pepys taking coach to Windsor and putting up at the "Garter." His friend Dr. Childe came and "carried us to St. George's Chapel, and there placed us amongst the knights' stalls . . . and thither came cushions for us, and a young singing boy to bring us a copy of the anthem to be sung. . . . It is a noble place indeed, and a good quire of voices." Service over, at which Mr. Pepys had particularly noticed the deep bowing to the altar by "the poor knights in particular," "we went to see the plate of the chapel and the robes of knights, and a man to show us the banners of the several knights, in being, which hang up over the stalls. . . . Was shown where the late King is buried, and King Henry VIII. and my Lady Seymour. This being done, to the King's house to observe the neatness and contrivance of the house and gates; it is the most romantesque castle that is in the world. But Lord! the prospect that is in the balcone in the Queene's lodgings and the terrace and walk." Our excellent diarist was moved by these wonderful sights to "tip" freely, for he records that after "giving a great deal of money to this and that man and woman, we to our tavern and there dined."[1] Mine host of the "Garter" doubtless helped to further impress Mr. Pepys with the glories of the Castle.

Evelyn visited Windsor several times between 1654 and 1685, and notes the changes as they took place. At his first visit he paid a pious pilgrimage to the "chapel of St. George, where they have laid our blessed martyr, King Charles, in the vault just before the altar," and reflects on the melancholy air of ancient magnificence attaching to the Castle. In 1670 he refers to Windsor being

[1] Pepys's "Diary."

"exceedingly ragged and ruinous," and noted that repairs were contemplated, and that "Prince Rupert, the Constable, had begun to trim up the keep." Ten years later Evelyn records a visit "to see that stately court, now near finished. There was erected in the court, the King on horseback,[1] lately cast in copper, and set on a rich pedestal of white marble, the work of Mr. Gibbons, at the expense of Toby Rustate, a page of the back-stairs, who by his wonderful frugality had arrived to a great estate in money, and did many works of charity, as well as this of gratitude to his master, which cost him £1,000. He is a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature."

In 1683 Evelyn again visited Windsor, and his contemporary account gives a good idea of the restorations and improvements effected by Charles II. "That which was new at Windsor, and surprising to me," he writes, "was the incomparable fresco painting in St. George's Hall, representing the legend of St. George, and triumph of the Black Prince, and his reception by Edward III.; the volts or roof not totally finished; then the Resurrection in the chapel, where the figure of the Ascension is, in my opinion comparable to any paintings of the most famous Roman masters; the Last Supper, also over the altar. I liked the contrivance of the unseen altar, behind the altar, nor less the stupendous and beyond all description the incomparable carving of our Gibbons, who is, without controversy, the greatest master both for invention and rareness of work, that the world ever had in any age. . . . Verrio's invention is admirable, his ordnance full and glowing, antique and heroical; his figures move; and if the walls hold (which is the

[1] Equestrian statue of Charles II., now at Windsor.

only doubt, by reason of the salts which in time and in this climate prejudice) the work will preserve his name to ages.

"There was now the terrace brought almost round the old Castle; the grass made clean, even, and curiously turfed, the avenues to the new park, and other walks, planted with lime and elms, and a pretty canal, and receptacle for fowl; not less observable and famous is the throwing so huge a quantity of excellent water to the enormous height of the Castle, for the use of the whole house, by an extraordinary invention of Sir Samuel Morland."[1]

Windsor, thus restored by Charles II., served his successors for an occasional residence, but it was no longer the stage of great historic drama. The Castle had ceased to be a Royal fortress and stronghold; famous prisoners no longer sighed in the Norman keep or the Devil's Tower, and the latter was indeed converted to the elegant use of the maids of honour. James II. and his beautiful young Queen, Mary Beatrice, kept occasional Court at the Castle during their brief reign, and there James committed the fatal error of receiving in state the Pope's Nuncio on July 3rd, 1687. With the coming of William and Mary, Windsor and its historic chapel were purged of the last remnants of Popery. The Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne had a lodge in the Castle precincts during this period, and there her last remaining child, around whom all her future hopes were set, the young Duke of Gloucester, died in 1700. He was, however, buried at Westminster.

When Anne succeeded, she stayed frequently at the Castle, and indulged her love for landscape gardening in the spacious grounds, upon which she spent some £40,000. She planted the avenue which

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," June 16th, 1683.

runs almost parallel with the Long Walk, and which to-day bears the name of the Queen's Walk, and is locally known as Queen Anne's Drive; she also made the carriage way through the Long Walk, and planned a garden on the north side of the Castle. The Queen took great pleasure in the park and the forest, and frequently went out to hunt the stag in her pony chaise. Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was often at Windsor with her Royal mistress, and she and Queen Anne were sitting together in a little closet in Queen Elizabeth's old building, now the Royal library, when a messenger arrived with the tidings of the victory of Blenheim. The Queen was passively rejoiced at the news, but the Castle was scarce big enough to contain the inflated importance of Marlborough's Duchess.

During the reigns of the early Georges, Windsor Castle was a comparatively neglected residence, and on the accession of George III. it was unfit for the Royal occupation. The homely King had no ambition to keep a sumptuous house at Windsor; but he and Queen Charlotte liked the breezy situation of the Castle, and delighted in its terraces and far-reaching domain. The King, therefore, decided to erect a new residence, detached from the Castle, as a country retreat for himself and family. This was known as the Queen's Lodge, and stood on a part of the site now occupied by the Royal stables. It was a kind of Royal "bungalow" without any pretensions to palatial appearance.[1] There "Farmer George," with his exemplary Queen and their large family of sons and daughters, lived in homely simplicity. They took their daily constitutional on the terrace as regularly as Queen Elizabeth, crossing the road from their abode in prim line like a young ladies'

[1] Afterwards pulled down by George IV.

boarding-school, the King and Queen leading the way and the Princes and Princesses following in due order. As they promenaded the terrace their Majesties frequently received distinguished persons—scholars, divines, and litterateurs—and were pleased to enter into talk and discussion with them. The Castle terrace, indeed, became in those days an *al fresco* reception and audience place. The King and Queen were greatly beloved in the district for their kindly benevolence, and never showed to better advantage than amongst their Windsor friends and neighbours.

Out of his privy purse the King restored St. George's Chapel, employing Mr. Emlyn, a local architect. The restoration took three years, and every detail was watched by the King. The building was repaved, the carving restored, and a new altar screen erected. The choral service of the chapel was also under the supervision of the King, who prided himself on his knowledge of music, and was a devoted student of Handel.

The "Diary" of Fanny Burney mirrors the life of the Royal Family in their Windsor home. We see Queen Charlotte reading the *Tatler*, discussing books of German philosophy, working her silk embroidery, and taking her daily allowance of snuff, while the Princesses buzz around, amiable and pleasing nonentities well drilled in decorous behaviour, and the Princes appear as fine, handsome, young fellows with a tendency to avoid the strict parental discipline. The King often drew the unfortunate little Burney into tedious discussions on the merits or demerits of Shakespeare, in which she was asked for an opinion only to be rated soundly if she expressed it with truth. George III. had a hobby for the depreciation of the great dramatist, and certainly he would not have "com-

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

WINDSOR CASTLE | THE CORRIDOR LEADING TO THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS.

[*To face p.* 80.

manded" "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to be performed at the Castle. Anon comes a Levée or a Drawing Room, to call Farmer George from his simple home, and he mounts his horse and rides into London to dispose of the tiresome function with scarcely more state than one of the burgesses going to market, while the Queen and Princesses drive in their coaches to St. James's, and there dress in their Court gowns.

At Windsor, George III. manifested the first distressing symptoms of mental malady, and the citizens talked sorrowfully of the future. Then the cloud lifted for a time, and the Windsor bells pealed as his old friends welcomed the King back again to his simple and kindly life on the Royal hill. After the death of his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, the cloud returned, never to be again lifted from the King's mind. As the disease progressed, he was removed with his attendants from the Queen's Lodge to a suite of apartments in the Castle overlooking the terrace where he had loved to walk. There we picture him passing the weary hours playing on his harpsichord, his sole remaining joy, or pacing the room in gentle melancholy. As the dreary years pass on, we see him in the last pitiable stage—an old man, long past his three-score years, blind, deaf, imbecile, sitting with a long white beard which gave pathetic dignity to his figure, waiting for the end. It came in 1820, when he had reached his eighty-second year. He was buried in the new Royal vault at Windsor, where the Princess Amelia and the good Queen Charlotte had previously been laid.

While Prince Regent, George IV. had laid plans for the restoration of Windsor Castle, and after his accession they were

pushed forward with vigour under the direction of Jeffrey Wyatt, to whom the King gave the name of Wyattville, and later made him a knight. He also added to his coat of arms George IV.'s Gateway, and the word "Windsor" as a motto. The Castle as we know it to-day is the work of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville, and the handsome folio of his drawings with descriptive letterpress[1] of the buildings and alterations is an excellent book of reference for the great work of restoration carried out by him in the reigns of George IV. and William IV., and brought to a conclusion in the reign of Victoria. The general scheme of Wyattville's work was to give height to the Castle buildings. He raised the Round Tower and added the flag turret. He built the range of private apartments on the east and south of the upper ward and constructed the famous corridors to connect them. The Waterloo Gallery is one of the most famous of Wyattville's additions. He also built the Brunswick, York, and Lancaster Towers, and George IV.'s Gateway. Happily he left to the Castle hill some bits of antiquity in the quaint Deanery and canons' houses in the lower ward, and in the beautiful Elizabethan gallery in the upper ward, with its fine oriel window which recalls Haddon Hall. While the restoration was going on Wyattville lodged in the Winchester Tower, where William of Wykeham, and for a short period Geoffrey Chaucer, had also lived while superintending the works at Windsor. There Wyattville died in 1840.

George IV. took a keen personal interest in the rebuilding of his Castle, and frequently stayed at the Royal Lodge, near the end of the Long Walk, that he might watch the progress of the work.

[1] By Poynter.

Photo by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

THE HERMITAGE, VIRGINIA WATER.

At this period the "First Gentleman in Europe" had lost the handsome appearance and graceful figure which had made him famous as "Prince Florizel," and had a disposition to hide from the gaze of men. He rarely appeared publicly amongst the lieges of Windsor, but spent his time driving in a pony chaise about the secluded glades of the forest or the quiet roads of Old Windsor. Occasionally he was visited at the Royal Lodge by the Duchess of Kent and the little Princess Victoria, whose pretty ways greatly entertained him. The story is told that after one of these visits the King said to his niece:

"Come, Victoria, and tell me what you have enjoyed most during your visit to Windsor."

"The ride in the carriage with you, uncle," discreetly replied the little Princess of seven.

A few years ago, when staying in Windsor, I met an old man who told me that he well remembered seeing the late Queen when she came to visit George IV., and that she and the Duchess of Kent returned to London by a steam coach, a vehicle which was the forerunner of the motor car.

While the new handsome buildings were rising on the Castle hill, the King did not neglect to develop the natural beauties of the parks and domain. He was fond of fishing in Virginia Water, the extensive piece of artificial water several miles in circumference constructed on the bed of the great lake of olden times, and on its shores erected various ornaments, among them the Fishing Temple and the "artificial" ruins, the columns of which were brought from Tripoli, in Africa. In the vicinity of Virginia Water, George IV. built a summer-house; a tower now stands on

its site, and commands one of the many glorious views to be obtained from the old forest of Windsor. The Sandpit Lodge was a favourite halting-place with the King when driving, and seated in his chaise with his favourite cockatoo on his arm, he drank his glass of cherry gin, a cordial always kept in readiness for him. Near the sandpit he had his famous menagerie of tame animals, which were shown to visitors, except on certain days in the week when the King was expected. Mr. Huish in his biography of George IV. tells the story that a lady obtained by some plausible representation permission to view the animals on one of the prohibited days. When the King entered and observed the lady, he found himself face to face with one with whom his relations had been far from creditable.

Up to a late period before his death, George IV. was periodically rolled in his chair through the state apartments being prepared for his use, and would speak of the long years which he hoped to pass in them. Occasionally he was accompanied by visitors of distinction, to whom he would explain the history of the pictures and other works of art in the state apartments. On one occasion the Royal party stopped opposite a family picture representing Queen Charlotte seated with, as it appeared, two of her children—one, an infant of a few months old, on her lap, and by her side a sturdy fair-haired boy of two. The official cicerone had just described the group as Queen Charlotte with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, when George IV., interrupting him, said: "You must alter your story, Mr. Legg," then turning to the visitors he said: "That picture was painted by the ingenious Mr. Allan Ramsay, son of the celebrated author of 'The Gentle Shepherd.'

Now Mr. Ramsay, having, like his father, become celebrated too, fell into the common fault of portrait painters—undertaking more than he could perform. He engaged to paint within a given time the Queen and the Prince of Wales, then an infant in arms, as you perceive. He completed the likeness of the mother, who might have waited, but somehow neglected to finish the child until he had grown into the sturdy boy you see standing before her." The two portraits were really both of the same child—to wit, the King himself.

George IV. had his desire fulfilled in occupying the restored Castle, but it was only as a dying man. He went into occupation of the new state apartments in 1828, and remained there through his long illness until his death on June 30th, 1830. He was buried along with his parents and his daughter, the lamented Princess Charlotte, in the Royal vault, beneath what is now the Albert Chapel. Seven years later, his brother and successor, William IV., who, with the good Queen Adelaide, frequently resided at Windsor, died in the same room and was interred in the same vault.

With the Victorian era Windsor enters upon a phase in its history worthy to compare with the most glorious epoch of the past. There seemed something particularly appropriate in the young Queen entering upon the occupation of both Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace immediately after they had been rebuilt and restored. The work at Windsor was not, however, fully completed until some years after the Queen's accession. The present Royal stables were built about 1840. By the Great Exhibition of 1851, the Castle may be said to have attained its present completion. The gardens and Home Farm had been

remodelled under the eye of the Prince Consort, and the slopes laid out. It is noticeable that it always seems to have been during the reigns of Queens that the natural beauties of the Windsor grounds were enhanced. Elizabeth began the terraces, Anne laid out new gardens and beautified the park, while Victoria formed the slopes on the declivity below the North Terrace, and developed the Home Farm. In 1845 the late Queen established at her own expense the schools in the Great Park for the children of the employees on the Royal estate; she also built the church of All Saints for the use of residents in the park.

Most interesting of the improvements at Windsor carried out by Queen Victoria was the conversion of the old church of St. Edward built by Henry III., and which stands adjacent to its newer and more important neighbour, the chapel of St. George, into the beautiful Albert Memorial Chapel, which, taking into account the comparative smallness of the building, has one of the most splendid interiors of any church in the world. The walls are inlaid with representations of scriptural subjects designed in coloured marbles, the ceiling is covered with mosaics, and the stained glass windows, of surpassing beauty, have figures of the Prince Consort's distinguished ancestors. This lovely Memorial Chapel is above the Royal tomb-house; it is not there, however, that the Prince Consort rests, but in the magnificent mausoleum built by Queen Victoria in the grounds of Frogmore.

Of the memories which connect the great Queen with Windsor it is impossible to write in detail. When the period which her name has made glorious has passed into remoter history, the events of her life at the Castle will form an inspiring theme.

From "Views of Windsor Castle," by George Nash, 1848.

WINDSOR CASTLE: THE WATERLOO GALLERY,
Prepared for a banquet to the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

[*To face p.* 86.

She loved the majestic pile, for it was hallowed to her by the tenderest associations. At Windsor she had declared her love to the husband of her choice, and there had passed the first week of her wedded life ; at Windsor also she had watched by the dying bed of her beloved, and there had laid him to rest until she should join him.

Not a year of Queen Victoria's life passed without a portion of it being spent on the Castle hill. We see her as the gay girl-Queen playing hostess to distinguished visitors, holding investitures of the Garter, sitting in her large poke bonnet in the Royal pew above the altar of St. George's, galloping in her long green cloth habit and feathered hat through the glades of the forest, or reviewing the troops in the Home Park, seated on her charger Leopold, and wearing the semi-military cap and coat of the Windsor uniform. Again her familiar figure meets us as a fair young wife strolling about the slopes with her husband and children, or picnicking at Virginia Water. We see her also keeping Christmas at the Castle in good old English style, the baron of beef turning on the spit before the huge fireplace in the kitchen, as it might have done in Norman times. Dinners, balls, receptions, audiences, fill the canvas of her reign on the Royal hill, and the bare list of the crowned heads and illustrious persons who have been entertained by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle would cover considerable space. She herself often spoke of the Garter banquets to the King of Prussia, godfather of Edward VII., and to the Czar Nicholas, Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III., and referred to the change in the cycle of events which made it possible for her to lead the dance with Napoleon in the Waterloo Chamber, with the veterans of the fight looking on from the walls.

We see her yet again, bowed with the weight of eighty years, being drawn in her pony carriage through the shady paths to the Home Farm at Frogmore to visit her pets, and returning to her secluded rooms in the Victoria Tower. Occasionally in these later years she would be wheeled from her own private suite along the corridor to the White Drawing-Room to give audience to a minister or some distinguished visitor; but the evening of her life at Windsor was passed for the most part within her private sitting-room, which commanded the far-stretching vista where the Home Park is lost in what was once the forest of William of Normandy—a view which the Queen saw with renewed delight each May when the giant oaks and elms put on their freshest green.

In December of 1901 the familiar figure in the closed carriage drawn by the grey horses passes through the gateway of the Castle down the hill to Windsor Station through respectful groups of townspeople for the last time. A few short weeks, and the flag floats half-mast high on the Round Tower, the town is clad in mourning, and, amidst the booming of the minute gun, the body of the beloved Queen is drawn up the Castle hill by the trusty hands of sailors, under circumstances familiar to all, to rest in the chapel of St. George ere it is removed to the mausoleum at Frogmore.

For the succeeding year Windsor was practically a deserted Castle, save for brief sojourns by the King for shooting in the Great Park, and to superintend the renovation of the Royal apartments. No structural alterations have been made to the Castle. The decoration of the state rooms has been renovated, but the furniture remains the same—indeed, much of it was re-covered by

From the painting by Sir George Hayter.

THE CHRISTENING OF KING EDWARD VII. IN ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

[*To face p.* 88.

the late Queen in crimson and gold for her Diamond Jubilee, and is still fresh-looking. The historic carpets and hangings, decorated with the insignia of the Garter, are still to be seen in the Waterloo Chamber—or Grand Dining-Room—St. George's Hall, and the Throne-Room; it would indeed be sacrilege to replace them by others, unless with similar designs introduced. The Throne-Room is sacred to the historic installations there performed by Queen Victoria throughout her reign. It may be that the King will revert to the custom of former Sovereigns, and celebrate his Garter investitures in St. George's Chapel. The beautiful carved ivory chair presented to the late Queen by the Maharajah of Travancore has been removed from the Throne-Room, and replaced by a sumptuous state chair, for the King's use, of gold Indian work profusely studded with large crystals. Beside it is a smaller seat for Queen Alexandra. There is no occasion to dwell upon the pictures and art treasures contained in the Rubens, Vandyke, and Zuccarelli Rooms, nor the decorations of the grand staircase, vestibule, and ante-rooms; most people have visited Windsor and seen the state apartments for themselves. St. George's Chapel, too, remains as of yore. At the time of writing[1] the late Queen's banner as first "Knight" of the Garter still hangs above the Sovereign's stall. It is a mark of filial respect, with which the entire nation will sympathise, that King Edward has deferred so long the removal of that revered emblem of the late Queen's connection with the great Order of chivalry, of which she was indeed a peerless "knight." When the banner of Edward VII. is put over the Sovereign's stall, there will

[1] May, 1902.

be hung above the companion seat the banner of Queen Alexandra, for, like Philippa of old, our gracious Queen-Consort is a "knightly" Dame of the Garter.

The glorious old church, apart from historic connections, has a personal interest for the King and Queen, for there on that memorable 10th of March, 1863, they plighted their troth as man and wife amidst a scene of unparalleled splendour at the altar below the

> Knightly banners, whose varying glory
> Fills the chapel with coloured gleams,
> Made to hallow St. George's story,
> And copy the old chivalric dreams.

And other memories too, has St. George's for their Majesties: in the Royal vault is laid to rest their eldest born, the son of so much hope and promise, who first saw the light at Windsor on January 8th, 1864, when the King and Queen were residing at lovely Frogmore, in the Castle grounds.

More considerable are the alterations which the King has made to the private apartments of the Castle. The suite of handsome rooms used by the Prince Consort, and which for forty years had been shut up and preserved by the late Queen as he left them, have been thoroughly renovated and refurnished for the King's use. The rooms overlook the beautiful East Terrace, with its unrivalled view over the country in the direction of Old Windsor. The scheme of the new decoration is largely crimson and gold, except the King's bedroom, which has Irish green for the predominating colour. A spacious smoking- and billiard-room is included in these apartments.

The Victoria Tower is appropriated to the use of Queen

Alexandra; and the rooms of the late Queen, which she always retained as they were when decorated and furnished for her in the early years of her reign in accordance with the taste of the Prince Consort, have been refitted and upholstered. Her Majesty's boudoir, which commands a lovely view of the Home Park and the Long Walk, is furnished with great elegance in Louis XVI. style, the seats being covered in soft-coloured Beauvais tapestry. The Queen's chamber and dressing-room glow with soft rose silk, which panels the walls. The Princess Victoria has a suite of rooms on the south side, quite near to those of the Queen, and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark will reside in the Lancaster Tower when the Court is at Windsor, and the Prince and Princess of Wales will occupy Frogmore House, which has also been renovated and redecorated.

The King has paid special attention to the Castle drainage since his accession, and all has been arranged after the most approved methods. The stables, too, are being brought up to that state of sanitary perfection and beauty and convenience of fittings which has long prevailed at Sandringham. The Castle gardens, with their great extent of forcing-houses, are under the management of Mr. MacKellar, the former head gardener at Sandringham. His Majesty has a love of the husbandman's art and a genius for estate management, and in the new era now opening Royal Windsor with its vast domain will become the most carefully managed and skilfully directed Royal residence in the world, and the centre of a Court the most splendid and stately of modern times.

II

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

From an engraving after the picture in Lord Spencer's collection at Althorp.

HENRY VIII. (BUILDER OF ST JAMES'S PALACE) WITH HIS DAUGHTER, THE PRINCESS MARY, AND WILL SOMERS, THE JESTER.

[*To face p.* 95.

II

ST. JAMES'S PALACE

A FOREIGNER standing at the head of St. James's Street and looking down to the dingy red-brick gateway, with its clock tower and turrets, which forms the entrance to St. James's Palace, might think that it was a national fortress or an English Bastille. He would see little to suggest a Palace. "This will never do. It is not fit to lodge a Christian in," was the horrified gasp of Count Holcke, who accompanied Christian VII. of Denmark when that monarch come to woo the Princess Caroline Matilda, sister of George III. His young Danish Majesty looked scornful enough as his coach rumbled over the old stone pavement to the apartments in the Stable Yard where he and his retinue were to lodge. Compared with his own sea-girt palaces, St. James's must have looked uninviting enough; but Horace Walpole relates that the King was better pleased when he saw the interior of the Palace, and that he held Levées, gave banquets, and was the "puppet of the day." In spite of the bad impression which he at first received regarding the centre of the English Court, the King eventually married the Princess whom he had come to woo. Poor Caroline Matilda! I have stood in the

low circular room in the castle of Kronberg where she was in after years kept prisoner by her husband, pending her banishment from Denmark. How she must have longed, as she gazed forth over the blue waters of the Sound, to be once more at dingy old St. James's, and have sighed for the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall." The remark of Miss Burney's Evelina regarding her first sight of St. James's Palace has been often echoed by country cousins in town. "This morning," she writes, "we went to Portland Chapel, and afterwards we walked in the Mall of St. James's Park, which by no means answered my expectations; it is a long, straight walk of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet, and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed out the *Palace* to me, I think I was never much more surprised."

We are not, as a people, distinguished for the building of great palaces. London does not contain the ashes of a Tuileries nor an untenanted Versailles, and has nothing to compare with the colossal and costly palaces of Russia. For more than two hundred years, since Whitehall Palace was burned down, England has been content to have its Court represented by so insignificant and unattractive an edifice as St. James's Palace, for though it has long ceased to be the abode of the monarch, the *cachet* of the Court still attaches to it. The edicts issued in the name of the Sovereign are dated from "Our Court of St. James," to it foreign ambassadors are accredited, and there the Leveés are held. Doubtless there are potentates and distinguished foreigners who still drive under its gateway with the same feeling of scornful surprise which was exhibited by Christian VII. of Denmark.

The old Palace lives, however, in the page of romantic history. It has been as famous for backstair intrigues as Versailles; is not one whit behind Fontainebleau and St. Cloud for Court scandals; and might wrest the palm for political machinations from the Vatican. It is indeed storied ground. Out of the dim past rise pictures of the gay hunting cavalcades of Henry VIII., of the jousts and tourneys of Elizabeth, and later of the Royal martyr being led forth from the Palace to execution, and the Lord Protector jolting in his sedan as he passes through the courtyard. Grave changes to gay, and now it is the Merry Monarch bandying words over the Palace wall with Mistress Nell Gwynne, standing saucily at the window of her house in Pall Mall. Cavaliers throng St. James's Park, fair maids of honour walk masked in the Mulberry Garden, and there are trystings by Rosamond's Pond. Richardson meditates in the grove upon the site of which stands Marlborough House. Anon, and within the Palace, Anne is holding her queenly Courts, and, later, "Farmer George" his dull Leveés. Varied, indeed, is the historic panorama which has passed through the walls of courtly St. James's.

To trace the name and early history of the Palace we must go back to Norman times, when some charitable citizens of London endowed a home for fourteen maidens who were lepers. It was built in a solitary expanse of fields and woodland far removed from the boundaries of the City, and was dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem. One of the privileges granted to the hospital was the profits of a fair held on St. James's Day, May 1st, and the four days following,[1] in the adjacent fields of

[1] Thornbury's "Old and New London." Mr. Sheppard, in his "Memorials of St. James's

Piccadilly.[1] Several generations of "leper maydens" gazed from the lattices of the hospital and shook their cups and platters to solicit alms from the wayfarers who chanced to pass their solitary abode. They remained in undisturbed possession until Henry VIII. cast covetous eyes upon the hospital demesne. The King had appropriated Wolsey's Palace of Whitehall; and the fine expanse of wooded country which stretched from it to the abode of the Leper Sisters seemed a desirable addition to his new possessions. The Sisters received peremptory notice to quit, but were more fortunate than the majority of the *réligieuses* whose lands and houses the Defender of the Faith coveted, as they received compensation. According to the old chronicler,[2] "the Kyng purchased all the meadows about saynt James, and all the whole house of saynt James, and there made a fyne mansion and a parke and buylded many costly and commodious houses for great pleasure."

The hospital was razed to the ground, and upon the site where leper nuns had said their prayers arose a Palace where Court beauties vied in wit and splendour for the favour of Princes, and the corridors of which were thronged by the most noted ecclesiastics, politicians, wits and poets of succeeding epochs. In its courts was heard the sound of pomp and heraldry, the clank of martial armour, the chanting of priests, the roll of coach and chariot, and the yells of insurrectionary mobs. Probably in no given area of its size has

Palace," says that the fair was held on the anniversary of St. James the Great, July 25th, which would destroy the idea of the origin of Mayfair. Miss Strickland, in her "Life of Mary II.," describes the Court ladies attending May fair, and also another fair on St. James's Day, July 25th, and bases the statement on a letter of Lady Cavendish in the private Devonshire Papers.

[1] This is the origin of the name of Mayfair by which the district is called.

[2] Hall.

From an old print.

AN OLD VIEW, SHOWING THE VILLAGE OF CHARING (NOW CHARING CROSS).

Westminster Hall and the Abbey before the West Towers were built, the Conduit (where St. James's Square now is), and (on the left of the picture) St. James's House—a Convent—afterwards rebuilt by Henry VIII. as a Palace.

[*To face p.* 98.

there occurred more memorable scenes in English history than within the precincts of St. James's.

In the first stage of its existence the Palace was known as the King's Manor House of St. James, or "The House in the Fields." Henry VIII. built it as a "Palace of ease" to Westminster and Whitehall. Though lacking the size and grandeur of the older palaces, the King's Manor House was no mere hunting lodge, but an edifice of some pretensions. Holbein designed the entrance, consisting of a gatehouse, tower, and twin turrets, which remains to-day as it was originally built. The initials H.R., typical of its Royal founder, are still visible over the doors in the clock tower. The clock itself was a later addition. The old Palace is now dwarfed by the surrounding buildings, but as it originally stood, in the midst of fields and open country and approached by a long lane—now St. James's Street—it was a picturesque country mansion. The demesne joined the grounds of Whitehall and the boundary of Westminster, and stretched north to the Hampstead woods. There were no buildings nearer to the Palace than Charing Cross, then a village not far from the Abbey Minster. The interior of the Palace had some pretensions to palatial grandeur, judging from the old Presence Chamber, a portion of the original building which remains to-day. It is now called the Tapestry Chamber, and over the fireplace is the monogram of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn entwined with a true-lovers' knot.

The Manor of St. James was purchased by Henry in 1532, and the Palace was built while he was at the height of his passion for Anne Boleyn. Among the many conflicting accounts of Henry's second marriage there is a tradition that after a secret ceremony had

been performed in a garret at Whitehall,[1] the bride was taken across the park to her Royal husband's new mansion.[2] If so, it was at St. James's Palace that Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn spent their honeymoon. The public marriage took place some months later. The new Palace undoubtedly served them for a place of rural retirement. We may picture King "Hal" in jaunty hat and feathers, riding forth in the spring mornings from the stately gateway of his Manor House, followed by a train of courtiers in white and silver, with horns blowing and much jocund mirth, as he went a-maying to the Hampstead woods. Then there would be the return of the gay cavalcade bearing the fragrant boughs, which Anne and her ladies received as trophies of the floral chase. In autumn the King hunted the deer with which his new demesne had been stocked, and held gay revels when he returned from the chase. But soon the jovial, fickle monarch grew cold to the charms which had once caused his eye to soften and the blood to course hotly through his veins, and the tie, symbolised by that lovers' knot with which he had entwined his own name with that of the lovely Anne over the fireplace of the Presence Chamber, was cut by the axe on Tower Hill. Tragic indeed was the fate of the first mistress of St. James's.

After the execution of Anne Boleyn, unpleasant memories were attached to the King's Manor House, and he rarely occupied it, but he continued to take a delight in the demesne, and enclosed the park and laid out pleasure gardens. His son, Edward VI., occasionally stayed for a few days at St. James's, and it was considered a very suitable place of lodging for the "Lady Mary" and the "Lady Elizabeth" when they came to attend their brother's Court at

[1] Strickland's "Life of Anne Boleyn." [2] *St. James's Magazine*, vol. i., 1861.

Whitehall. On one occasion Mary appears to have lived in great state at St. James's, as she brought a large following of her friends with her, and they had apartments in the Palace and were entertained with much good cheer. In those days the future Queen of sombre and cruel memory was a handsome, agreeable young woman of kind and exemplary behaviour, and with a passion for music. The young King, her brother, did not like music, and Mary's visits to the Palace were marred by the prohibition she was under not to touch the virginals and lutes. Lord Thomas Seymour, one of those who attended in her retinue on the occasion just referred to, in writing to thank the Princess Mary for her hospitality, alludes to the deprivation which she must have endured by not having access to any musical instrument, and feared that she might have lost her practice.

The Princess Elizabeth was also lodged in state at St. James's on the rare occasions when she was permitted to attend her brother's Court, and she conceived such a liking for the abode, which had been the pleasure house of her parents, that she endeavoured to induce the young King to grant it to her for a residence ; but his advisers thought that the sprightly and clever Elizabeth was more suitably lodged away from the capital, in the retirement of the country.

With the accession of Mary I. St. James's Palace comes more prominently into view as a Royal residence, for although the great Court functions were held, as formerly, at Whitehall, the Queen made St. James's her private residence, and it was there that her miserable death took place. She stayed at the Palace pending her coronation, and set out from thence upon her Royal progresses, first to

Whitehall, and thence by barge to the Tower, afterwards going in grand procession through the City. The Princess Elizabeth accompanied the Queen. The Tudor sisters made a brave show in their separate chariots, attended by some hundreds of ladies riding upon gaily caparisoned palfreys and attended by a throng of knights and gentlemen, as they passed through St. James's Park.

A few brief years, and the kaleidoscope of history shows a scene far different. Mary, neglected and broken-hearted, moans out the last months of her life sighing for Philip who comes not, and for Calais which is lost. When the miserable Queen found that the malady from which she was suffering was a fatal one, she left Richmond Palace, where she had passed the spring, and came to St. James's. She fondly hoped that the husband who had deserted her would at least come to soothe her dying moments; but Philip contented himself with sending his last message and a ring as a token to his dying wife by the hands of Count de Feria. Then the Queen, seeming to have lost her last hold upon life, sent messages, presents, and admonitions to her sister Elizabeth, recognising her as the coming Queen. As soon as this act of Mary's was known, the Court deserted her and hastened to Hatfield, to curry favour with Elizabeth. The once regal Mary Tudor, the first Queen-regnant of England, died at St. James's Palace deserted by all save a few faithful friends. She passed away in the early morning of November 17th, 1558, as the celebration of the mass which she had commanded in her chamber closed. Mary had begged that the crown which had been so heavy a weight in life might not encumber her brow in death. It was then the custom to dress the corpse of a monarch with the regal insignia, but the Queen would

rather have preferred to have been habited in the simple garb of the Sisters who for centuries had lived their saintly lives on the site of the Palace where she lay dying.

No sooner had her breath ceased, than preparations were made for embalming Mary's emaciated body. Her heart, upon which she had said, in her grief at loss of the possession, Calais would be found written, was removed, put into a coffer, and temporarily deposited in St. James's Chapel. Her body was coffined, carried into the Privy Chamber of the Palace, laid upon a specially prepared table, and covered with a purple pall. In this chamber, which was hung with black cloth and purple velvet and "garnished with scutcheons of arms," the body of Mary rested for three weeks previous to burial. The scene was profoundly impressive. Lights burned around the coffin, and each day there was a mass and a dirge, while at night relays of the Queen's gentlewomen knelt around the coffin to watch and pray. On Saturday, December 10th, the body was taken with befitting state into St. James's Chapel, which had been draped for its reception. It remained in the centre of the chapel upon an elevation, with forty-six great tapers burning around it, until the following Tuesday, a series of solemn services being performed at intervals. Finally the funeral procession was formed, and the remains of the Queen were taken from St. James's for interment in Westminster Abbey. No more unique and imposing spectacle has ever issued from the old gateway of the Palace. A herald who was an eye-witness has left a vivid picture of the scene: "Up the highway went the foremost standard, the falcon and the hart: then came a great company of mourners. Then another goodly standard of the lion and the falcon, followed by King Philip's

servants riding two and two. Then the third standard with the white greyhound and falcon." Next came a procession of nobles on horseback, each bearing a banner emblematic of the Queen's estate and dignity, the banner of England going first. These were followed by four heralds bearing white banners of saints embossed in gold. "Then came the corpse, in a chariot, with an exact image representing Queen Mary dressed in crimson velvet, with many gemmed rings on the hands. The pall over the coffin was black cloth of gold, intersected by a cross of cloth of silver. The body was followed by the chief mourners; the Queen's ladies came after on horseback, but their black trains were long enough to sweep after them on the ground." And so the solemn procession passed to Westminster Abbey.

Possibly the mournful memories which were now attached to St. James's Palace made it distasteful to Queen Elizabeth. It was only used on rare occasions during her reign. The palaces of Whitehall and Greenwich were better suited to the stately splendour of her "high mightiness," Queen Bess, and her father's quondam Manor House did not attract her. But she took a great pleasure in its park, and frequently rode there with her ladies. On one memorable occasion, however, did Queen Elizabeth stay at St. James's. In the summer of 1588, the crisis attendant on the sailing from Spain of the Invincible Armada brought the intrepid Queen from Richmond, where she was rusticating, to London, to await developments of the threatening danger, and she abode at St. James's Palace for upwards of two months. After her memorable address to the departing troops at Tilbury Fort, Elizabeth rode back to St. James's escorted by shouting and admiring crowds, and for the next few

days the courtyard was gay with tilts and tourneys held by the noblesse for the Queen's diversion.

The courtly history of St. James's Palace begins with the Stuarts. During that chequered dynasty the Manor House of the Tudors was enlarged and beautified until it attained the importance of a Palace, and its park and pleasure gardens were greatly ornamented, and became the resort of the fashionable throngs. When James I. came over the Border to his new kingdom, he was much pleased with the unpretentious Palace, partly because it bore his own name. He did not, however, select it specially for his own use, but conferred it upon his heir, Prince Henry, aged four. To fit it for the abode of the young Prince of Wales, considerable additions were made. These occupied six years, so that it was not until Prince Henry was ten years of age that he took formal possession of the Palace. The Royal youth had a household of four hundred persons, and entertained in such a brilliant and luxurious manner that the Court at St. James's threatened to excel that of the King at Whitehall. Though sumptuous, the Prince's Court was strictly decorous. Profane language was forbidden, and apparently not being satisfied that his Royal wish would be observed, unless enforced by threats of punishment to the disobedient, the precocious princeling enacted a domestic law by which any one heard to swear within the Palace walls was fined, the money being deposited in a special box and eventually given to the poor. He must have been a youth of extraordinary wisdom and sagacity, judging from the stories related of him, and the nation regarded him as a prodigy of discernment. Commenting upon the imprisonment of Sir Walter Raleigh, for whom he had a personal liking, the Prince once said:

"No King but my father would keep such a bird in such a cage." James must occasionally have felt as awed at his progeny as the hen who hatched a duckling, for when accounts reached him of the doings of his son and of the homage which he attracted from the courtiers, he exclaimed, "Will he bury me alive?"

Only for two years did Prince Henry live to preside over his exemplary Court at St. James's. At the age of twelve he sickened and died of a mysterious disease which was popularly attributed to poison, though this was never proved. The lying in state was as impressive as that of Queen Mary. Four of the chief apartments in the Palace were hung with black. The coffin containing the body of the dead Prince was placed with trappings and insignia in his Highness's bedchamber. Two thousand mourners followed the body from the Palace to Westminster Abbey, and weeping crowds lined the way to gaze upon the waxen figure of the young Prince dressed in rich apparel, which surmounted the coffin. His fair young face presented a marked contrast to that of the death effigy of Queen Mary, which had last been carried from St. James's. After a short interval, James I. placed his second son, Charles, now heir-apparent, in the dead Prince's apartments at the Palace.

It was while James I. was walking in the gardens of St. James's Palace that Dr. Mountain, the Court chaplain, made the witty repartee which secured him the bishopric of London. The King complained to his chaplain that he was greatly troubled how to dispose of the vacant see, the applicants being so many. Dr. Mountain replied that the King might easily dispose of it if he had faith. "How?" asked the King. "If your Majesty," said he, "had as much faith as a grain of mustard seed, you might say to this Mountain, 'Be thou

removed, and be thou cast into that *sea* (see)!" The witty retort met with the desired reward.

St. James's Palace became a favourite private residence with Henrietta Maria, the lovely girl-bride of Charles I., and there most of her children were born. During the first year of her marriage the large retinue of attendants who had accompanied the bride from France, together with her colony of priests and friars under Cardinal Howard, were lodged at St. James's Palace in a wing overlooking Friary Court. A chapel was to be erected for the celebration of the Queen's worship, but the building being long delayed, the priests made a complaint to the King. Charles was passionately attached to his young Queen, and proportionately jealous of the priestly influences about her, and when the complaint about the chapel was made, he retorted: "Tell them that if the Queen's closet where they say mass is not large enough, they may use the Great Chamber; and if the Great Chamber is not wide enough, they may make use of the garden; and if the garden will not suit their purpose, they may go to the park, which is the fittest place of all."

And indeed into the park they were eventually turned, for the King became alarmed at the increasing size of the French colony and the enormous expense involved in their maintenance, and was incensed against the priestly influences which had caused Henrietta Maria to refuse to be crowned, because she would not be consecrated by a Protestant Archbishop. She was but a girl of sixteen, however, and the spoiled daughter of the haughty Mary de Medicis. Charles determined to get rid of those who threatened to create further dissensions between himself and the young wife whom he adored, but there was a stormy domestic scene when he

ejected the priests from St. James's. Charles held his wife by force in his own apartment, but when she heard the howling of her women and the anathemas of the priests she burst from his arms and with clenched fists broke the window panes. Possibly this display of fury relieved the feelings of the petulant beauty, for shortly afterwards she went with the King to Nonsuch and their Majesties were "quite jocund together." The Queen retained a limited number of her French attendants and of her friars and priests, and the Queen's chapel was completed and opened with great pomp and ceremony. It was connected by a gallery with the apartments of Henrietta Maria, and stood in Friary Court, and was sometimes called Friary Chapel. It escaped the fire which devastated the east wing of the Palace and was the German Chapel of later times. It is now the domestic chapel to Marlborough House.

After the little *fracas* concerning her French retinue, Henrietta Maria lived in great conjugal happiness at St. James's, and took delight along with the King in adding to its art treasures. Magnificent preparations were made at the Palace when it was fitted up for the reception of the Queen's mother, Mary de Medicis, to whom Charles granted an asylum when she was driven from France. Her reception was one of the most impressive and courtly scenes enacted at St. James's. The King escorted his mother-in-law to the Palace in great state, followed by cheering crowds. A flourish of trumpets greeted their arrival at the great quadrangle. At the state entrance the Queen waited to receive her mother, and as she alighted from the carriage fell upon her knees, the Royal children kneeling around. The homage paid by Henrietta Maria to her stately mother was picturesque and effective, and intended

to convey to the English people a sense of the importance of her who, though now a fugitive, had been the wife of the greatest King of France.[1] The affection of Charles for his lovely Queen caused him to provide lavishly for the entertainment of her mother, and the magnificence of the suite of rooms prepared for Mary de Medicis at St. James's has been graphically described by the Sieur de la Serre,[2] one of her retinue. Possibly in ecstasy at the cordial reception given to his Royal mistress, the Sieur was lavish in his praise of St. James's; certainly the old Palace has never been so extolled before or since. Some extracts from the Sieur's narrative, which describes the apartments and their furnishing in detail, may be cited as descriptive of the place at this period.

"This castle," he writes, "is very ancient, very magnificent, and extremely convenient. It is built with brick, according to the fashion of the country. . . . Its first court, or entrance, is very extensive; from it is the ascent to the great Grand Chamber. This first hall was decorated with tapestry, the beauty and invention of which were still admirable, and showed its former value as a piece of furniture of a house truly regal. The second hall, of the same size, having a canopy, was ornamented with a new suit of tapestry, which forcibly excited the admiration of the most curious."

These tapestries which called forth the rhapsodies of the Sieur were manufactured by the orders of James I. and Charles I. at the manufactory established at Mortlake, and were of exquisite workmanship. To-day they decorate the old Presence Chamber of Henry VIII., now called the Tapestry Chamber.

[1] Mary de Medicis was the second wife of Henry IV.

[2] The historiographer of France.

Continuing his narrative, the Sieur gives an idea of the great size of the Palace at this period. "You shall only know," he writes, "that the Sieur Lebat, who continued to execute the office of quarter-master, had liberty to *mark with his chalk* fifty separate chambers of entire apartments, and the whole were furnished by the particular commands of the Queen of Great Britain, who seemed to convert all her ordinary diversions into continual cares and attention to give all sorts of satisfaction to the Queen her mother; and this vast expense on so great a quantity of rich furniture showed anew the riches and power of a great monarch, since in only one of his pleasure houses there was sufficient room to lodge commodiously the greatest Queen in the world, with her whole Court."

The art treasures with which Charles was filling the Palace are also described by the Sieur, who becomes rapturous regarding the rare pictures which adorn the great gallery, some by Titian, and others by the "Chevalier Vandheich," as he quaintly describes Vandyke. The grounds of the Palace at this period were evidently beautifully laid out, and the Sieur is lost in admiration of the "two great, grand gardens" planted with fruit-trees and bounded by "a great park" filled with wild animals, "but," gallantly adds the Sieur, "as it is the ordinary walk of the ladies of the Court, their gentleness has so tamed them that they all yield to the force of their attraction rather than to the pursuit of the hounds."

The day after the arrival of Mary de Medicis at St. James's the foreign ambassadors flocked to the Palace to offer their congratulations, and the Lord Mayor and the aldermen in their robes of office also came to offer the greetings of the City to the Queen's mother, and during the three years of her sojourn it was the scene

From Pyne's "Royal Residences."

ST. JAMES'S PALACE: EXTERIOR VIEW, SHOWING HOLBEIN'S GATEWAY.

[*To face p.* 110.

of many courtly pageants. The people, however, grew angry at the expense incurred by the foreign invasion, and Parliament offered Mary de Medicis £10,000 to leave the country. The King could not safely oppose the wishes of the people, and probably he was not more anxious to retain the second French colony at St. James's than he had been the first one, which accompanied his bride.

There is something pathetic in fallen greatness, and many of those who had cheered the entrance of the old Queen of France now wept at her ignominious departure. The once stately and most magnificent woman in Europe was now old and decrepit,[1] an exile from the land where her smallest wish had once held sway, and compelled to leave the asylum which her daughter had procured for her. No sadder contrast could be imagined than her magnificent reception at St. James's Palace and her melancholy leave-taking. A few years later she died miserably at Cologne, deprived of all but the bare necessaries of life, while her daughter, Henrietta Maria, had in her turn been forced to fly from St. James's.

The Palace, under Charles I. and his Queen, became a treasure house of refined taste, stored with an art collection of great value and endowed with a fine library. There they gathered around them a Court of exceptional elegance, and lived in great domestic happiness. Charles I. also fitted up the Chapel Royal for worship; it had been for some years used as an armoury. During the closing years of the reign, tragedy followed fast upon tragedy in the old Palace. The disputes between the King and Parliament, and the distrust in which the Queen was held, compelled Henrietta Maria to fly from the country, and the children, whom perforce she had left behind,

[1] "Life and Death of Charles I.," by Lilly, the astrologer.

were kept at St. James's Palace for several years, virtually as prisoners. The agonised mother plotted and planned until two of her children were smuggled out of the Palace and brought to her arms. The youngest of the group, the little Princess Henriette, about two years old, was the first to be rescued. Lady Dalkeith, who had charge of her, arranged a clever and satisfactory flight. She assumed the dress of a poor old woman, disguising her elegant figure with a hump of rags, and carried the Princess, whom she passed as her son Pierre, on her back to Dover, whence they embarked unchallenged and joined the exiled mother in Paris.

Two years later, and another romantic escape was effected from St. James's. We can picture that memorable game of hide and seek which the imprisoned Royal children played in the corridors of the Palace. Suddenly the young Duke of York, afterwards James II., is missing ; for two hours his brother and sister search for him in the places where he had been wont to hide, but in vain, for he has hurried to the garden gate leading into the quiet Mall, and there, hastily donning a periwig and cloak, he enters a coach with a trusty friend and drives away to the vessel anchored ready in the Thames, and crosses safely to the Continent, to join his mother.[1]

Only the little Duke of Gloucester and the Princess Elizabeth now remain at St. James's, and ere long that touching farewell scene with their condemned father takes place. After his trial and sentence Charles was removed from Whitehall to St. James's, and remained there until his execution. The Royal children meantime had been kept at Syon House, but they were brought back to St. James's to receive their father's farewell. The Princess Elizabeth has left a

[1] Stuart Papers.

touching account of this scene. She records that her father told her not to grieve for him, for he should die a "glorious death," and bade her tell her mother that his "thoughts had never strayed from her, and that his love for her would be the same to the last." Then taking the Duke of Gloucester on his knee, he said: "Mark, child, what I say: they will cut off my head, and perhaps make thee a King; but mark me, thou must not be a King so long as thy brothers Charles and James do live; for they will cut off thy brothers' heads when they can catch them, and cut off thy head at last, too; and therefore I charge thee, don't be made a King by them." At this the boy answered bravely: "I will be torn in pieces first." Then, turning to his daughter Elizabeth, Charles begged her to read Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" and Laud's book against Fisher, and gave her his pocket Bible. He then impressively blessed the children, and they were led from his chamber crying aloud.

Nothing remained to the King after this sad interview but to compose himself for death. In a chamber in St. James's he slept his last sleep. The room was dimly lighted by a cake of wax set in a silver basin. After four hours of fitful slumber, he arose in the early morning to make his last preparations. It was January, and the air was keen and frosty, and Charles, fearful that he might be seen to shiver and that it would be taken for fear, asked that a second shirt should be given him for extra warmth. For a similar reason he partook of a piece of bread and a glass of claret, to prevent the appearance of faintness upon the scaffold. After a solemn service, the condemned King left the Palace and walked on foot through the gardens and park, where he had passed so many happy hours with his beloved Queen, to the place of execution at Whitehall. In his

recently published posthumous work Carlyle speaks of Charles I. as having been most "fitted to be a woman." Possibly the Sage did not intend this as a reflection upon the character of this unfortunate scion of the Stuarts, as women have risen to great heights of endurance in adversity; but if it was so intended, it seems ill-deserved. Viewed purely from the human standpoint, apart from political parties and considerations, Charles I. was a man of many fine qualities, and he displayed a lofty dignity and a heroism in death equal to, if not greater than, that of Carlyle's favourite heroes. It needed more fortitude to walk with firm step at two o'clock on a winter's morning to the scaffold than to dash into battle amid the roll of drums. The body of Charles was brought back to St. James's, where it was embalmed, and afterwards conveyed to Windsor for burial.

During the Commonwealth, the Palace, which hitherto had been the pleasure house of monarchs, was turned into a State prison for some of the adherents of the Stuarts, and there Colonel Pride's soldiers were also billeted. The Lord Protector, though nominally holding St. James's, did not reside there. After the Restoration, which Monk had plotted and planned in a room in the Palace, James Duke of York, the King's brother, who as a youth had made his romantic escape from it, occupied St James's, and there his daughters Mary and Anne, the children of his first wife, Anne Hyde, and each in turn to wear the crown, were born. To it he brought his second wife, the beautiful Mary Beatrice of Modena. She became as tenderly attached to the old Palace as Henrietta Maria had been. Like her, she came to it as a lovely girl-bride; there most of her children were born, and in turn she also quitted it as a fugitive. At the time of her marriage Mary Beatrice was a girl of fifteen, with lustrous dark

eyes and soft Italian beauty. She did not love her lord at first, for he was many years her senior, but grew so fond afterwards that her couch was often watered by passionate tears of jealousy. Across the park at Whitehall the Merrie Monarch was keeping his gay and profligate Court, and the same easy-going morals pertained at St. James's. The Duke of York had his favourites, and was gallant according to the fashion of the times. The lovely Mary Beatrice would have been wiser to have restrained her passionate sobs, and have turned her languishing dark eyes upon her lord without the disfiguring redness. Still, in spite of these disturbing scenes, she retained throughout her after career tender memories of this period, and when a worn, sad woman pining in exile, used to say that the years which she passed at St. James's Palace were the happiest in her life.

It was there that her son James, the Old Pretender, was born, and in spite of the fact that nearly seventy people were in or about the state bedchamber, the story was currently reported that a spurious child had been smuggled into the bed of Mary Beatrice in a warming-pan. It was an age of backstair scandals, and the fact that the state bedchamber, since destroyed by fire, was close to a narrow back staircase gave credence to the rumour. The Princess Anne wittily said that St. James's Palace was "much the properest place to act such a cheat in."

The Duke and Duchess of York had their own Court, which was as brilliant as that of Charles II. at Whitehall, although there was no spirit of rivalry, the respective Levées being arranged for different days. Charles used to say that "the most loyal and virtuous portion of his courtiers were to be found in his brother's circle at St. James's Palace."

After her husband became King, Mary Beatrice retained her attachment for the Palace, and often resided there with her own special Court ; but James II. preferred the splendours of Whitehall. It was at the Palace of St. James that Mary Beatrice dressed for her coronation. She slept there the previous night, and next morning was attired by her ladies in robes of purple velvet and ermine, and a kirtle of white and silver brocade. Her stomacher blazed with jewels, and her robes were looped with ropes and tassels of pearls. Upon her head she wore a purple velvet cap turned up with ermine and enclosing the circlet of gold. The ceremony for which she set out with so much pomp and circumstance had a sad sequel in three short years, when the Dutch troops, who announced the advent of William and Mary, marched across the park and took possession of St. James's Palace. In the years of exile which followed, the dethroned King learned to fondly cherish the brave, true heart of Mary Beatrice.

But we must go back a little in point of time to note the improvements to St. James's Park which were carried out during the reign of Charles II. Although that monarch did not occupy St. James's himself, he appears to have had a haunting memory of the old Palace where he was born, and from whence his father went for execution. There are stories told of the hours which he spent in the gloomy corridors ransacking the closets and bureaus for relics of his father. Scarcely a day passed when the King was at Whitehall that he did not stroll through the park and gardens of St. James's, which it became his hobby to beautify. Of the "great and noble alterations" which Charles II. made in the demesne, Mr. Pepys is an enthusiastic chronicler. That entertaining diarist

was for ever "To the parke," to see how the alterations were progressing. He speaks of the engines at work drawing up the water to make a river—the present lake—through the park, of the "Physique Garden" which was made, and of the orange- and lemon-trees which were planted, of the wild-fowl which the King kept, and of the aviary which he formed. Skating appears to have first been introduced into this country by King Charles and his cavaliers on the canal of St. James's Park. It was during the severe winter of 1662 that the new pastime showed itself. "To the parke," writes Mr. Pepys, "where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates." Evelyn refers to the new sport as being a Dutch pastime, and probably it was introduced into this country at the Restoration by the exiled cavaliers on their return from Holland. It could not have spread rapidly, as Swift, writing to Stella in January, 1711, says: "Delicate walking weather, and the canal and Rosamond's Pond (St. James's Park) are full of the rabble, sliding and with skaits, if you know what that is."

The severe winter to which Pepys refers introduced the fashion of muffs for gentlemen. "This day," he writes, "I first did wear a muffe." It appears, however, to have been his wife's last year's "muffe" which he used, he having generously bought her a new one.

Never has the demesne of St. James's presented gayer scenes than it did after the Restoration. There was a beauty and privacy about the park in those days which has not been since; at the same time it was gay with people of the best fashion. There Charles II. and his Queen, Catharine of Braganza, might have been seen upon their horses riding in an elegant manner hand-in-hand—the King

in gay doublet and hose, wearing a hat and feathers and his hair in curls, and the Queen in white laced waistcoat and crimson short petticoat. Behind came the gay cavalcade of cavaliers and ladies fair flaunting with feathers. My Lady Castlemaine would be there with her pretty face and yellow plume, and her rival in the King's favour, Mrs. Stuart, in cocked hat and red plume, making the most use of her "sweet eye" and "little Roman nose." Only people of elegant manners were supposed in these days to join the fashionable promenade of St. James's, and smoking was not allowed. The feeling of an "exquisite" who encountered "four ill-fashioned fellows whose periwigs smelled of tobacco," has been pictured by Etherege in his "Sir Fopling Flutter." "It overcomes my pulvilio," said Sir Fopling, when the scent of the tobacco reached his elegant nostrils. The grand promenade was at the east end of Pall Mall, in front of the Horse Guards. The Mall was then a hollow smooth walk enclosed by a box border and used for the game of ball from which it derived its name. It presented an animated scene with the cavaliers in large hats, waisted coats, shorts and stockings, chattering, laughing, and saluting as they essayed to throw the ball through the iron ring hanging from a post. The Duke of York was often to be seen playing at "mell." Spring Gardens, which did not then belie its name, opened into the "Great Walk" of St. James's, and had a grove and singing birds. "The company walked in at such a rate," writes Bradley, "that you would think all the ladies were so many Atalantas, contending with their wooers," and he adds that they stay so long at the evening promenade that "it is usual to find some of the young company here till midnight."[1]

[1] Bradley's "Middlesex."

From a lithograph after the painting by William Hogarth.

ROSAMOND'S POND, ST. JAMES'S PARK, 1758.

A favourite place for suicides, filled up in 1770.

To face p. 112.

The park of St. James was a sylvan enclosure of grass and trees, traversed by pretty walks, and with a canal running through it. At one end of the canal the King had constructed his Duck Island and the Decoy; he had also his aviary, which gave the name to Birdcage Walk. It was a favourite pastime of the Merry Monarch to walk with his dogs in St. James's Park in the early morning and feed the wild-fowl and ducks. There is a story that the keeper of the Royal stables was greatly concerned at the waste of corn, and at length discovered that it was the King who pilfered it for his ducks. Another anecdote of these early morning walks is that Charles was met, a few days after the discovery of the Rye House Plot, by his brother, the Duke of York, who expressed concern that the King should be out so early and with so few attendants. "There is no kind of danger, James," said Charles, "for I am sure no man in England would kill me to make you King."

Beyond the canal was Rosamond's Pond, which became a noted place for assignations and their corollary, suicides. Under an old print of the famous resort occurs this description: "The south-west corner of St. James's Park was enriched with this romantic scene. The irregularity of the trees, the rise of the ground, and the venerable Abbey afforded great entertainment to the contemplative sage, but its melancholy secluded situation seems to have tempted more persons (especially young women) to suicide by drowning than any other place about town." This scene of dark romances was filled up in 1770, and now no trace of the pond is to be seen. The Mulberry Garden, planted by James I. for the cultivation of the silkworm, and to which I refer more particularly in the account of Buckingham Palace, was also a fashionable resort

contiguous to St. James's. At this period Charles enclosed some fields close to the Royal domain, and out of them formed the Green Park.

The secluded demesne of the Manor House of Henry VIII. had now become the pleasure ground of the Court and aristocracy. On one side was the Palace of Whitehall, where the King held his gay, dissolute Court, and at the other extreme of the park the Duke and Duchess of York lived in princely state at St. James's Palace. The retinues of the King and his brother disported themselves in the park, the Mall, and the promenade, and the ladies of the Queen and of the Duchess of York, the beautiful Mary Beatrice, gave grace and loveliness to the scene. Beneath the outward elegance and grandeur lurked, as we know, the most shameless debauchery. The King's *amours* are matters of history. At a house in Pall Mall, the windows of which backed on to St. James's Park, lived Mistress Nell Gwynne, the bewitching *comédienne* of the King's Playhouse, and Charles was often to be seen at the garden wall bandying words with pretty Nellie as she stood saucily at her window. Pepys was a witness of one of these meetings. "I thence," he writes, "walked with him (King Charles) through St. James's Park to the garden, where I both saw and heard a very familiar discourse between Mrs. Nellie, as they called an impudent comedian, she looking out of her garden on a terrace at the top of the wall. . . . Standing on the green walk under it I was heartily sorry at this scene. Thence the King walked to the Duchess of Cleveland, another lady of pleasure and curse of our nation."

It is an amusing commentary upon the righteous indignation

of the diarist at the King's gallantries with the quondam orange-girl to find from his own confession that Mr. Pepys himself could not altogether resist Mistress Nellie's witchery. He records that he went to the King's Playhouse to see Nellie act, and "a mighty pretty soul" he found her. After the performance our excellent Pepys rushed forward to the stage and kissed the bewitching actress, and so did Mrs. Pepys, which was very forbearing of her. "I came away very pleased," writes the diarist complacently, "especially with the kissing of Nell." This reminds one of the scene in "The Spanish Student" in which an archbishop and a cardinal, commissioned by the Pope to put a stop to dancing on the stage, when they see the performance of the lovely Preciosa throw their caps in the air and applaud vehemently. A miniature of Nell Gwynne in the possession of Lord Derby at Knowsley House, one of the relics of the days when the mansion was a stronghold of the Royalists, certainly justifies Mr. Pepys's admiration; it shows Nellie to have had a face of exceptional beauty—piquant, lively, and bewitching. She had wit too, had this once poor friendless girl, and held her own with her Royal lover in very independent fashion. Nellie was not so ready to believe in his promises as were many of his courtiers, and when he sent her a lease of the house in Pall Mall, she returned the document with a witty message. A lease to expire at the King's pleasure was scarcely worth the parchment it was written upon, in Nell Gwynne's estimation, and the King, amused at her audacity, conveyed the house to her as a freehold property. It stood upon the site of No. 79, Pall Mall, and there Mistress Nellie continued to live after the King's death and until her own decease. She died in the odour of sanctity, and the

Bishop of London preached her funeral sermon. Out of the black catalogue of falseness and ingratitude which is attached to the name of Charles II., his dying thought for the girl whom his lawless passion had made a by-word and a reproach stands out like a bright spot. "Don't let Nellie starve," are said to have been the King's last words.

The Royal ladies who kept Court at Whitehall and St. James's at this time were irreproachable. The Queen, Catharine of Braganza, was of a devout and gentle spirit, who bore her husband's infidelities with the greatest meekness. The Duchess of York was beautiful and chaste, but indulged freely in the card-playing and betting which was the fashion of the times. She is said on one occasion to have lost £25,000 at the game of basset in one night. It was during this period that the card-parties of St. James's, in which the Court played at games of hazard in public, first became notorious. The custom continued during the Georgian era. Mr. Pepys, though not much of a Puritan himself, was greatly shocked at seeing the Queen and the Duchess of York openly playing cards on Sunday. In tracing the memories of St. James's Palace at the Restoration period one is confronted with a bewildering mixture of good and evil.

The Merrie Monarch claims little respect from posterity; nevertheless, St. James's Palace owes much to his artistic tastes. He converted the park and gardens into a sylvan paradise, he added to the collection of paintings which his father had begun at the Palace, and recovered some of the beautiful works of art which had been removed during the Commonwealth. He also built a new library, added to the collection of books, and restored

the Queen's chapel of St. James's, originally built for the use of his mother, Queen Henrietta Maria.

At the Restoration, with two Catholic Queens at Court, the priest and friar again had their abode in the precincts of the Palace. Henrietta Maria had returned to England on her son's accession and lived in great state at Somerset House, where she had her private chapel, while her daughter-in-law, the Queen, celebrated mass at her own chapel at St. James's, which she was wont to attend in great state, riding in her coach from Whitehall through the park attended by a dazzling retinue and herself dressed with great splendour. The King also made a parade of church-going, and went to the Chapel Royal brilliantly attended. He restored Church music, and introduced also a band of twenty-four fiddlers into the chapel, which the Protestants viewed with alarm and disgust, thinking it a step in the direction of Popery. With a Roman Catholic mother and wife both devotedly attached to their religion and celebrating it with public pomp and ceremony, such Protestantism as the King had was probably a little endangered, although his love of an ornate musical service was more the outcome of a delight in that which pleased the senses than an evidence of theologic bias. However, the King's "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all in a row," as the ballad of the time had it, were, in response to the feelings of the people, banished from the Chapel Royal of St. James's. A few more years, and the advent of William and Mary and the provision for the Protestant succession closed the curious mixture of religious worship which had distinguished St. James's during the previous reigns.

In December of 1688, St. James's Palace was the scene of a momentous historic event. James II. quitted it a banished King, and

William III., Prince of Orange, took possession of it with his Dutch troops. The character of the new King stands in marked contrast to that of his immediate predecessors. While they with their gay followings had loved to disport themselves in the demesne of St. James's, and court the attention of the people, William III., true descendant of the "Silent" Prince of Orange, when he came to the Palace, took a circuitous route through the park to avoid the people, because he loved neither "shows nor shoutings." As soon as he was installed in the Palace he received the bishops, the clergy, the City magnates and officials, and the chief persons of the nobility, and held a great Court, while at night bonfires blazed, bells rang, and everywhere the people testified their pleasure by acclamations of joy. Evelyn was present at the Palace, and records: "All the world goes to see the Prince at St. James's, where there is a great Court. There I saw him: he is very stately, serious, and reserved." When a little later Mary embarked from Holland and joined her husband, they kept their Court principally at Whitehall until that Palace was destroyed by fire, when St. James's became the centre of Court life—not that the Royal pair occupied the Palace often, for they loved best to be in the retirement of Kensington and Hampton Court, but it was the scene of the chief state functions.

We are now approaching the period when St. James's Palace became the official residence of the Sovereign in the metropolis, Whitehall having been burned down. At St. James's, Queen Anne gathered around her the brilliant Court so vividly portrayed in the page of Harrison Ainsworth, but before the time of which the novelist writes, the Queen, when Princess Anne, had lived in state in the old Palace, holding Levées and receptions of great magnificence,

and with it all the chief events of her life were associated. Anne was born at St. James's on February 6th, 1664, it then being the home of her parents, James Duke of York and Anne Hyde; she was baptised there, upon which occasion her young sister Mary curiously enough acted as one of the godmothers, and at St. James's Chapel she was married to Prince George of Denmark on July 28th, 1683, at ten o'clock in the evening. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away, and his Queen, Catharine of Braganza, was present at the ceremony. The wedding party supped in the Palace, the bride and bridegroom sitting at one end of the table. Princess Anne and her husband were accorded a suite of rooms in St. James's Palace, where they lived in great domestic felicity, and there most of their numerous family of seventeen children, who all died in infancy except the Duke of Gloucester, were born.

After the death of her sister Mary, the Princess Anne, as heir to the throne, occupied a position of increased importance. She returned to St. James's, which she had temporarily vacated during the estrangement between herself and the Queen, incident on her persistent attachment to Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, and made it the scene of a gay Court. King William, now reconciled to his sister-in-law, frequently honoured her receptions with his presence, but only as a matter of ceremony. If Anne had been a widow, it is quite certain that the King would not have procured the passing of a Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill, as he used to say that if he had married Anne instead of her sister Mary, he would have been "the most miserable man upon earth," and certainly Anne's husband was not made of the "stuff" which would render him congenial to the brave, statesmanlike, self-contained

monarch. The link which bound the King to the circle at St. James's was his nephew, godson and namesake, the young Duke of Gloucester. A little *contretemps* happened, however, when the Princess Anne, at one of her birthday Drawing Rooms, presented her darling boy to the Court as the heir presumptive to the throne. She designed for her "Benjamin" a coat of marvellous splendour. It was of azure blue velvet, the button-holes were outlined in diamonds, and the buttons were masses of brilliants. How much wealth the infant Gloucester supported on this memorable occasion it is difficult to conjecture, for precious stones decorated every available portion of his garments. Upon his head the Prince of seven years wore the fashionable white flowing periwig. In this bravery he made his bow to his mother before an admiring Court, and offered his birthday congratulations. He was a pretty child, very fair, with blue eyes, and one can understand that blue velvet and diamonds became him well. So thought the ladies and courtiers as they flocked around the idolised boy. When the ceremony of receiving the birthday congratulations was over, the Princess Anne proudly took her son by the hand to lead him to the King, who was honouring the occasion. William had "fought his battles o'er again" many times in the Green Closet at Kensington, as he related them to his nephew of Gloucester, and he hoped that the boy, with his martial ardour, would one day be a soldier-King himself, and a frown gathered on his brow when he saw him decked out like an effeminate dandy. "You are very fine," said the King curtly, as his nephew made his bow. "All the finer for you, sir," was the quick reply of the astute mother, for the jewels with which she had decked her son were her

sister Mary's, the King having given them to her after his wife's death.

Bishop Burnet, whom the King had appointed tutor to the Duke of Gloucester, was a great person at St. James's during this period, and his gossipy pen has left a graphic history of the Court life. The Bishop was very zealous for the honour of the Church, and probably equally so for a recognition of his own importance. One day he waited upon the Princess Anne to complain that the ladies of her Court when attending Divine service at the Chapel Royal, instead of riveting their eyes upon himself, the preacher, turned them upon the beaux. The Princess was a pious supporter of the Protestant Church, and not likely to countenance any want of reverence on the part of her attendants; still, even her lethargic temperament was aroused to a sense of the ridiculous at the Bishop's complaint, and she endeavoured to laugh away his wrath. But he was obdurate; the Church was in danger, and the pews in the Chapel Royal must be built high enough to prevent the ladies looking at the gentlemen. Anne agreed to this strange request, and the pews were panelled up as high as the Bishop deemed necessary.[1] There was much murmuring amongst the fair delinquents, and one of the courtiers composed a satirical ballad:—

When Burnet perceived that the beautiful dames
Who flocked to the chapel of holy St. James,
On their lovers alone their kind looks did bestow,
And smiled not at him when he bellowed below,
To the Princess he went,
With pious intent,

[1] The high panelled pews have long since disappeared from the Chapel Royal.

This dangerous ill in the Church to prevent.
"Oh, madam," he said, "our religion is lost,
If the ladies thus ogle the knights of the *toast.*

"These practices, madam, my preaching disgrace;
Shall laymen enjoy the just rights of my place?
Then all may lament my condition so hard,
Who thrash in the pulpit without a reward.
Therefore, pray condescend,
Such disorders to end,
And to the ripe vineyard the labourers send
To build up the seats, that the beauties may see
The face of no brawling pretender but me."

The Princess, by the man's importunity prest,
Though she laughed at his reasons, allowed his request;
And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are lock'd up at prayers like the virgins in Spain.

The death of her heir, the Duke of Gloucester, in his eleventh year, for a time threw a gloom over the festive Court of the Princess Anne, and when she ascended the throne ill-health and grief rendered her apathetic to courtly ceremonies. The account of her coronation reveals this. Queen Anne went privately in a sedan chair from St. James's Palace to Westminster Abbey to be crowned, being at the time troubled with gout in the feet. Upon her return in the same unpretentious manner, her first thought was to bathe her swollen feet and retire. Prince George of Denmark was in a jovial mood, and had made preparations for a carousal at St. James's upon the Queen's return from her coronation. Alas! for the consort's expectations, the Lord Chamberlain, seeing the Queen's weariness, suggested to Prince George that he should persuade his wife to retire.

"I cannot propose it," he facetiously replied, "because I have just sworn allegiance to her Majesty as a subject."

"Then as that is the case," replied the Queen, laughing, "and I am very tired, I do command you, George, to come to bed."

The account which Swift gives of a Drawing Room at St. James's at this period does not convey an idea of a very lively Court. "There was a Drawing Room to-day at Court," he writes,[1] "but so few coming, that the new Queen sent for us to her bedroom, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her; then she was told dinner was ready and went out."

Still, the Queen was not without regal dignity and some personal attraction. She had glossy, dark-brown hair, which was arranged in a mass of curls high on the top of the head, while a bunch of ringlets fell about the neck. Her complexion was fresh and rosy. Her expression greatly varied with her moods. At one time she beamed with gracious looks, and at others a sullen frown changed her countenance into one unattractive and forbidding. When she ascended the throne, the *embonpoint*, which became a disfigurement later, gave Anne a becoming appearance of importance. She had not the intellectual vigour of her sister Mary, but she could assert her Royal will with effect when occasion demanded it. She was a patroness of arts and letters, and had a passion for music and flowers. Many musical entertainments took place at the Palace under her auspices. Anne is described by her contemporaries as having a lethargic temperament; still, she has impressed her per-

[1] "Journal to Stella."

sonality upon history, by reason of her good deeds and her zeal for the maintenance of the Church. Indeed, Anne came near to being canonised by the poor who thronged the precincts of St James's to receive her bounties, and by the afflicted who came to be touched for the "king's evil." We have noted many tragedies and pageants enacted at the Palace in previous reigns, but the scenes which occurred when Queen Anne was pleased to "touch for the evil" were unique. The Royal intention was officially announced in the *London Gazette*. On the appointed day crowds of suffering people, attended by their friends and relatives, crowded the approach to the Palace and surged into the courtyard, waiting to be summoned to the Queen's presence.

Anne sat in state in the great hall of the Palace surrounded by an imposing Court. Officials brought the sufferers one by one up to the Queen, who, having stroked and touched them, hung upon their necks a piece of white ribbon strung with gold pieces. The Court chaplains stood by the Queen with these tokens slung over their arms, handing one to her Majesty as needed. A religious service took place during the healing, and as each afflicted person knelt to receive the Queen's touch, the chaplain repeated, "God give a blessing to this work, and grant that *these* sick persons on whom the Queen lays her hands may recover, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

On one occasion as many as two hundred persons were brought to St. James's Palace to be healed by the Queen's touch.[1] So widespread was the superstition regarding Anne's miraculous powers that the sufferers who were not fortunate enough to be admitted

[1] *London Gazette.*

to her presence crowded about her sedan chair or her carriage, eager to get even a look from the Royal eye. The fact that her predecessor, William, had refused to humour the popular superstition of touching for the king's evil, may partly account for the enthusiasm which the revival by Anne occasioned. Her successor treated the matter jocularly, and only yielded in the case of a fanciful lady who begged to be allowed to kiss the King's hand. But to Queen Anne the ceremony of healing was a grateful one. She was a solemn and imposing figure, actuated by a serious desire to benefit the poor and afflicted, and conducted the ceremonial in a manner calculated to impress the susceptible. There must have been a widespread sympathy with the custom among the educated, for even the cynical Swift writes to Stella that he had spoken to the Duchess of Ormond to get a lad "touched for the evil," and regretted that the heat of the weather prevented the Queen from exercising the healing power.[1] Dr. Johnson was brought as a child to be touched by Queen Anne, and it made such a profound impression upon him that, though only two and a half years old at the time, he remembered the details of the incident throughout life.

St. James's Palace had been the scene of the most balmy period of Anne's celebrated friendship with Sarah Jennings, afterwards my Lady Marlborough, and in its chambers, "Mrs. Freeman" and "Mrs. Morley," as the Princess Anne and her favourite called themselves in private, exchanged their tenderest confidences. For many years the Duchess of Marlborough had a suite of rooms near to those of the Queen at St. James's, but when her lord became the national hero, she wished to signify her own importance by having a house

[1] Swift's "Journal to Stella," May, 1711.

within the precincts of the Palace, and coveted a contiguous piece of fair woodland upon which to build a lordly mansion. This part of the grounds had been the favourite haunt of Charles II. and his Queen, and Anne was loth to have it disturbed; but the imperious Duchess won the day. She secured the coveted site, razed the fine old trees to the ground, tore up the "Royal Oak" which Charles had raised from an acorn of the tree which sheltered him in his wanderings at Boscobel, and built Marlborough House. Not content with having gained her desire, the Duchess, when she quitted her apartments at St. James's for her new abode, insulted her Royal mistress by disfiguring the rooms. The Queen found that mirrors and panels had been torn from the walls and flung upon the floor, and pictures and statues mingled in the *débris*—this violent action being occasioned by the Duchess of Marlborough's jealousy of Abigail Hill, afterwards Mrs. Masham, who had supplanted her in the Queen's confidence.

The Court of the good Queen Anne at St. James's was a strange mixture of piety, philanthropy, fashion, and debauchery. My Lady Stafford tells that there were great orgies at the Palace in those days. The Queen and Prince George of Denmark were devoted to the pleasures of the table, and the Royal dinner was a function of the greatest importance. The prosperity of the country induced a spirit of joviality amongst all classes, while the brilliant victories of Marlborough were a constant incitement to the drinking of the Queen's health, and that of her great general, and many drank "not wisely but too well." Anne was genuinely concerned for the good and happiness of her people, and exerted herself to humour the fancy of the hour, even when private griefs

made her sad at heart. So we find her building up the pews in her chapel to conciliate the bishop, touching for the evil to please the popular superstition, giving bounties to the poor, holding birthday Drawing Rooms and balls of great splendour to suit the dames and beaux, celebrating Marlborough's victories by public state ceremonials to gratify the military ardour of the age, and inviting to Court the brilliant wits and *litterateurs* of the period to please the enthusiasts for the revival of polite letters. Somewhat dull herself, disappointed in her hope of leaving an heir to the throne, mortified by an insignificant husband, harried by the jealousies and tyranny of her imperious favourite, the Duchess of Marlborough, and depressed by ill-health, Queen Anne yet left the record of a glorious reign, and invested St. James's with its most brilliant traditions.

Now the picture changes. The Court of Anne fades into the background, and St. James's Palace becomes the centre of the dull narrow Court of George I., the Elector of Hanover. We see him in the page of Thackeray, the cold, selfish libertine, taking the most out of his tenure of St. James's, and lodging there his ugly German favourites, Mesdames Kilmansegge and Schulenberg, whom he created respectively Countess of Darlington and Duchess of Kendal. These women live in history by the nicknames which the populace gave them. The Countess, with her "two acres of painted cheeks" and "ocean of fat," was known as the "Elephant," while the Duchess, tall and lean, was designated the "Maypole." The King's beautiful and persecuted, if erring, wife, Sophia Dorothea, never set foot in her husband's new kingdom, but remained until her death, which took place a short time before that of the King,

in imprisonment at the Castle of Ahlden. George was never known to utter her name after their separation, and was always at feud with her son and his successor, who with his wife, Caroline of Anspach, accompanied him to England.

The reception at St. James's of the new King and the Prince and Princess of Wales, who also had apartments in the Palace, was a brilliant scene. The foot guards lined the road from the Strand to the Palace, the Lord Mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen attended in their robes, and the King's carriage was followed by two hundred coaches of the nobility.

The morning after his arrival, his Majesty took occasion to protest against the English system of "tips," it would seem, for Walpole relates that George remarked: "This is a strange country. The first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks, and a canal, which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the manager of my park, sent me a fine brace of carp, out of my canal, and I was told I must give five guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp, out of my own canal, in my own park!"[1]

The younger Walpole, then a boy of ten years old, had a great desire to see the King, and his mother solicited the kind offices of the Duchess of Kendal to secure this favour. Horace Walpole was taken to St. James's at ten o'clock at night to see the King when he came in to supper. He thus describes the appearance of George I.: "The person of the King is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man, rather pale and exactly like his pictures and coins;

[1] "Reminiscences" of Horace Walpole, Lord Orford.

not tall; of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tie wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribbon over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the Duchess; but, as I could not avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his Majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady, but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was."[1]

A large Drawing Room and Leveé was held at St. James's by George I. immediately after his arrival from Hanover, but for the most part he lived like a private gentleman at the Palace, caring little for Court ceremonials. His real interest was in his native country, and the few months of each year which he spent in England were distasteful to him, and St. James's compared unfavourably with his beloved Palace of Herrenhausen.

A good idea of the approach to St. James's at this period can be obtained from Hogarth's "Rake's Progress," in which the hero is arrested as he steps from his sedan to enter the Palace. A great change had come over the rural lane which led to Henry VIII.'s Manor House. It was now the busy street of St. James's, with quaint signs of blue boars, red lions, and black swans to designate the shops. There were the fashionable refreshment houses—forerunners of the present clubs—where the beaux sipped chocolate. A notable sight passing up and down the street was George I. in his lacquered sedan, six footmen walking before, and six Yeomen of the Guard on either side. The vicinity of the Palace remained, as in the days of the Stuarts, a fashionable lounge

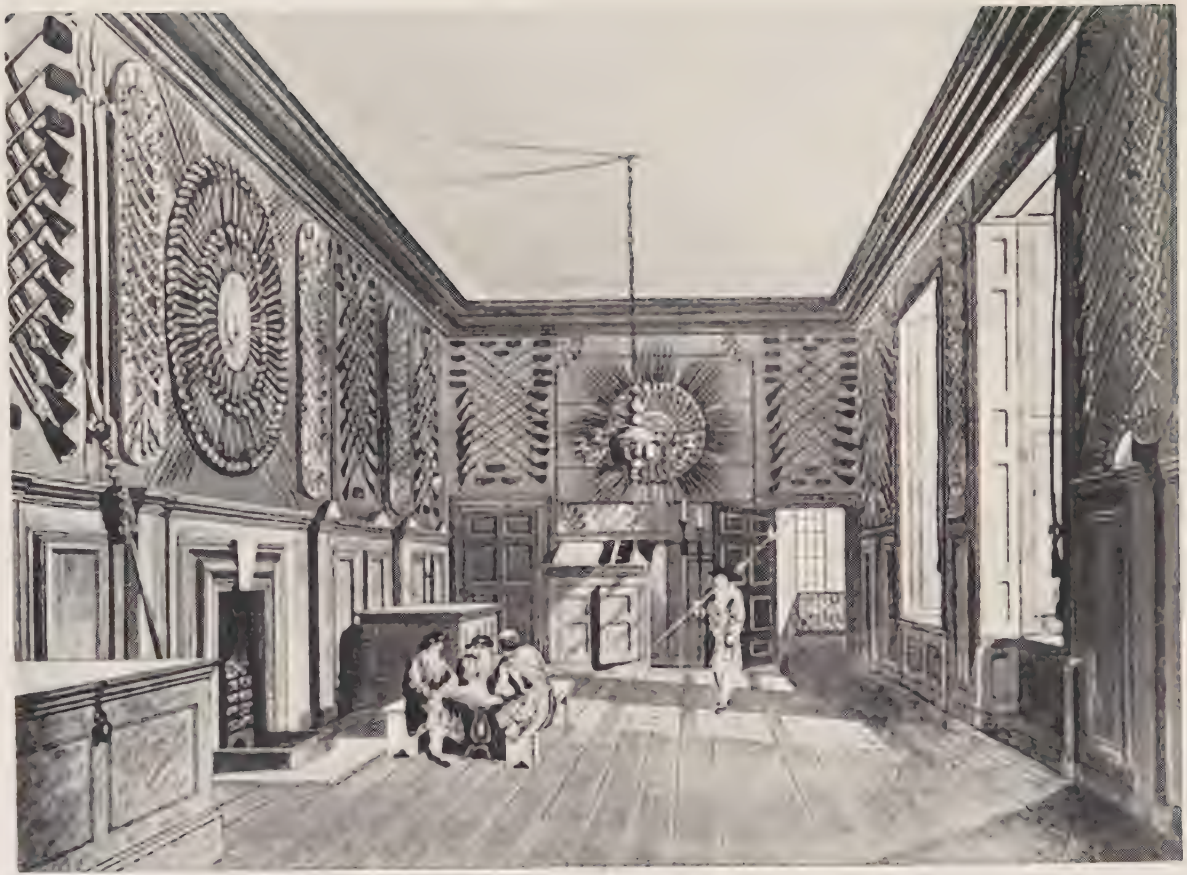
[1] *Ibid.*

and promenade. Pall Mall had still its shady side, with rows of tall elm-trees, and was lined with the houses of the nobility. At night it was gay with flambeaux :—

> For who the footman's arrogance can quell,
> When flambeau gilds the sashes of Pall Mall,
> Where in long ranks a train of torches flame,
> To light the midnight visits of the dame?

Fashionable throngs paraded the grand walk of the Mall, and from out the motley assemblage of beauty, wit, and fashion we may decry some personality known to time. It may be Dick Steele paying compliments to the ladies, or Mr. Secretary Addison passing gravely to his office in Whitehall, or Robert Walpole conferring with politicians. The celebrated Duchess still reigned at Marlborough House and spoke familiarly of her "neighbour George."

The Prince and Princess of Wales had been ejected, after a family quarrel, from St. James's, and kept a rival Court at Leicester Fields, but after the death of the King they returned to the Palace and revived its courtly splendour. Queen Caroline of Anspach was a clever and brilliant woman and gathered around her an *entourage* of beautiful and sprightly ladies—those fair maids of honour whose charms Pope has celebrated—and they attracted the gallants and wits of the day to the Palace. The King, too, affected the gentleman of fashion, and was at greater pains to keep up a Court at St. James's than George I. had been, although, like his father, he liked best to be in Hanover. During one of his prolonged stays abroad a wag posted the following sarcastic advertisement on the gate of St. James's Palace: "Lost or strayed out of this house, a man who has left a wife and six children on the parish.



From Pyne's "Royal Residences."

ST. JAMES'S PALACE : THE GUARD CHAMBER,
Showing the Yeomen of the Guard.

[*To face p.* 136.

Whoever will give any tidings of him to the Churchwardens of St. James's Parish, so as he may be got again, shall receive 4*s.* 6*d.* reward. This reward will not be increased, nobody judging him to deserve a crown."[1]

At no period were more celebrated Courts held at St. James's than those under the auspices of Queen Caroline; they had all the sumptuousness of Queen Anne's, and were enlivened by greater wit and vivacity. At this period every apartment in the Palace was occupied by the children and *entourage* of their Majesties, and it was the only time in the history of St. James's that it was, strictly speaking, the family abode of the monarch as well as the centre of Court life. Seven young Princes and Princesses with nurses, tutors, and attendants abode there. The little Duke of Cumberland drilled and paraded his "Liliputian Guards," composed of the sons of the nobility, every morning in the gardens of the Palace. Each Sunday, when in residence, the King and Queen dined in public, often in the State Ballroom. Other quaint customs prevailed, such as presenting the King with the first ripe melon of the season, which for ten years in succession was presented by the same person, Sir William Leman. The King held exceptionally brilliant Chapters of the Garter, and the birthday Drawing Rooms were continued on magnificent lines. Plays, too, were enacted before the Court, and on one occasion juvenile theatricals were given by the Royal children and their friends. The little Duke of Cumberland's Liliputian regiment took an important part in this display. Dryden's drama, "The Indian Emperor; or, The Conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards," was acted in the Grand Ballroom of the Palace, no

[1] "Memorials of St. James's Palace," by the Rev. Edgar Sheppard, vol. i. p. 90.

performer being above the age of twelve, the years to which the Duke of Cumberland had attained. The Sunday card-parties, at which betting was notorious, continued at St. James's throughout this reign, to the great scandal of the better part of the nation.

It is a curious mixture of levity, intrigue, splendour, culture, and learning which the Court of St. James presents at this period. Queen Caroline's life was one long compromise to the small and vitiated tastes of her husband. She was studious, and delighted in the society of clever people; but as the King disliked bookish women, she never intruded her literary tastes upon him. She was an astute politician, and schemed with Walpole; but the King did not suspect it. She believed in the sanctity of domestic life, and was a strictly virtuous woman, yet she countenanced the King's favourites. Mrs. Howard, whom the King made Lady Suffolk, was lodged in St. James's under the very eye of the Queen. In spite of all this Caroline maintained her supremacy over the King and her own dignity. She invariably curtsied to her attendants when she met them in the corridors of the Palace, and she did not except "my good Howard" from this recognition, although she took a delight in making that lady brush her royal hair until she was ready to faint with fatigue.

The Queen's toilet was the event of the morning; while it was in progress she received company and heard prayers read. The King was often present, and Caroline would with the utmost unconcern consult him as to the manner in which "my good Howard" was dressing her. Once when Mrs. Howard was arranging a kerchief about the Queen's neck the King snatched it off, and, turning to his much-enduring mistress, said: "Because you

have an ugly neck yourself, you wish to hide her Majesty's." The Queen kindly took Howard's part, until that lady was fit to grind her teeth with rage. The ever-watchful Caroline had an obscure window in the Palace which commanded a view of the dark passage, lighted by a single lamp, which led to Mrs. Howard's lodging. One night, from this vantage-ground, the Queen saw my Lord Chesterfield call on Mrs. Howard. He had come to ask that lady to take care of some money which he had won at hazard ; but the Queen took care that the King did not hear that side of the story, and in consequence "my good Howard" suffered, and my Lord Chesterfield was seen no more at Court.

The Queen had a taste for literature, and made a private collection of books at the Palace ; these were eventually transferred to the Queen's Library, a building specially erected for the purpose on the site where Stafford House now stands. The large and valuable library which had been accumulating at St. James's Palace since the days of James I. was presented by George II. to the British Museum. The collection had previously been removed from St. James's to Cotton House, Westminster, by the order of Queen Anne ; had it been at the Palace during Queen Caroline's time, it seems hardly likely that she would have permitted it to be taken away. Her own collection numbered upwards of four thousand books. Although Caroline kept her intellectual and bookish tastes well in check before his Majesty, still, the Court which she gathered about her had something of the charm of a great lady's *salon.* Scholars, politicians, wits, poets, and divines, as well as people of fashion, attended her Drawing Rooms, and made up a motley throng of great interest.

Among the courtly ceremonies of this period which took place at St. James's were the marriages of the Princess Royal and of the Prince of Wales. Princess Anne (Princess Royal) had accepted as a suitor the deformed Prince of Orange, the hideousness of whose appearance is said to have been only exceeded by some monster in a pantomine. The Princess had an imperious nature, and was determined to marry an heir-apparent, though he should be as ugly as an ogre. To her mother's remonstrances she replied: "I would die to-morrow, to be Queen to-day," and when her father affectionately warned her as to the repulsive appearance of her lover, she expressed her determination to marry him, "even if he were a baboon." All admonitions to the Princess proving fruitless, their Majesties were at least anxious that the first marriage in their family should be one of extreme magnificence. The Chapel Royal being too small to admit of the procession, the wedding took place in the German Chapel (now the Marlborough House Chapel), and a covered way was erected to it from the Palace through Friary Court. The erection darkened the windows of Marlborough House, and the old Duchess Sarah, looking forth, said: "I wonder when my neighbour George will take away his orange chest."

The wedding took place on March 14th, 1734. The procession was a dazzling picture in silver and gold. The bride wore a robe and train of silver tissue, and her ten bridesmaids were also dressed in silver tissue. The bridegroom was attired in a suit of cloth of gold, and his retinue gleamed with gold brocade. He wore a long wig, which hung down his back and concealed his deformity. The choral part of the service was very fine, Handel

having composed special music for the occasion. After returning to the Palace, the Royal Family, with the bride and bridegroom in the seats of honour, supped publicly in the State Ballroom. Ill-starred as the marriage at first appeared, it proved one of felicity—indeed, the Princess became very fond of her "ogre," who had many good qualities.

Two years later St. James's was the scene of another Royal marriage, when Frederick Prince of Wales was united to the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, who arrived at the Palace on the day of her marriage. This ceremony took place in the Chapel Royal, and does not appear to have been attended with the same magnificence as that of the Princess Royal, but a most curious scene took place after the wedding supper. The bride and bridegroom, after being disrobed and dressed in elaborate night attire by their respective attendants, assisted by their nearest of kin, sat up in bed surrounded by the members of the Royal Family, and were thus visited by the Court.

The newly married pair had a suite of apartments in St. James's Palace,[1] until, curiously enough, a quarrel took place at the christening of their third child, when they were expelled from the Palace by the King and set up a rival Court at Leicester House, just as their Majesties had done under similar circumstances.

Among the memories which cluster around St. James's at this period, the death scene of Queen Caroline stands out with appalling vividness.[2] The Queen had been breakfasting, as was often her habit, at her new library in the Park, when she was seized with illness. Despite a morning of pain and prostration,

[1] The wing overlooking Cleveland Row. [2] "The Memoirs of Lord Hervey."

her Majesty insisted upon holding a Drawing Room, always anxious to conceal her infirmities from the King, but as the company began to arrive, the Queen looked so ghastly that Lord Hervey exclaimed, "For God's sake, madam, go to your room! What have you to do here?" She replied wearily, "I am not able to entertain people," and shortly retired to her room. It was supposed that the Queen was suffering from a severe attack of colic, and a decoction termed "snake root" was given to her, together with a cordial which had been a speciality with Sir Walter Raleigh, and was named after him. These nostrums did little good, and the physicians decided to bleed her Majesty; after this was done the fever abated. On the Queen's partial recovery the King resolved to hold a Levée, and with characteristic unconcern sent to his pages to tell them to be sure and have his last new ruffle sewed on to the shirt which he proposed to wear at the Levée.

Hearing of the Queen's continued illness, the Prince of Wales requested permission to call at St. James's Palace to see how she did, but the King forbade his reception, having previously delivered himself in this unpaternal fashion to Lord Hervey. "If the puppy," said he, "should in one of his impertinent affected airs of duty and affection dare to come to St. James's, I order you to go to the scoundrel and tell him I wonder at his impudence for daring to come here; that he has my orders already and knows my pleasure, and bid him go about his business, for his poor mother is not in a condition to see him act his false whining tricks now, nor am I in a humour to bear his impertinence."

A day or two later the Queen's state was declared hopeless; the real cause of her malady, which she had laboured to conceal,

was discovered and pronounced fatal. On Sunday, November 13th, 1737, she took leave of the young Duke of Cumberland and of the four Princesses who were with her, but the Prince of Wales was not summoned. Turning to the King, now almost childishly broken down with grief, she took from her finger the ruby ring which he had given her at her coronation, and returned it with words of submissive affection, a tone which she invariably adopted to her kingly spouse, little as he merited it. "My will," she said, "you will find a very short one. I give all I have to you." She then gently counselled him to marry again when she was gone, but at this suggestion the King wept piteously, and between his sobs murmured that extraordinary rejoinder, which Lord Hervey emphasises as fact, "Non, j'aurai des maîtresses," to which the dying wife responded composedly, "Ah, mon Dieu, cela n'empêche pas." The end did not come for several days yet, and the King slept on a couch in the Queen's bedchamber, and was seldom absent from the room. In the adjoining state apartments one of the Queen's ladies sat to reply to those who came to inquire as to her Majesty's condition, and messengers from the Prince of Wales contrived to gain admission there, to the indignation of the King and against the commands of the Queen, for to the last Caroline harboured that contempt for her son which she had never tried to conceal, though lavish in her demonstrations of affection to his equally unworthy sire.

Queen Caroline died on Sunday evening, November 20th. The King kissed her dead face and hands several times, and then retired with the Princesses, to indulge his grief in loud demonstration. He had the Queen's portrait placed upon a chair at the foot of his

bed, and then, finding its presence too painful, called for it to be removed. "Take this picture away," said the King. "I never yet saw the woman worthy to buckle her shoe." Sarah Duchess of Marlborough looked cynically upon the marital grief of her "neighbour George," and she relates[1] that one evening when the King was playing cards at St. James's he was so much overcome at the sight of the queens, that the Princess Amelia ordered all the queens to be taken out of the pack.

George II. survived Caroline twenty-three years, and adhered to his promise that no other woman should share his throne; but the Baroness Walmoden, whom he made Countess of Yarmouth, was sumptuously lodged in St. James's Palace, and the King passed his evenings at her card-parties. It was on one of these occasions that his Majesty entered the room with the intelligence that the Prince of Wales was dead. "Freddy is dead," he whispered in the ear of the Countess of Yarmouth, and motioned to her to retire for a private conference.

At a great birthday Drawing Room at St. James's in 1746, Prince George (afterwards George III.), the son of Frederick Prince of Wales, was presented by the King to the Court as the heir to the Crown. He was ten years of age at the time, and drove from his mother's residence, Leicester House, in great state in a new carriage, wearing a scarlet velvet coat and vest trimmed with silver lace. The streets were thronged with people anxious to get a glimpse of the hope of the nation. After his Royal grandfather had received the birthday congratulations, Prince George danced for the edification of the Court. At another birthday Drawing Room at

[1] Private correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough.

St. James's during the last years of George II., a rather pathetic *contretemps* occurred. The famous Duchess of Hamilton, who had been one of the three beautiful Miss Gunnings, was talking with the King about public sights. "Oh, I have seen so much, your Majesty," said the thoughtless lady, "that there is only one sight in the world that I wish to behold, and that is a coronation." The old King took her by the hand and said with a sigh: "I apprehend you have not long to wait; you will soon have your desire." A short time from this and the young King George III. was holding his Court at St. James's, and the Duchess was soon to see a coronation.

After the accession of George III. some enlargements and improvements were made to St. James's Palace, but it shortly ceased to be the chief residence of the monarch in London, the King and Queen Charlotte preferring the new abode which they had planned for themselves out of old Buckingham House, and which in time grew into Buckingham Palace. Still, during the early years of the reign some notable scenes took place at St. James's. It was at the garden gate of the Palace that the young King received his girl-bride, Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburgh. She was barely seventeen, and when she caught the first glimpse of the Palace where her kingly lover awaited her, she turned pale with agitation. The Duchess of Hamilton, one of the ladies in attendance, smiled, but the Princess made the rather effective rejoinder: "My dear Duchess, you may laugh, for you have been married twice; but it is no joke to me." Her lips trembled when the coach stopped, and as the King advanced to meet her she would have knelt, but he gallantly prevented this and embraced her. It was said that he flinched a little at sight of her homely face; still, the

Princess had her attractive points. She was bright and intelligent, of an elegant figure, and she played divinely upon the spinet, an accomplishment with which she captivated her lover within an hour or two of her arrival at the Palace.

The wedding took place with befitting pomp and ceremony at ten o'clock on the evening of the arrival of the bride, in the German Chapel, St. James's. The young Princess, being without the support of any of her own kinsfolk, was given away by the Duke of Cumberland, the King's uncle. She was regally attired in a gown of white satin and silver gauze, with a train of purple velvet lined with ermine. After the ceremony a grand supper took place at the Palace, and the young Queen had the courage to excuse herself from attending on account of fatigue. The King, who showed the utmost consideration to his bride, for whom he subsequently entertained an enduring affection, conducted her to the table to welcome the guests, and then retired to sup with her in private. A great ball concluded the marriage festivities. Drawing Rooms of exceptional brilliancy were held by the new Queen in the weeks that followed.

At St. James's her first child, who became George IV., was born, and she held a reception to show the lovely babe to the Court, the Queen's bed being removed for the occasion into the Great Drawing-Room. At seven years of age the little Prince himself held a species of Levée at the Palace, and received the homage of his future subjects. He grew into that beautiful Prince Florizel who kept such high revelry at Carlton House that his parents refused to receive him at St. James's, thus carrying on the unfortunate tradition of the Georges and their heirs.

After the King and Queen had established themselves at Buckingham Palace, then simply called the Queen's House, St. James's was still used for Court ceremonials, and occasionally illustrious guests were lodged there. Under the rule of the excellent Queen Charlotte the Court was largely purged of the scandals and intrigues which had so long been associated with it. The Queen held a Drawing Room every Thursday, and was extremely gracious and dignified, and, like her predecessor, Queen Caroline, showed an interest in the celebrated *litterateurs* of the day, but was not quite so lenient to the follies of the dames and the beaux. The Queen, though for the most part as homely in her tastes as the King, was not without a love of display, and on public occasions she wore laces and jewels of great magnificence. Her Majesty essayed to reform the fashion of hairdressing by having her own arranged in a rational manner, instead of in the towering *toupée* then in vogue, but the ladies declined to follow her sensible example. The Queen also discountenanced games of hazard, and the public card-parties, which had been the scandal of former reigns, were discontinued at St. James's. The exemplary Charlotte had her own pet weaknesses—she was an inveterate snuff-taker, and under her *régime* the tapping of snuff-boxes and the elegant sniffing of the aromatic concoction was a marked feature at the Court Drawing Rooms and receptions. All persons of quality prided themselves on the number and richness of their snuff-boxes, and these elegant articles became as effective in the hands of a flirt as the fan had been in the days of Queen Anne.

The King held Levées at St. James's two or three times a week during the winter, and if the company was not expected to

be large, he received in his bedchamber. It was not an unusual thing for the King to be waiting at the Palace, whither he came from Buckingham House or sometimes rode from Windsor on horseback, before the company had arrived, and he would send round an attendant to "whip" up the laggards.

The King and Queen with their family were very regular in attendance at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, and came in Court dress. After the service their Majesties frequently held a reception at the Palace. In the previous reign the Sunday Drawing Rooms were great functions, but Queen Charlotte, in accordance with the sacredness of the day, did not permit presentations. His Majesty's delight in the musical part of the services of the Chapel Royal was manifest by the manner in which he would sit beating time with his music roll, and if he espied an inattentive or talkative page, the roll did duty as a beadle's staff and descended smartly upon the head of the delinquent and sent the powder flying. In winter the Chapel was so cold that the Queen and the Royal Family, unable to endure it, frequently slipped away one by one, leaving the King, his equerry, and the parson "to freeze it out together."

In the early part of the reign of George III. the vicinity of the Palace, and even the courtyard itself, was invaded by disorderly mobs, forerunners of the Gordon riots. On one occasion a hearse decorated with threatening insignia and accompanied by an Irish nobleman, Lord Mountmorres, "personating an executioner, holding an axe in his hand, while his face was covered with a veil of crape," was driven into the courtyard of the Palace, followed by a howling mob. The King viewed it unmoved from the drawing-room window. At various times mysterious visitors found their

From a contemporary engraving, after the picture painted by Robert Smirke.

THE ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GEORGE III. BY MARGARET NICHOLSON IN 1786, WHEN ALIGHTING FROM HIS CARRIAGE AT ST. JAMES'S.

[*To face p.* 148.

way into the state apartments. One evening Queen Charlotte was surprised by a strange woman walking into the room where she was sitting with one of her ladies. These intruders do not appear to have had any definite aim in forcing themselves into the Palace, and were probably harmless eccentrics.

A very determined attempt upon the life of George III. was made in 1786, as he was passing from his carriage to the garden entrance of St. James's Palace. One Margaret Nicholson, under pretence of offering a petition, attempted to stab the King, the knife actually passing through his coat. "I have received no injury," were his brave words; "do not hurt the woman; the poor creature appears to be insane." Fanny Burney[1] gives a graphic account of the scene inside the Palace when the King, after his narrow escape, appeared in the bosom of his family. "Here I am, safe and well, as you see!" said he, walking into the room where the Queen and her daughters were sitting; "but I have narrowly escaped being stabbed." The Queen was stupefied with consternation, and regretted that she was unable to give vent to her feelings in tears, like the Princess Elizabeth, who nearly cried herself into a fit of convulsions. The other Princesses and the ladies in attendance also wept copiously, and the King, with great good-humour, passed from one to another with words of comfort, declaring that he was not hurt.

The ill-starred marriage of their Majesties' eldest son, afterwards George IV., with the Princess Caroline of Brunswick was celebrated at St. James's Chapel Royal in 1795, and pending the ceremony the Princess was lodged in rooms in the Palace over-

[1] "Memoirs of Madame D'Arblay."

looking Cleveland Row. The wedding banquet took place, not at St. James's, but at Buckingham House, and the ill-assorted couple did not reside at the Palace, as had been the prevailing custom with the heirs-apparent, but lived until their separation at Carlton House.

It was during the reign of George III., in the year 1809, that an alarming fire took place at St. James's Palace. Some believed it to be the work of an incendiary, and the exact origin of the outbreak has never been discovered. The Duke of Cambridge, son of George III., had a suite of apartments in the Palace at this period, and, returning home late one evening, observed smoke and flames issuing from a window in the east wing of the Palace. He gave the alarm, and an animated and exciting scene followed. The Yeomen of the Guard, the sentries, the servants and attendants at the Palace, together with such help as the metropolis then afforded in the way of fire-engines and men, were in requisition. The Prince of Wales hurried from Carlton House, and with the Royal Dukes superintended the removal of the valuables from the doomed apartments; the ladies of the household, and even the Duchess of York, were out in the park during the night, giving such aid as they could. Fortunately the St. James's canal provided an ample supply of water. At first the fire experts considered that the Palace was doomed to complete destruction, but by six o'clock in the morning, to the surprise of every one, the fire was got entirely under, not, however, until the historic suite of rooms which had been prepared for the reception of Mary de Medicis, and which excited the enthusiastic admiration of the Sieur de la Serre, had been entirely destroyed. The old German Chapel, now the Marl-

borough House Chapel, marvellously escaped the conflagration, which raged up to its very walls, and it served as a store-place for the valuables rescued from the burning rooms. This destruction to the Palace has never been repaired. The angle burned down immediately faced Marlborough House, and connected the Friary Court with the German Chapel.

This conflagration occurred shortly before the mind of George III. gave way. Neither as Prince Regent nor as King did George IV. live at St. James's, except when the holding of Court ceremonials made it absolutely necessary. He had his new Pavilion Palace at Brighton, and spent great sums of money in converting Buckingham House into a Palace worthy to be the abode of the "First Gentleman in Europe," but St. James's did not specially attract his building mania. He had the *débris* from the great fire removed, and built a new Banqueting-Hall to the state apartments. He made some improvements in the park, and threw open the enclosure as a public resort. The roads through the park were for the first time lighted with gas in 1822. This marks the end of the exclusive tenure by the Crown of a demesne which had been a Royal pleasure ground since the time of Henry VIII. The populace had now the free enjoyment of the secluded walks by the canal formed by Charles II. for his own enjoyment, and could stroll at will under the trees of the grand promenade which had been the privileged resort of rank and fashion. The onward rush of West End business had invaded St. James's Street up to the very gatehouse of the Palace, and Pall Mall had lost its "shady side," and was now lined with tall houses. Every vestige of the rural surroundings of St. James's had long disappeared.

The Palace still had its Royal occupants, as the Dukes of Cumberland, Cambridge, and Clarence at various times had apartments there, and upon the accession of William IV. it had a temporary return to favour, and again became the London abode of the monarch, for the new King cared nothing for his predecessor's new "Palace at Pimlico," as Buckingham Palace was then called. Queen Adelaide, too, liked St. James's, and was a frequent attendant at the German Chapel, where a Lutheran service was held for her Majesty's benefit. The King presented the chapel with a new organ. Mr. Sheppard [1] tells an amusing story of the bluff sailor King. Two days after his accession he sauntered out of St. James's dressed in a green coat and a white beaver hat, and stood under the colonnade to listen to the morning performance of the band in the Colour Court. Then, quite unmindful of his gay attire, he proceeded to walk up St. James's Street to White's. Fortunately the late Lord Hertford, who was on guard, espied the King in his green coat and white beaver complacently issuing from the archway, and hastening after him, ventured to suggest that as the late King lay unburied and the Court was in rigorous mourning, people might take exception to his Majesty's dress. William admitted the wisdom of the remark, and returned to the Palace.

It was due to the action of William IV. that there is still a clock over the gatehouse of St. James's. At the beginning of his reign some repairs were being done to the gatehouse, and the clock was removed, as it was said that the roof was not strong enough to support it. The inhabitants of the district memorialised

[1] "Memorials of St. James's Palace."

the King, who shrewdly decided that if the roof was strong enough to bear the crowds who assembled there to watch state ceremonials and the coming and going of the company at Levées and Drawing Rooms, it could safely support a clock, and ordered that a new one should be placed in the tower.[1] To complete the history of St. James's Palace clock, I may add that the one placed there by command of William IV. was removed in 1882, and a new one which strikes the hours and chimes the quarters substituted.

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, St. James's finally ceased to be the residence of the Court. Not once, I believe, did the late Queen pass a night under the roof of the old Palace which had been more or less the home of her predecessors since Henry VIII. Still, several notable events in her life occurred within its walls. There she attended her first Court ceremonial at the age of ten, on the occasion of a children's ball given by George IV. in honour of Donna Maria, the little Queen of Portugal, then visiting the country. Donna Maria, decked out in regal apparel and blazing with jewels, sat beside the King and received court from the juvenile visitors.[2] The Princess Victoria, in a simple white frock, formed a pleasing contrast to the over-dressed young Queen. She was now being recognised as the heir to the throne, and a lady of the Court remarked to the King how pretty it would be to see the *two* little Queens dancing together. George IV. received the observation with a frown; he had no mind as yet to have his young niece of Kent dubbed a Queen.

The next occasion on which Princess Victoria appeared at the

[1] Timbs's "History of Clubs and Club Life." [2] "The Greville Memoirs."

Court of St. James was immediately after the accession of William IV., when she attended the birthday Drawing Room of Queen Adelaide. It was a reception of great splendour, and all the approaches to the Palace were crowded with people. The young Princess, accompanied by her mother, drove from Kensington Palace to St. James's in state, escorted by a detachment of the Life Guards, and all along the route was cheered as the "young hope" of England. This was Queen Victoria's first public procession. At the Drawing Room she was the centre of observation as she stood, dressed in a white blonde and satin frock, beside Queen Adelaide, and her presence in that position indicated her formal presentation to the Court as heir to the throne. The coming of age of the Princess Victoria was celebrated at St. James's on May 24th, 1837, by a great state ball, which she opened with a quadrille, having Lord Fitzalan, eldest son of the Earl of Surrey and grandson of the Duke of Norfolk, for a partner. Between the dances she took precedence of her mother, occupying for the first time the Chair of State. Ten days later a Drawing Room was held at St. James's to celebrate the Princess's majority, and this proved to be her last appearance at Court prior to her accession. It is of interest to note that Princess Victoria's coming of age ball and the subsequent Drawing Room were the last public festivities of the kind. After her accession the Queen kept family anniversaries as private domestic events, and the birthday Drawing Rooms, at which through preceding reigns rank and fashion had flocked to the Palace to pay their devoirs to the Sovereign, and the populace had lined the Mall and St. James's Street dressed in new clothes for the occasion, ceased.

Queen Victoria was the last monarch to stand at the window of the Presence Chamber of St. James's Palace to be proclaimed Sovereign in sight of the people. King Edward did not appear personally at his proclamation. The girl-Queen's youth invested the time-honoured ceremonial with special interest. All the avenues leading to the Palace were lined with spectators when towards noon on June 20th, 1837, the "little Queen," with her train and escort, drove from Kensington to St. James's. Her appearance at the Palace was the signal for a great outburst of cheering. While the proclamation was being read in the Colour Court, she stood at the window overlooking it, a somewhat pathetic figure dressed in deep mourning, wearing a white tippet and a border of white crape under the large black bonnet which framed her fair young face. She was pale and trembling, and when, at the conclusion of the proclamation, the cannon thundered, the trumpets sounded, the band struck up the National Anthem, and the plaudits of the people rent the air—

She saw no purple shine,
  For tears had dimmed her eyes;
She only knew her childhood's flowers
  Were happier pageantries.
And while the heralds played their part
  Those million shouts to drown—
"God save the Queen," from hill to mart,
She heard through all her breaking heart,
    And turned and wept;
  She wept to wear a crown.

No greater or more moving spectacle than the proclamation of Victoria could have closed the history of St. James's as the abode of the Sovereign. But though the young Queen set up

her Court at Buckingham Palace, she came to old St. James's for the holding of Drawing Rooms, Levées, investitures, and other public state functions for the succeeding twenty and more years of her reign.

In the Chapel Royal of St. James's, built, as we have seen, by Henry VIII., Queen Victoria was married on February 10th, 1840, to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and the magnificent spectacle recalled the splendours of the past; but never had St. James's witnessed a ceremonial of such pleasing interest. Monarchs and princes and princesses had throughout past centuries plighted their troth at that same altar, and not infrequently without any previous acquaintance; but now for the first time in history a Queen-regnant, and a charming girl to boot, repeated her marriage vows to the man of her heart's choice. The bride doffed her crown for the nonce, and appeared in her white satin and lace gown, wearing on her glossy brown hair, braided Madonna-wise on either side her head, a simple wreath of orange-blossoms. Ten bridesmaids, young and fair, dressed in white and wearing wreaths of pale roses, bore the Queen's train. The handsome bridegroom appeared in the full-dress uniform of a field-marshal, with the collar of the Garter fastened on the shoulders by two white rosettes. As he entered the Chapel, the band outside played "See the Conquering Hero comes." The Queen was given away by her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, of whom a wag of the day said that "the Duke was always ready to give away what did not belong to him." On the night of the marriage, a grand banquet was held in the Banqueting-Room of St. James's Palace, at which the Duchess of Kent did the honours. The Dowager

From the painting by Sir George Hayter.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE ROYAL CHAPEL, ST. JAMES'S, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1840.

[*To face p.* 156.

Queen Adelaide gave a similar entertainment across the court at Marlborough House. The precincts of the old Palace on this interesting occasion blazed with illuminations and resounded with festivity, as indeed did all London.

During the first years of her reign Queen Victoria, when in town, attended service at St. James's Chapel Royal and met with some experiences which are out of accord with the more courtly spirit of modern times. On one occasion at least she was preached at without disguise. The High Church Party, jealous of the Whig influences about the young Queen, were anxious for an opportunity of addressing words of warning to her from the pulpit. The Bishop of London, to prevent certain clerics from carrying out this intention, occupied the pulpit himself. At length the Bishop broke his collar-bone, and so a certain Mr. Perceval secured his opportunity of preaching at the Chapel Royal. The Bishop warned the Queen that she might expect a strong sermon from Mr. Perceval, but her youthful Majesty with characteristic fearlessness determined to attend the service. The sermon proved milder than was expected. A Sunday or two later, however, Mr. Hook, a more fearless divine, occupied the pulpit, and in the course of his sermon looked pointedly at the young Queen as he said: "The Church will endure, let what will happen to the throne." It was a sultry day, and after the Queen returned to Buckingham Palace, Lord Normanby, who had been in attendance, said, "Did not your Majesty find it very hot?" "Yes," replied the Queen, "and the sermon was very hot, too!" Subsequently a private chapel was erected to Buckingham Palace, and the Queen ceased to attend St. James's Chapel.

Eighteen years after her own marriage, Queen Victoria saw a similar scene enacted at St. James's, when on January 25th, 1858, her eldest daughter was married to Prince Frederick William of Prussia in the Chapel Royal. The details of the wedding were so like those of her own bridal, that the Queen laughingly said that she felt "like being married over again."[1] No less a period than thirty-six years elapsed before Queen Victoria again came in state to old St. James's. The occasion was the marriage of her grandson, then Duke of York, to Princess Victoria Mary of Teck on July 6th, 1893.

The memories of St. James's during the last reign were not altogether devoid of stirring incident. During the Chartist riots in 1848, the old Palace was placed under special guard. The Colour Court was filled with armed men; the gates under the Clock Tower, which usually stand open night and day, were closed; and upon a platform erected behind them soldiers of the guard were stationed ready to fire up St. James's Street had there been a rush by the mob to the Palace. Happily no such attempt was made.

St. James's has ever remained conscious of its courtly traditions, and on great occasions of public rejoicing the vicinity has been the most tastefully decorated and illuminated in London. The clubs in St. James's Street have not allowed the old Palace to feel disgraced. It was festive and gay indeed when in 1887 Queen Victoria celebrated her Jubilee, and the Ambassadors' Court was alive with the equipages of ministers and ambassadors from every

[1] After this event the state apartments of the Palace were thrown open to the public for three weeks.

country in Europe, mingling with the Oriental splendour of the Indian princes. The latter must have looked upon the Palace in silent wonder when they drove to the Levée, and doubtless asked themselves if that dingy old fabric really constituted the Court of the greatest monarch in the world, and would adjust their jewelled turbans, and rub their eyes as they looked again at their invitation cards, dated from "Our Court of St. James."

In the months that followed, the Queen's Jubilee gifts, from her subjects in many climes—the best testimony to the extent of her great Empire—were publicly exhibited in the state apartments of the Palace.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897 again brought St. James's into festive prominence, when it was the scene of brilliant Levées and receptions attended by the representatives of foreign Courts, and the decorations of St. James's Street were exceptionally beautiful. In four short years the garlands of roses and the loyal mottoes of congratulations on crimson cloth, which had on that occasion decked every house in St. James's Street, gave place to far different emblems. The sentinels stood at the old red gateway with arms reversed, and far as eye could reach was a sea of purple drapery and laurel wreaths which told that Victoria's reign had closed and that the great Queen had passed to the palaces of Heaven.

Shortly after nine o'clock on the morning of January 24th the old Palace was the scene of the proclamation of Albert Edward Prince of Wales as "our only lawful and rightful liege Lord Edward VII., by the Grace of God King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of

India," from the balcony overlooking Friary Court. There was no member of the Royal Family present, and the ceremony was purely official. A great crowd had gathered to hear the proclamation, and joined heartily in the concluding words, "God save the King!" The day before, the King's first proclamation had been posted up on the walls of the Palace.

The associations of King Edward and his Consort with St. James's are more intimate than those of the late monarch. For nearly forty years they lived within the precincts of the Palace —the garden of Marlborough House skirts Friary Court—and attended service at the Chapel Royal when in town, while the old German Chapel of St. James's,[1] which adjoins the grounds of Marlborough House, served as a place of worship for their household. In it their Majesties' first grandchild, the Lady Alexandra Duff, was christened.

At St. James's Palace the King first presented his lovely bride to the aristocracy. The reception took place on March 20th, 1863, and was attended by five hundred persons, the *elite* of the nobility. The occasion was Queen Alexandra's first social triumph. Her beauty had captivated all who beheld her during her marvellous entry into London and on the wedding day at Windsor, but at the reception at St. James's she showed herself to have social tact and charm fitted to the great part she had to play. A contemporary account of the gathering is given in the letters of Lady Waterford. "At the Friday reception," she says, "I saw the graceful, charming young Princess, and she in no way disappointed me. There was something charming in that very young pair walking up the

[1] Now the Marlborough House Chapel.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

T.R.H. THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT YORK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S.

[*To face p.* 161.

room together. Her graceful bows and carriage you will delight in, and she has—with lovely youth and well-formed features—a look of great intelligence, beyond that of a merely pretty girl. She wore her coronet of diamonds and a very long trained gown of cloth of silver trimmed with lace, a pearl and diamond necklace, bracelet and stomacher; and two love-locks of rich brown hair floated on her shoulders." These were the days when ladies were "all crinoline," and it was said that invitations to the reception had to be restricted by the Lord Chamberlain because the corridors and doorways of the Palace were so narrow that a "crush of hoops" was feared. About this time there was a proposal that Marlborough House should be connected with St. James's Palace by a long gallery, over Friary Court, fitted as a ball and reception room. Had this idea been carried out, the old Palace would have been linked with the many brilliant festivities given by their Majesties, when Prince and Princess of Wales, instead of its hoary castellated walls looking on in grim silence while the sound of music and of dance floated on the air from Marlborough House.

For a time, however, its lease of Court gaiety was continued. Within its walls Queen Alexandra held her first Drawing Room on May 16th, 1863, which was attended by two thousand ladies. The crush was so great that the carriages stretched from Harley Street to St. James's Palace, and it took four hours for the company to pass the throne. For succeeding seasons she continued to hold Drawing Rooms there on behalf of Queen Victoria, until in 1867 these functions were transferred to Buckingham Palace, leaving the Levées only as a remnant to St. James's of its former Court splendour. The King has held Levées at the old Palace continuously since

the duty first devolved upon him in 1861 until the present time. A very brilliant attendance marked the first Levée of his reign, held in February, 1902.

The old abode and haunt of Kings became again a Royal residence when, after their marriage, celebrated with all the old-time splendour at the Chapel Royal, the Prince and Princess of Wales—then Duke and Duchess of York—made the wing of St. James's Palace overlooking Cleveland Row their town house. There a merry band of charming children have grown up around them, finding a perennial source of pleasure in watching the changing of the guard in Friary Court or the trooping of the colours, just as their father did before them from the vantage-ground of Marlborough House. Their mother, too, had taken pleasure in childhood in the same sights when she visited her grandmother, the late Duchess of Cambridge, who occupied the same suite of apartments at St. James's. From the historic pile the Duke and Duchess set out, on March 15th, 1901, *en route* for Southampton, to start on their colonial tour, and to it they returned on November 2nd, 1901, through garlanded streets and applauding crowds, when that historic journey had been accomplished. The occasion compels a retrospect. Who would have predicted when Henry VIII. built his Manor House in the fields of St. James's that a Prince of Wales would one day occupy it who should visit seventeen important colonial possessions, travel 45,000 miles by land and sea, and, with the exception of Port Said, never set foot where the British flag did not wave? The thought of such expansion to his kingdom would have made the Tudor monarch wear his crown still more proudly.

The Sovereign's connection with the Palace is to-day attested by the inscriptions on various doors of the old pile which indicate the office of the Lord Chamberlain, and of the Keeper of the King's Privy Purse, and of the "Robes" Department, while those ancient institutions for the protection and service of the monarch, the Corps of the Gentlemen-at-arms and the Yeomen of the Guard, still have their quarters in the Palace. The Yeomen are the older institution, having been first introduced by Henry VII. at his coronation, and were then a band of fifty archers who formed a special bodyguard of the King. Their ancient designation was *buffetiers*—corrupted into beefeaters—a name commonly applied to them to-day. They still wear their original picturesque dress of scarlet coat, with a deep ruff round the neck, knee breeches tied with ribbons, shoes with large bows, and a large black velvet cap. Formerly the members of the Corps dined daily at the Palace, but the practice has been discontinued since 1813. Jovial hosts to their friends were the Yeomen of the Guard in days gone by, and we read of Dick Steele and some of his famous contemporaries dining "not wisely but too well," with the gallant Yeomen at their "mess" in St. James's Palace.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms are a special corps originally raised by Henry VIII. at his coronation. For nearly four hundred years they have been connected with the old Palace, and throughout that time have formed the nearest bodyguard of the Sovereign. When first instituted, they were called "Gentlemen Pensioners." Like the Yeomen, they attend the Sovereign at state ceremonials as a bodyguard. All members of the Corps have been military men, and they carry a battleaxe as their insignia. Unlike the Yeomen, the

Gentlemen-at-Arms have changed their dress with successive periods. When the Merry Monarch kept Court, they flaunted the garments of gay cavaliers. To-day they wear the uniform of a heavy cavalry officer. The Corps number forty, and have their orderly and mess rooms at St. James's, and one member has to be in attendance each day at the Palace.

Another custom which still attests the regal dignity of St. James's is the musical parade each morning in Friary Court at the changing of the Guard. Formerly it took place in the Colour Court, and formed a daily diversion for George II., who used to watch the scene with the eagerness of a schoolboy from the window of Queen Caroline's room while that illustrious lady was performing her toilet. Now the time-honoured custom is the perennial delight of the trades-boy on his morning round, the wonder of the country cousin, the amusement of the loafer, and the profitable hunting-ground of the pickpocket. It appears always to have been a favourite resort with the light-fingered fraternity, and in the days when there were not so many vigilant policemen in the vicinity, a thief caught in the act used to be put in a room over the gatehouse of the Palace until he could be handed over to the authorities.

Other memories of bygone times still survive at St. James's in the yearly distribution of Queen Anne's Bounty, and in the offering of gold, frankincense, and myrrh in the Chapel Royal by the representative of the Sovereign on the Feast of the Epiphany. Formerly the monarch in person made the offering, George III. being the last to do so. Yet another survival of ancient customs still exists in the choir-boys of the Chapel Royal, who each Sunday

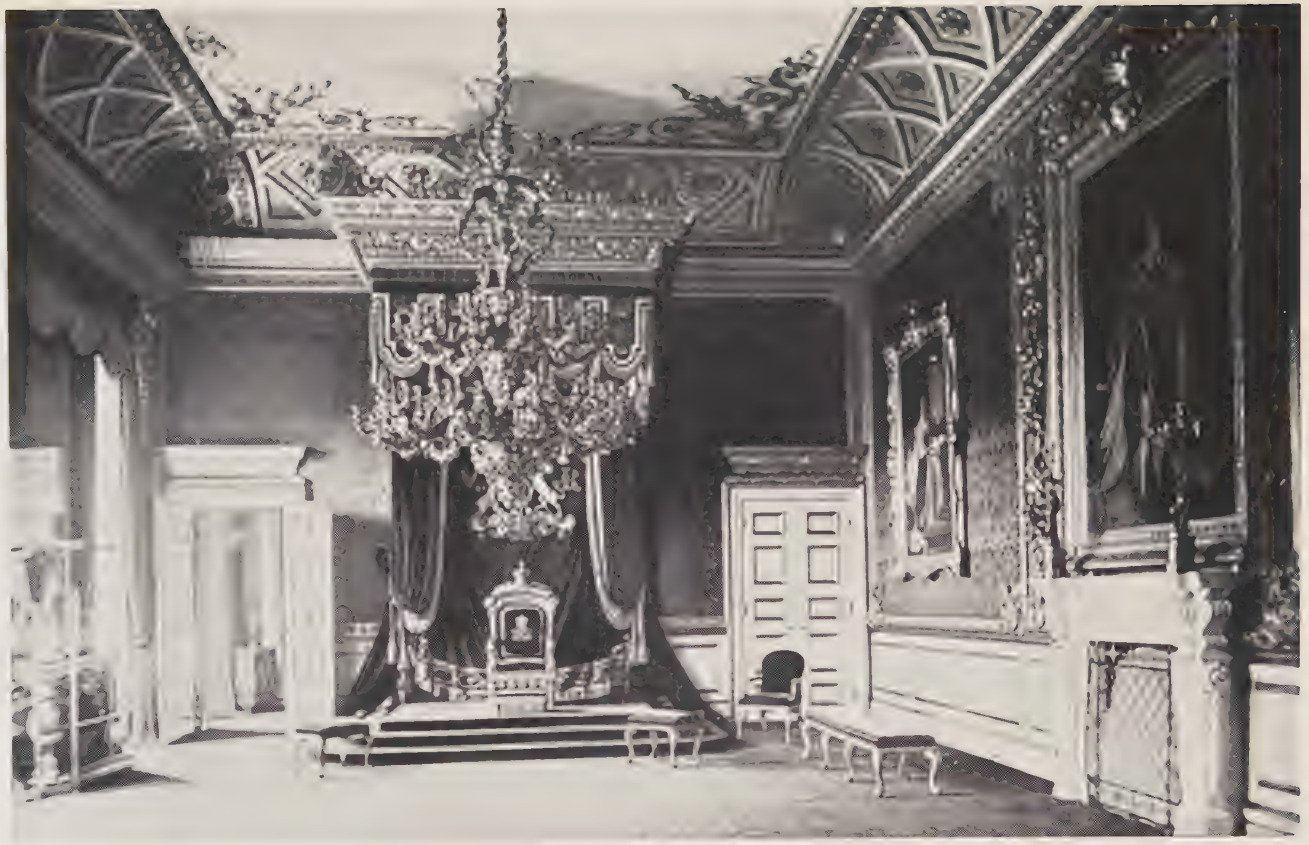


Photo by H. N. King.

ST. JAMES'S PALACE: THE THRONE-ROOM.

morning wait in the vestibule "to greet all comers," dressed in their picturesque red and gold coats. Originally they bore the title of the "Children of the Chapelle," and before the Commonwealth were boarded and lodged in the Palace. The choir is the most ancient in the country, and the members still sing at state concerts and have certain pecuniary and educational advantages. There used to be a custom relating to "spur money" in connection with the Chapel Royal, to the effect that if a knight entered the sacred precincts booted and spurred, he could be challenged and made to pay a fine to the choristers. The knight, however, had a means of trying to evade the penalty. He had the right to call upon the youngest choir-boy to repeat his gamut, and if he failed to do so correctly, the knight's fine was forfeited. On one occasion the Duke of Wellington was the hero of a challenge. He entered the Chapel Royal booted and spurred, and a sharp-witted choir-boy promptly challenged him. The "Iron Duke" was equal to the occasion, and called upon the exultant youngster to repeat his gamut. This he was unable to do, and Wellington escaped the fine.

The state apartments used at the Palace to-day are the Throne-Room—where the King holds the Levées and investitures—beyond which is the Royal closet and a boudoir overlooking the Mall, and the handsome Banqueting-Room. *En suite* with them is the principal drawing-room, formerly the Great Council Chamber, and Queen Anne's Drawing-Room—a fine apartment upholstered in yellow brocade. The King always enters the Palace through the garden entrance in the Mall.

The Chapel Royal, though so small that at Royal ceremonials

it has to be gutted of its pewing to make room for the company, is a gem of interior architecture. The exquisite ceiling is attributed to Holbein, who is believed to have designed it for the private sanctuary erected by Henry VIII. to his Manor House of St. James. It bears the date 1540 and the initials H.A., which some historians think relate to Henry and Anne of Cleves, because the date coincides with that marriage. It seems hardly probable, however, that Henry would perpetuate the initial with his own in a true-lovers' knot of a Queen whom he loathed when he first beheld her and got rid of as quickly as possible. It is more probable that the A. stands for the unfortunate Anne Boleyn, with whom he was passionately in love at the period when the Palace was being built. We have already referred to the linking of their initials over the fireplace of the old Presence Chamber, and it is conceivable that the architect carried out the same idea in the Chapel Royal, although the date on the ceiling, probably put in on the final completion of the building, was after Anne Boleyn had been beheaded. Holbein's ceiling and the gatehouse of the Palace, which he also planned, are the chief memorials remaining to-day of the original Palace, or St. James's Manor House, of Henry VIII.

III

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

After Holbein.

CARDINAL WOLSEY,

The founder of Hampton Court Palace.

[*To face p* 169.

III

HAMPTON COURT PALACE

THE Palace of Hampton Court is the great conception of a master-mind. One thinks of it primarily as Wolsey's house, and none of the memories of Royal occupants pertaining to it excel in interest those which associate it with the King-Cardinal, while the later additions to the building seem, so far as architectural beauty goes, only to mar the original noble and picturesque design.

The drama of Hampton Court begins early in the sixteenth century, when my Lord Cardinal Wolsey leased the manor from the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and began to build himself a lordly retreat. Lovers of antiquarian lore will find the manor of "Hamntone"—the original name—mentioned in the Doomsday survey of 1086 as belonging to Walter de St. Waleric and valued at £39, with fishing rights in the Thames estimated at three shillings per year. Its subsequent history, until about 1312, when it came into the possession of the Knights Hospitallers, is traced by Mr. Ernest Law in his exhaustive work on Hampton Court. But the memories of those times, when the knights, in their long robes decorated with the Maltese Cross, walked their domain at Hampton in unobtrusive meditation, are lost in the splendours of the great Cardinal's Court.

It was in the year 1515[1] that Wolsey founded the Palace. The young King Henry VIII. had been six years upon the throne, and during that period the entire government of the kingdom, political and ecclesiastical, had been passing into the competent hands of Wolsey. Henry liked to take his pleasure, and was more than willing to leave the cares of government to his "goode Cardinall," whose worth his father, Henry VII., had proved before him. The great man desired a country retreat in which to breathe salubrious air in the intervals of his onerous work in London. The manor of Hampton, pleasantly situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, in the midst of fine and open though flat country, and having the river as a convenient "highway" to London, seemed to meet all the Cardinal's requirements, and the air was strongly recommended by the faculty of his day. So, on the site of the former religious house of the Knights Hospitallers, Wolsey reared his magnificent riverside Palace. He was himself the architect, and his all-commanding influence brought to the building the most skilled workmen which the age could furnish. My Lord Cardinal had an artistic eye, and chose a soft-toned red brick for the structure, forming, as the visitor can judge to-day, a warm and harmonious contrast to the verdant country in which it was set. His masons were skilled artificers, as is proved by the enduring and regular finish of the brickwork and the ornamentation of the chimneys. A cluster of the old Tudor chimneys at Hampton Court is a poem in brickwork. The Palace was of noble dimensions, designed with five quadrangular courts and containing at least fifteen

[1] The actual term of his tenancy of the manor of Hampton Court began June 24th, 1514, as is shown by a copy of the lease in the Cottonian MSS.

hundred different chambers. Three only of these great courts remain to-day; the first is much as Wolsey left it, and gives an idea of the noble proportions of his design. Handsome gateways, like the entrance to the present Clock Court, doubtless connected court with court.

The gardens stretched down to the towing path of the river, where the Cardinal had his private stair for entering his barge. His closet overlooked the present Fountain Court, but to-day the view from his window is entirely blocked by the additions made to the Palace for William and Mary. The room is not large, but the ceiling and the remnant of the ancient cornice give evidence of its exquisite ornamentation. Painted scenes from the Passion of Our Lord form a frieze round the room, and below it is oak panelling of an elaborately worked surface. What weighty matters of Church and State were pondered over and settled by Wolsey in that chamber, who shall say? In an adjoining room Holbein's portrait of the great prelate, who, whatever his faults of pride and ambition, raised England to a position of commanding power by his genius, is let into the carved oak, and enables one to picture him as he looked forth from his latticed window. It needs not to tell that the halls of banquet, of presence, and of audience were, in keeping with the great establishment, furnished with splendour. Rare tapestries, which the Cardinal's emissaries scoured Europe to obtain, covered the walls of the apartments, which were lighted with torches reflected by gilt and silver plates hung around the walls. There were two hundred and eighty bedrooms set apart for distinguished visitors. The beds were richly covered in silk, while jugs, basins, and utensils of

silver were provided for each chamber. The great chimneys, and the fireplaces of the old kitchens, before which oxen could be roasted whole, show what manner of cheer my Lord Cardinal kept up.

The household must have numbered close upon five hundred persons. There were the steward, treasurer, comptroller, marshals and ushers to control the *ménage*, and an almoner to daily distribute the broken victuals to the poor. In the great kitchen, with its Nebuchadnezzar-like fireplace, the master cook went to and fro "daily in velvet or in sattin with a chaine of gould."[1] There was a busy throng of grooms, clerks, yeomen, assistants, and farriers, a master of the wardrobe, with ten persons and sixteen grooms of the stable, every one of whom kept four geldings. The Cardinal himself was attended like a king by nine or ten lords. Each of these had two servants, except my Lord Derby, who had five. Men of exalted rank and the sons of noble families were glad to procure a position in Wolsey's household. He had his chief chamberlain and vice-chamberlain, gentlemen ushers, gentlemen waiters and cup-bearers, also sixteen doctors and chaplains, a clerk of the closet, several secretaries, two clerks of the signet, and four counsellors of the law.

The chapel attached to the Palace was of corresponding splendour. Its ancient glory may be judged from the handsomely carved wood ceiling richly decorated which remains to-day. The officers of his chapel were a dean "of excellent learning," a sub-dean, ten singing priests, ten singing men secular, and ten singing children and various other officers. The splendour of the services held by Wolsey can be readily imagined. The costly

[1] "Life of Wolsey," by Cavendish, Dr. Wordsworth's edition.

ornaments and rich jewels which gleamed on altar and vestments was a sight which, as Cavendish says, "it passeth my capacity to tell." This chronicler mentions that he had seen at a great procession in the hall forty-four copes of one suite worn, besides rich crosses and candlesticks. Wolsey had a dual state to maintain, for not only was he the first Churchman of his day, but he was the first minister of the Crown, and besides the officers already enumerated, he had others specially pertaining to his civil position as Lord High Chancellor—"an herald of armes, sergeant of armes, a physition, a poticary, fower minstrels, a keeper of his tentes, and an armourer."

The state in which Wolsey lived at Hampton Court has been described with Boswellian detail by his confidential gentleman usher, George Cavendish, the poor and neglected brother of Sir William Cavendish, founder of the House of Devonshire. There are ten translations of Cavendish's original manuscript, and the one here quoted is that by Dr. Wordsworth from the manuscript in Lambeth Palace Library, and we forbear to modernise its quaint spelling. In these pages we see the rise to unparalleled state and grandeur made by the "honest poore man's sonne of Ipswiche."

The Cardinal's progresses to and from his Palace were attended with the utmost state. During term time his duties as Chancellor took him daily to Westminster Hall. He rose early, and after his private devotions in his closet—no matter what stress of business, he never missed so much as a collect—we see him issuing forth, apparelled all in red, with a tippet of sables about his neck, and "holding in his hand an orange, whereof the meate or substance

within taken out, and filled up againe with the part of a spunge, wherein was vinegar and other confections against the pestilential aires; the which he most commonly held to his nose when he came among any presse or else that he was pestered with any suiters." Before him the Great Seal of England and his Cardinal's hat were carried by a "lorde right solemnly"; also two great crosses, the great mace of silver, and two pillars of silver were carried before him, and as he came from his apartment the ushers, bareheaded, cried: "On before my lordes and masters, on before, and make way for my Lord Cardinall." So the procession proceeded to the hall door, where "his mule stood trapped all in crimson velvet, with a saddle of the same, and gilt stirrups." There those attending him, his cross and pillar bearers, took their seats upon horses all in "scarlett." A train of noblemen followed, and the Cardinal's four footmen, each carrying a gilt pole-axe, brought up the rear, and thus he proceeded to Westminster, the rustics prostrating themselves in the dust as he passed along the road.

Each Sunday Wolsey visited the King, then living in contentment with his first Queen, Katharine of Arragon, at Greenwich Palace, and progressed thither by water. He took his barge at his own private stairs, situated about the Water Gallery, from which pleasure-seekers now view the river at Hampton Court. He went from the Palace to the water stairs in solemn and stately procession, the insignia of his office duly borne before him. At the "Three Cranes" in Upper Thames Street he alighted from his barge, to avoid the danger of going under London Bridge, and, mounting his scarlet-trapped mule, with his crosses, silver pillars, and Great Seal carried before him, proceeded along Thames

Street to Billingsgate—the citizens prostrating themselves as he passed—where he again entered his barge and rowed to Greenwich. The "Cardinall" was nobly received by the King's household, and his crosses and other insignia were placed in a corner of the Royal chamber besides the "King's cloathe of estate." After dinner with the lords, Wolsey held an intimate consultation with the King on affairs of Church and State, in which Henry was willing enough to leave all decisions to his "own goode Cardinall," who, the audience over, departed home with "like triumphe."

Henry returned these visits in characteristic fashion, often arriving in his barge at Hampton Court Palace without previous announcement to have a chat with the Cardinal. One may picture bluff King Hal, in doublet and hose, slouched hat and feather, with his then handsome and good-natured face, pacing the old Tudor gardens at Hampton Court, his hand on the arm or around the neck of Wolsey. The great and astute man knew full well how to humour the frivolities and weaknesses of the monarch. Cavendish with his inimitable pen describes the manner in which the King was entertained :—

"And when it pleased the King's Majesty, for his recreation to repaire unto the Cardinall's house, as he did diverse times in the yeare, there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viandes of the finest sorte that could be gotten for money or friendshippe. Such pleasures were then devised for the King's consolation, or comforte, as might be invented or imagined. Banquettes were set forthe, masks, and moumeries in so gorgeous a sorte, and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames, nor damoselles, meete or apt to daunce with the maskers, or to

garnish the place for that time, with other goodly disportes. Then was there all kinds of musicke and harmony set forthe, with excellent fine voices bothe of men and children."

The faithful chronicler of these gay doings at my Lord Cardinal's goes on to describe the manner in which Henry, arriving unexpectedly by the water gate without "any noyse," would suddenly enter Wolsey's hall disguised with a band of masquers :—

"I have seen the Kinge come sodainly thither in a maske with a dozen maskers all in garments like shepardes, made of fine cloathe of gold, and fine crimson satin paned[1] and cappes of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnamy[2]; their heares and beardes either of fine gold wier or of silver, or else of good black silke; having sixteene torch bearers, besides three drummers, and other persons attending them, with visors, clothed all in satten of the same color."

Thus did Henry burst in upon the solemn banquet, where my Lord Cardinal sat under a canopy being served alone, with all the ladies and gentlemen of his household ranged down the banqueting table. A delicious little farce followed, Wolsey and his Court pretending not to know who the masquers were, for as his chamberlain explained, they were strangers and "cannot speake English." They sought leave, however, to play "mumchaunce" (a game of hazard) with the fair ladies at the Cardinal's table, and to dance with them. The game and festivity proceeded until at an opportune juncture the Cardinal bade his chamberlain say in French to the visitors that he fancied there might be a nobler person amongst

[1] Shaded or inlaid in compartments of angular form, like panes.

[2] Corruption of "physiognomy."

From an etching, by permission of Messrs. Hogg, Cliff & Co.

HAMPTON COURT: THE GATE-HOUSE, WEST FRONT OF WOLSEY'S PALACE.

[*To face p.* 176.

them than himself, and if so he would like to vacate the seat of honour. "Sir, they confesse," quoth the chamberlain, "that among them there is such a noble personage, whome if your Grace can appoint out from the rest, he is content to disclose himselfe, and to take and accept your place, most worthely." The Cardinal cast his eye over the company, and said, "Meseemeth the gentleman with the black bearde should be even he." This gentleman, Sir Edward Neville, who bore a strong resemblance to the King, then took the Cardinal's proffered chair. At which Henry would laugh and disclose himself amongst the masquers, and the farce being ended, he would repair to the Cardinal's bedchamber, don his kingly apparel, and take the chief seat at the banquet.

It was, as we have seen, in 1515 that Wolsey founded the Palace, and he remained there until his downfall in 1529. During this period he was at the zenith of his power—Archbishop of York, Lord High Chancellor of England, a Cardinal, the Pope's Legate, the King's chosen adviser, and, in short, master of the country, "ruling" as Cavendish says, "all things within this realme, appertayning unto the Kinge, by his wisdome, and also in all other weighty matters in foraigne reigions, with which the Kinge of this realme had any occasion to intermeddle. All ambassadors of foraigne potentates were alwaies dispatched by his wisdome, to whom they had continuall access for their dispatch. His house was alwaies resorted like a King's house, with noble men and gentlemen, with coming and going in and out, feasting, and banqueting these ambassadors diverse times, and all other right nobly."

But Hampton Court, with its stately style and splendid magnificence, the resort of ambassadors and great personages from

foreign Courts, was fast becoming a rival to the King's abode, and ultimately was Wolsey's undoing. The old nobility regarded the haughty prelate with dislike, and the people grew suspicious of his power. The feeling of the time is expressed in Skelton's satire, "Why come ye not to Court?" which appeared a few years after Wolsey had established himself in his new Palace :—

Why come ye not to Courte?
To which Court?
To the Kinges Court,
Or to Hampton Court?
Nay, to the Kinges Court.
The Kynges Court
Should haue the excellence;
But Hampton Court
Hath the pre-eminence.[1]

The King was beginning to smart under the truth of the satire, and said to the Cardinal one day, "Why did you build so magnificent a house for yourself?" and Wolsey, catching the annoyance in his voice, adroitly replied, "To show how noble a Palace a subject may offer to his Sovereign." Henry was appeased; he accepted the gift, but permitted the Cardinal to continue in residence at the Palace, and even to entertain with his old splendour. It was in 1525 that Henry received this magnificent gift, and two years later Wolsey gave his famous entertainment to the French envoys sent by Francis I. to confirm the treaty of alliance with this country, which had been negotiated some months previously in Wolsey's Palace, from which it derived the name of the Hampton Court Treaty. In this feast Wolsey excelled himself. He called his

[1] Skelton's Poems, edited by Chalmers.

officers and stewards together and commanded them to spare neither "cost nor work" to make a "triumphant banquet." All the cookery experts of London were summoned to Hampton Court to assist my Lord Cardinal's people, and we imagine that the master cook of the Palace, the gorgeous personage who went about "clad in velvet or satin and wearing a gold chain," must have swelled with added importance.

The trumpets announced when the feast was spread, and the envoys with their crowd of followers issued from their several rooms and were escorted to the "chamber of presence where they should sup," and when they saw what was provided, "they were wrapt into a heavenly paradise." After the first course Wolsey himself entered the hall, booted and spurred, at which all the guests rose. He begged them to be seated, and took his own place at the head of the high table "laughing and merry." Then a stream of waiters appeared with the second course of a hundred dishes, amongst which were many devices and "Paule's churche for the quantity as well counterfeited as the painter should have painted it on a cloath or wall." The supreme moment came when the Cardinal rose, and "putting off his cap, took a bowl of gold filled with hypocras,"[1] and turning to the chief envoy, Montmorency, said: "I drink to the King, my soveraigne lord, and next unto the King, your master." In this pledge the alliance between France and England was cemented. The toasting now went merrily forward until "many of the Frenchmen were faine to be led to their beddes."

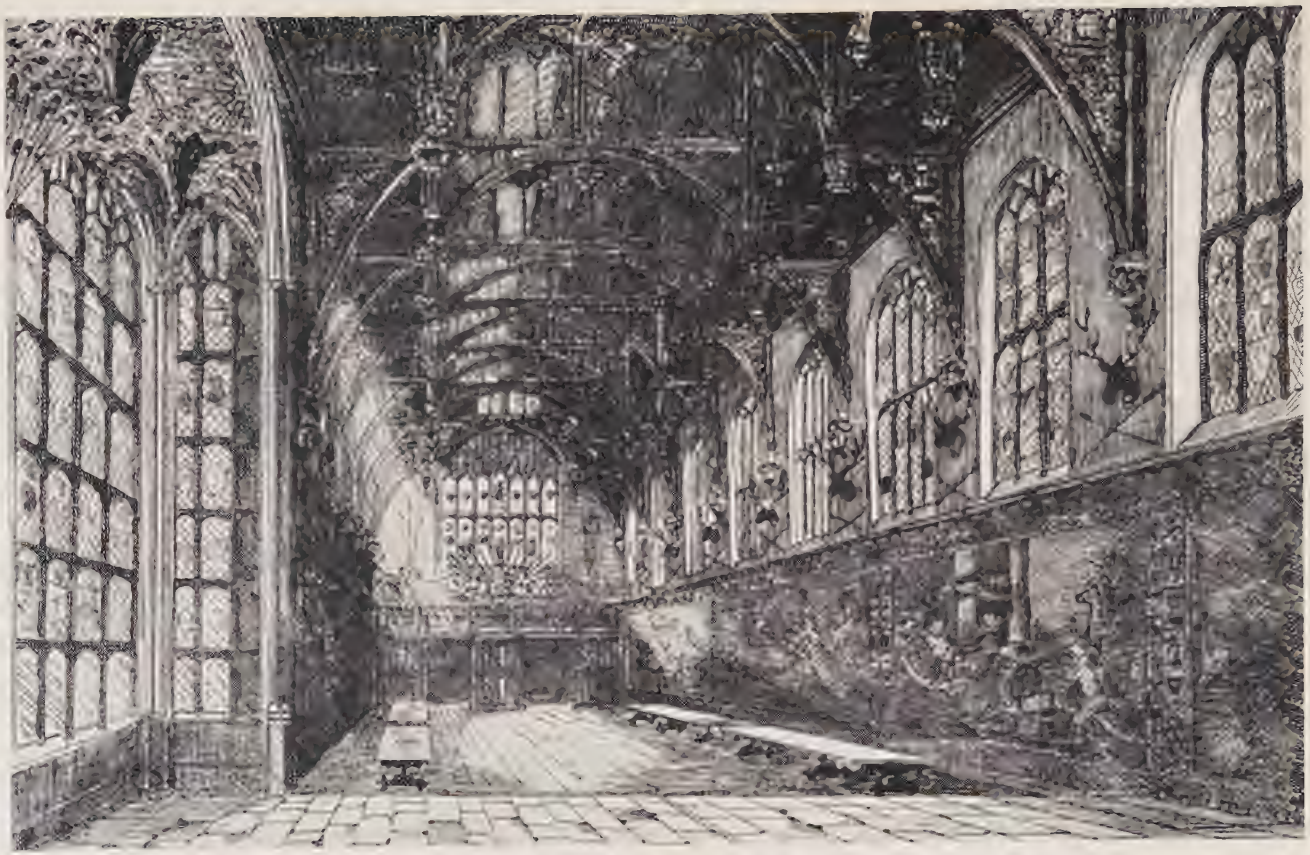
After this, the most sumptuous and the last of Wolsey's great entertainments, the decline of his power was rapid. Fate had

[1] A beverage composed of wine and spices.

procured Venus, in the form of the lovely "Mistress Anne Bulleine," to be his undoing, and from the day when he showed a disposition to thwart the King in his passion for the beautiful maid of honour, his fall was inevitable. There were no more merry masques by the King at the riverside Palace, no more familiar chats with "my goode Cardinall" in the gardens at Hampton Court. We have to record far different scenes. After the trial of Queen Katharine and the failure of Wolsey to secure the wished-for divorce, Henry made his displeasure manifest, and the Cardinal prepared to yield up without reserve his Palace and all its rich contents to the King. The last scene in the drama shows Wolsey superintending the making of an inventory of his goods. The costly stuffs, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, and "rich cloth of bodkin of divers colours" are duly set out. Two broad, long tables upon trestles are covered with his gold and silver plate, and baskets containing the broken plate calculated in ounces are also put aside for the rapacious King. The inventory of the magnificent furnishings proves well the saying that Hampton Court Palace was the greatest gift ever offered by subject to monarch.

With bowed head and abject mien, protesting that all he had was the King's by right, Wolsey, accompanied by the faithful Cavendish and a few attendants, departed from the scene of his splendour to his house at Esher. His days ended at Leicester Abbey in that melancholy wail, "Had I served my God as faithfully as I have served my King, He would not have forsaken me in my grey hairs."

So closed the first and greatest epoch of Hampton Court. Henceforth it became a Royal abode and the scene of gay Court



From an etching, by permission of Mansell, Hunt, Catty & Co.

HAMPTON COURT: INTERIOR OF THE GREAT HALL BUILT BY HENRY VIII.

[*To face p.* 180.

life, it is true ; but the scenes enacted there belonged chiefly to the domestic life of the monarchs. It was a favourite place for Royal honeymoons, *accouchements*, a health and pleasure resort for the Sovereign, and a place beloved of poets. The names of Surrey, Milton, Shakespeare, and Pope glorify its history, while those of the famous Hampton Court beauties painted by Lely in the reign of Charles II. gave the Palace memories of a less exalted kind.

After the departure of Wolsey, Henry made haste to establish himself at the Palace, and resolved to make it of even greater splendour and convenience. He obtained absolute possession of the manor from the Prior of the Knights Hospitallers—Wolsey had held it on a lease—by an agreement concluded May 30th, 1531. He pulled down the old hall and erected the magnificent apartment known to-day as the Great Hall, which, with its richly carved ornamental oak ceiling and beautiful windows, remains one of the finest bits of Tudor building extant. The roof and general exterior of the hall is a picturesque sight viewed from the Clock Court. Henry also built new kitchens, redecorated the chapel, and enlarged it by adding the portion having the gallery with the Royal pew, and he built a new range of apartments on the east, which were pulled down to make way for the new buildings of William and Mary, represented by the east front of to-day. He laid out a tennis court and bowling alley, had a tilt-yard for his jousts and tourneys, and later obtained several neighbouring manors to provide him with hunting ground, and so we are told "it had pleased the King to erect, build, and make a goodly, sumptuous, beautiful, and princely manor, decent and convenient for a King." Henry was anxious to make men forget whose master-mind had designed the

great Palace, and his initials and those of Anne Boleyn, with whom he passed many days of dalliance at Hampton Court ere he made her his Queen, are seen to-day about the walls and archways. The memory of the ill-fated Queen lives in Anne Boleyn's Gateway, the beautiful ceiling of which strikes the eye on entering the Clock Court.

It was at the Palace which he had ruthlessly taken for his enjoyment that the King received the tidings of the death of Wolsey. Cavendish was the bearer of the news, and found Henry engaged in shooting in the park. The communication took place when the King left his sport and retired to the private garden, and standing behind a doorway, "in a nightgown of russet velvet furred with sables," he received the intelligence from the kneeling Cavendish, and was pleased to say that he had rather £20,000 that Wolsey had lived. Nevertheless, he was minute in his questionings as to what had become of some paltry £1,500 which he knew to have been in the dead man's possession, and on Cavendish giving him satisfactory intelligence, the King promised him his arrears of salary, and took him into the Royal service.[1] The scene was a sordid and pitiful ending to Wolsey's connection with the Palace which he had erected.

It was a gay and careless life which Henry VIII. now lived at Hampton Court. Anne Boleyn was lodged there in great state and splendour, although she was not yet Queen, and in the company of his "awne darling" the King passed his time shooting at the rounds, displaying his feats of horsemanship in the tilt-yard, or his skill at tennis in his newly made court. "It is the prettiest thing

[1] Cavendish.

in the world to see him play," says a visitor[1] to Hampton Court at this period, "his fair skin glowing through a shirt of the finest texture." He had tennis shoes and drawers of a special kind, and velvet coats to put on when he rested from the game. Sometimes he rode forth with the fair Anne behind him on a pillion, or glided along the Thames in his gaily decorated barge with his charmer smiling under a luxurious awning, and in the summer evenings wandered with her in amorous converse about the old Tudor gardens. He composed love sonnets. too, did the King, in which constancy was his theme :—

> For whoso loveth, should love but one—
> Change whoso will, I will be none.

And the bright-eyed Anne believed him, though she was a daily witness of the slights being heaped upon poor Queen Katharine. The lovers had many tastes in common. They played and sang together—Henry upon his lute, Anne upon the virginals—and they read poetry and romantic literature in the library which Henry was creating at Hampton Court. The winter evenings were made merry with masques and mummeries and the wit of Will Somers, the jester, while excitement was found in games of hazard. Other revels were there, and banquetings at which Anne was queen of the feast.

At length, in July, 1533, all obstacles to their union having been imperiously waved aside by Henry, he brought Anne as his new-made Queen to Hampton Court, and held a series of great festivities in the newly erected hall in honour of the marriage. For three short years Anne reigned a Queen, and during her later visits to the Palace which had witnessed her triumph over Wolsey, she tasted

[1] Giustinian's Despatches.

as bitterly as the Cardinal had done the fickleness of the King's regard. Even before the sumptuous new apartments being built for her were ready, she had laid her beautiful head on the block, and Jane Seymour reigned in her stead.

To Hampton Court the new Queen came in the autumn of 1537 "to take her chamber," and on Friday, October 12th, was delivered of a Prince. The King was in an ecstasy of satisfaction, and, disregarding the critical state of the young mother, hurried forward the christening, which took place in Hampton Court Chapel on the following Monday. The infant was borne in a torch-light procession from his rooms to the chapel, his infantile body being carried by the Marchioness of Exeter, assisted by her husband and the Duke of Suffolk, while his train was borne by the Earl of Arundel and Lord William Howard. With strange irony Queen Katharine's daughter, the Princess Mary, was godmother, and Anne Boleyn's tiny child, the Princess Elizabeth, aged four, was present in a trained Court dress. Archbishop Cranmer bestowed the name of Edward on the Royal infant, and the great ceremonial, which lasted three hours—Edward VI. must have been a wonderfully good baby!—being over, the Prince was taken in procession to the Queen's apartments, where Queen Jane, who had been removed from her bed, reclined amidst red cushions, the King sitting beside her; he had not been at the christening. The King and Queen conferred their blessing on their offspring and so closed the scene, the excitement of which cost Queen Jane her life.[1] Immediately afterwards she was taken ill; the symptoms

[1] Thomas Cromwell states, in a letter, that the Queen met her death by the carelessness of those about her, who let her eat improper food and suffered her "to take a great cold"; State Papers of Henry VIII.

grew more alarming, and in a fortnight from the time of her child's birth she was dead. Her body lay in her chamber at the Palace watched by the ladies of the Court, Princess Mary standing at the head, and after being coffined, was placed before the altar of Hampton Court Chapel before being taken to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, for interment.

It is doubtful whether the room which witnessed the birth of Edward VI. and the death of his mother is in existence ; probably it was in the part of the Palace pulled down by Wiliam and Mary. Queen Jane's bed, which was seen by the German traveller Hentzner[1] in the reign of Elizabeth, has, like many other interesting relics, disappeared from Hampton Court.

The recent sad event cast a gloom over the Palace for the next few years, and it is chiefly known as the abode of the motherless Prince, who, under the care of his good nurse Mrs. Penn, whose monument and effigy are in Hampton Church, was there reared and nurtured. The King occasionally stayed at the Palace, but he was too painfully reminded of his loss to care to make it as much his abode as formerly. Henry appears to have sincerely mourned Queen Jane, for he remained a widower for three years.

The next memory which we have to record of Hampton Court is a very fleeting one of Anne of Cleves, who in the summer of 1540 waited complacently at the Palace for the tidings of the divorce which should liberate her and the King from a distasteful union. After her departure Henry arrived at Hampton Court with his fifth wife, the fair and erring Catherine Howard, to spend the honeymoon. They appear to have passed a happy and festive time together, but already

[1] See Hentzner's "Journey into England."

the cloud of ugly rumour was gathering which was shortly to burst over the Queen's head. It is of interest to note that it was at this time that Henry set up the curious astronomical clock still to be seen on the tower of the Clock Court of the Palace. In the autumn of 1541, about fifteen months after their marriage, Henry and Catherine came to Hampton Court to keep the festival of All Souls. On that occasion they received the Sacrament together, and Henry, casting his eyes to the altar, gave the following thanksgiving: "I render thanks to Thee, O Lord, that after so many strange accidents that have befallen my marriage, thou hast been pleased to give me a wife so entirely conformed to my inclinations as her I now have."[1] It proved a very premature thanksgiving, for while the King was hearing mass Cranmer slipped into his hand a paper concerning serious disclosures regarding the Queen's conduct before her marriage. The King professed to disbelieve them, and when the truth was forced upon him, burst into a paroxysm of weeping. He ordered the Queen to be confined to her room. Next morning she escaped and made an attempt to see the King, who was at mass in the chapel, but ere she gained the Royal pew, the guards seized her and carried her screaming to her room. Henry was unmoved by her cries, and in due time the unhappy woman expiated her follies on the scaffold. But on All Souls' Eve the ghost of Catherine Howard, so 'tis said, still goes shrieking through the haunted gallery behind the Royal pew in Hampton Court Chapel.

This may be a fitting place to record the ghostly memories of the Palace, as they all belong to the period of Henry VIII. First in order comes the gentle ghost of Jane Seymour, who, clad

[1] Strickland, vol. iii. p. 135.

in white garments and carrying a lighted candle, ascends the Queen's Staircase on the anniversary of the birth of her son, Edward VI. This apparition has been seen by several residents at Hampton Court in modern times, and formerly it created so much alarm that, according to Miss Strickland, the staircase was for a long period walled up. It was discovered and restored by Mr. Wilson, of Hampton Court. The ghost of Queen Jane, however, was not laid, and an interesting account of its appearance is given by Mrs. Russell Davies in *Borderland* for December, 1897. Mrs. Davies alleges that she saw Queen Jane sitting before the fireplace of a large bare room at Hampton Court with tapestry on the walls. The ghost subsequently appeared to Mrs. Davies in her own house and explained the extenuating circumstances under which she married Henry. Queen Jane, it would seem, justified herself in supplanting Anne Boleyn because the latter had previously usurped the place of Katharine of Arragon.

During her visit to Hampton Court in search of ghosts Mrs. Russell Davies also saw Catherine Howard, but instead of the distraught creature rushing along the haunted gallery uttering piercing shrieks on All Souls' Eve, she appeared, says Mrs. Davies, as "one of the most radiant beings it had ever been my lot to perceive." Further testimony as to the ghostly sounds comes from Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, a lady having apartments adjacent to the haunted gallery. A few years ago she was startled out of her sleep by a loud shriek, coming, she felt sure, from the gallery, and a year later her friend Lady Eastlake, who had not been told the story, divulged the fact that during a previous visit to Hampton Court she, too, had heard a piercing shriek in the

dead of night from the same quarter.[1] The corroborative testimony is certainly remarkable. The custodians at the Palace when recently questioned as to the sounds in the haunted gallery laughingly attributed them to rats. The gallery has long been kept as a lumber room, and one would think that the best way to lay the ghost would be to throw the apartment open to the public.

Yet another apparition, also a Tudor ghost, haunts the Palace, in the form of the excellent Mrs. Penn, the nurse and foster-mother of Edward VI. She first appeared, according to Mr. Law's account, after the desecration of her tomb in Hampton Church. Strange sounds, as of a spinning-wheel in motion and accompanied by angry mutterings, were heard through the wall of one of the rooms in the south-west wing of the Palace. When the Board of Works instituted an inquiry, an unknown chamber was discovered in this part of the Palace, and in it stood an old spinning-wheel, and where the treadle struck the floor, the oaken boards were worn away. The explanation was that this was one of Mrs. Penn's old rooms, and that her spirit came to work the old familiar wheel. The good lady had been given a suite of rooms in the Palace, in recognition of her past services, and there she died from smallpox in Elizabeth's reign. During recent years Mrs. Penn's ghost has been very persistent, and the whirring of the spinning-wheel and her unearthly mutterings have been heard by several occupants of the Palace, while her gaunt figure in a long, grey robe, with a hood over her head, has been seen by at least one narrator, who afterwards found a startling confirmation of the vision when chancing to see the effigy of Mrs.

[1] "History of Hampton Court," by Mr. Ernest Law.

Penn on her monument. A sentry also was startled one night, not many years ago, by seeing Mrs. Penn's gaunt form pass through one of the walls, and he ran in terror to the guard-room, saying that he had seen a ghost.

The unfortunate affair of Catherine Howard did not deter Henry VIII. from the pursuit of matrimony. In the summer of 1543 he came to Hampton Court to spend yet another honeymoon, the sharer of his joy on this occasion being Catharine Parr, widow of Lord Latimer. The marriage was, indeed, celebrated with absolute callousness in the Queen's closet adjoining Hampton Court Chapel, which had been the scene of the late Queen's distressing capture. The remaining years of Henry's reign passed without special event, but he came frequently to sojourn at his riverside Palace, though he could no longer enjoy the sports and pastimes which had formerly rendered his Court so gay. Too old and stout for playing tennis, or showing feats of horsemanship in the tilt-yard, or even for hunting the deer, the King found his chief recreations in reading, playing upon his lute, watching with satisfaction the budding youth of his son and heir, and receiving complacently the attentions of his wife and daughters. Catharine Parr presided with discretion and tact over the Royal *ménage*, which included not only the stout and irascible old King, but the respective children of three of his former wives—Princess Mary, Princess Elizabeth, and Edward Prince of Wales. In the Queen's Audience Chamber of Hampton Court the visitor will find a picture which exactly mirrors this last period of Henry's life. He himself is seated dressed in the traditional jaunty hat and feather, his legs well displayed, and with one hand resting on the shoulders of the young

Prince Edward, who stands on his right. Catharine Parr occupies a seat beside her husband, with hands meekly folded in her lap, and wearing a look of abject submission. The Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, two comely looking young women dressed alike in petticoats and trains of sombre hue, stand one on either side of the central group, while in the background are the figures of Will Somers, the jester, and "Jane the Fool."

It is to the closing years of Henry VIII. that the memories of the poetic Earl of Surrey belong, as narrated in his romantic poem of "Fair Geraldine." The heroine is supposed to have been the Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, a young girl belonging to the household of Princess Mary, with whom Surrey was enamoured while attending Court at the Palace.

> Hunsdon did first present her to mine eyne:
> Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
> Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
> And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.

Surrey, having incurred the King's displeasure, was imprisoned in the Round Tower at Windsor, and there, his mind dwelling on the fair Geraldine, whom he had recently seen at Hampton Court, he began the poem in her honour. As he had a beautiful countess living, it is probable that the praise of Geraldine was merely a poet's rhapsody. Mr. Law, in his history of Hampton Court, quotes some of Surrey's lines relative to "the large green courts" and to tennis-playing, and connects them with the Palace, but they occur in the "Elegy on Windsor" and relate to Surrey's youth at Windsor Castle at the time when he was courting his wife.

The last visit of Henry VIII. to Hampton Court was in

From an etching, by permission of Mansell, Hunt, Catty & Co

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: THE GREAT CLOCK GATEWAY.

[*To face p.* 190.

1546, when he received the French Ambassador and the Lord High Admiral of France, to ratify the treaty of peace. His death took place in the following year at Westminster Palace and his burial at Windsor.

For the succeeding years the Palace which the great Tudor monarch and his greater minister Wolsey had reared with such pomp and circumstance, became with little alteration the abode successively of his three children. There the young Edward VI. was kept while the Protector Somerset was waging his stormy disputes with the Council, and on one occasion the Palace came near a state of siege. To the Palace Queen Mary came to spend in retirement some of the early weeks of her married life with King Philip, and to it she later returned "to take her chamber," and make elaborate preparations for the birth of a *prince*. Neither prince nor princess arrived in fulfilment of her expectations, and the Palace never witnessed a more woe-begone sight than Mary Tudor, ill and disfigured with dropsy, sitting huddled up on the floor of her chamber bewailing her disappointment, as she realised with an additional pang the contempt and loathing with which Philip now regarded her. After this wretched scene it is not surprising that Queen Mary cared little for being at Hampton Court.

With the accession of Elizabeth, however, the Palace returned to its former glory. It became her palace of pleasure, as it had been that of her father and her unfortunate mother. She took great delight in adding to its costly furniture and adornments; had the gardens laid out with great beauty, and converted at times the magnificent hall into a theatre, where pieces were performed

before the Queen and Court; and there masques and revels took place at Christmas, a season which Elizabeth frequently spent at Hampton. She hunted the deer, shot with her cross-bow at the target, witnessed tourneys in the tilt-yard, took the water in her stately barge, rode forth on her palfrey, and wandered in the shady gardens listening to tales of love.

Most of the men who helped in the making of the history of the Elizabethan period resorted to Hampton Court in these days. Thither also came envoys from foreign princes to seek the hand of the Virgin Queen, and many distinguished strangers to see the glory of her Court. She presided over Councils in the Palace, and held many anxious consultations with Cecil and the Protestant bishops, and there in 1568 she received the commissioners of Mary Queen of Scots, and held the Council of Peers to examine the incriminating documents in Mary's famous casket. Before affairs had reached this unhappy stage, however, Elizabeth had received Melville, who came as Mary's envoy to promote good relationships with her cousin of England. Melville's "Memoirs" contain vivid sketches of Elizabeth as he found her at Hampton Court. Walking in the gardens with her, he discoursed on dress, and the vain Queen assured him she had clothes of every sort, and each succeeding day demonstrated the fact by appearing in dresses of different fashions—English, French, and Italian—and was well pleased when the sagacious envoy praised her appearance in the Italian costume. "She delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was more reddish than gold," unkindly adds Melville. Elizabeth was jealously curious about the reputed beauty of Mary Queen of Scots, and

catechised the envoy on the subject. "Whose hair was best, his Queen's or her own, and which of them was the fairest?" To this he replied, "You are the fairest Queen in England, and mine is the fairest Queen in Scotland." After that she inquired which of them was of the higher stature, and Melville answered, "My Queen." "Then," replied Elizabeth with satisfaction, "she is too high, for I myself am neither too high nor too low!" Next the envoy was questioned on *his* Queen's accomplishments, and answered that she played "reasonably well for a Queen." Two days later Elizabeth was pleased to dance for the edification of the envoy, who again was beset with awkward questions. "Who danced best, herself or Mary?" asked Elizabeth, and Melville replied that his Queen "danced not so high or disposedly as she did."[1]

We pass from these scenes at Hampton Court to the last years of Elizabeth's reign, when Hentzner visited the Palace and has left long and minute descriptions of the grandeur and beauty of the abode, and of the great state which the Queen kept up. She was at this period sixty-six years of age, and Hentzner gives this famous pen-portrait of her: "Next came the Queen, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, yet black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black. She had in her ears two pearls with very rich drops; she wore false hair, and that red; and she had a necklace of exceeding fine jewels. Her hands were small, her fingers long, and her stature neither tall nor low; her air was stately; her manner of speaking mild and obliging." He further relates that her courtiers knelt when she addressed them, and all on whom she turned her glance

[1] "Memoirs" of Sir James Melville.

as she progressed through the state apartments made a servile obeisance.[1]

The last scene which closes the Elizabethan memories of Hampton Court is very characteristic of the great Queen. Her last recorded visit took place in 1599, and she prepared to leave the Palace on horseback, though she was so frail that she could scarce maintain her seat in face of a storm which was blowing. Lord Hunsdon, with more concern for the Queen's safety than discretion, said: "It is not meet for one of your Majesty's years to ride in such a storm." "*My* years!" retorted the Queen, with a withering look at the speaker; and, turning to her ladies, said, "Maids, to your horses, quickly." And with this flash of her old majestic spirit, which neither old age nor infirmity could quell, Elizabeth rode forth from the Palace gateway. A memorial of the great Queen still survives in the stables which she erected and the beautiful large oriel window of her room, overlooking the old pond garden which she loved. Beneath the window are the letters E.R., and the date, 1568. It is in the tower, immediately adjoining the south-east front built by Wren, which happily escaped demolition. From the garden below an interesting view is obtained of the pointed gables, embattled walls, and beautifully wrought chimneys of the old Tudor Palace as Wolsey and Henry VIII. knew it, in juxtaposition to the classic and imposing, though less picturesque, architecture of Wren's building.

When James came over the Border to his new kingdom, he celebrated his first Christmas in this country at Hampton Court Palace, where, in accordance with the lively taste of his Queen, Anne

[1] Hentzner's "Journey into England."

of Denmark, a series of masques and ballets and other entertainments took place. In the Great Hall was enacted a masque entitled "The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses," by Samuel Daniel, Master of the Queen's Revels, and the wardrobe of the defunct Elizabeth was ransacked to provide dresses for the "goddesses." The Queen herself played Pallas, the ladies of her Court representing other deities. On New Year's Night, "Robin Goodfellow" was performed by the King's Company of Comedians, among whom we note the name of William Shakespeare. It is not improbable that the play of "Henry VIII." was, at a later date, performed in the hall which the Tudor monarch had built.

But it is not by masques and revels, nor by hunting parties in the then famous Hampton Court preserves, though these were frequent enough, that the Palace attained fame in the reign of the first James, but by something more congenial to the pedantic and disputatious Scottish King—namely, the discussion on points of doctrine between the bishops and the Puritans known as the Hampton Court Conference. The famous proceedings began on January 14th, 1604, in the King's privy chamber, an apartment on the east side of the Clock Court. James sat at the head of the Council Board, down the sides of which were ranged all the great Church dignitaries of the time, foremost among whom was Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury. The King opened the Conference by an hour's discourse, in which the "Solomon" newly come to judgment aired his theologic pedantry with great edification to himself, and the High Church bishops said "Amen." A discussion of some hours followed, but the spirit of the Conference may be gathered from the fact that the representatives of the Puritans—

Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Sparks, Mr. Knewstubs, and Mr. Chaderton—were appointed to sit on a form *outside* the Council room.

At the next sitting, on January 16th, the Puritan divines were invited to state their case before the King's Majesty and the State and ecclesiastical dignitaries, which they did kneeling, Dr. Reynolds being chief spokesman. He was frequently interrupted by angry retorts from the Bishop of London and vulgar attempts at wit on the part of the King. However, Dr. Reynolds continued to argue the Puritan objections to the Thirty-nine Articles with scholarly dignity, and happily when the learned doctor said: "May your Majesty be pleased that the Bible be new translated, such translations as are extant not answering the original?" James overruled the angry protests of the Bishop of London and agreed with the Puritan divine. The result was the Authorised Version of the Scriptures, which for ever stamps with honour the Hampton Court Conference in the annals of the country.

Had James been more tolerant on other points brought forward, and had had sagacity to realise the growing strength of the Reformed Party in the country, Hampton Court Palace would have witnessed less painful scenes in the reign of his son. The Conference closed after the third sitting on January 18th, and with nothing accomplished towards the reconciliation of the contending parties, who, in the years which followed, fought out the struggle to the bitter end in civil war. Meantime, James was happy: he had aired his wisdom and, to use his own words, had "kept such a revel with the Puritans as was never heard the like," and congratulated himself that he had "*peppered thaime soundlie.*"

Before fifty years had gone by, the Palace which had witnessed

the "peppering" of the Puritans was ruled by Oliver Cromwell. In that interval James had played out his foolish game, leaving his son to reap the bitter fruit. It was at Hampton Court Palace that Charles I. kept up the last show of regal state permitted by his captors. Fearing that the Nemesis was at hand, the King tried to evade it by escape. On a dark and stormy November evening in 1647, King Charles might have been seen stealing from his apartments in the Palace, down the privy stairs and through the privy gardens to the riverside, accompanied by faithful Colonel Legge. The King was met by other friends, and under cover of darkness crossed the river in a boat to the Surrey side, where he took horse to Southampton. The ultimate futility of this famous escape of Charles I. from Hampton Court Palace needs not to be told.

Three years later, Parliament, after debating what should be done with the once "Royal" Palace, voted it to the Lord Protector for a country retreat on September 6th, 1650. When he took possession of it, Cromwell was in his sixtieth year, and in failing health. He was thankful for the quietude of his new abode, after the storm and stress of recent years, and loved to stroll in its beautiful grounds. At other times he would sit for hours in the Great Hall listening to Milton as he played the organ, or again he would be found in affectionate solicitude by the couch of his sick daughter, Lady Claypole. These are the sidelights on the character of the inflexible Puritan which Hampton Court reveals. When his beloved daughter was found to be past recovery, Cromwell was completely broken down and unable to transact business. George Fox had tried to comfort Lady Claypole in her illness, and was "moved" to send her some words of counsel. One may imagine

Cromwell with breaking voice reading aloud the letter to his daughter: "Friend, be still and cool in thy own mind and spirit, from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God to turn thy mind to the Lord from whom cometh life, whereby thou mayest receive His strength and power to allay all storm and tempests," and so continuing in characteristic style. The quaint and beautiful letter, which Lady Claypole said "staid her mind," was after her death copied and distributed amongst the Quakers, who gave it to people in trouble.

After his daughter's death, Cromwell was a broken man, and his pathetic state is described by George Fox, who in his "Journal"[1] records his last interview with him, which took place in Hampton Court Park. "The same day taking boat," he writes, "I went to Kingston and thence to Hampton Court to speak with the Protector about the sufferings of Friends. I met him riding into Hampton Court Park, and before I came to him as he rode at the head of his Life Guards, I saw and felt a waft (or apparition) of death go forth against him; and when I came to him he looked like a dead man." Despite this, Fox dealt faithfully with him respecting the "sufferings of the Friends," according as he was "moved" to speak. Shortly after this interview Cromwell went to Whitehall, where he died on September 3rd—his lucky day, and the anniversary of his victories at Dunbar and Worcester.

History repeats itself in the memories which gather around Hampton Court after the Restoration. Under Charles II. it became more than ever the abode of pleasure and the scene of a gay and dissolute Court. The rebound from Puritanism was

[1] Vol. i. p. 345.

Photo by H. N. King.

HAMPTON COURT: THE LONG CANAL, MADE BY CHARLES II.

[*To face p.* 198.

nowhere more shamefully apparent than in the scenes connected with this secluded Palace by the riverside. Its walks and bowers were peopled by a careless, laughing throng of gaily dressed cavaliers and pretty women, who exchanged the ribald jest in courtly phrase, and in morals emulated the example of the Merry Monarch. They lived only for each day's pleasure—the water excursion, the game of tennis or bowls, the dance, the assignation, the midnight revel. In the background of the Court life moved the patient and submissive figure of Catharine of Braganza, surrounded by her unattractive Portuguese waiting-women, while my Lady Castlemaine, the Duchess of Portsmouth, and other Royal favourites openly received the King's attention. The portraits of the beauties of Charles II.'s Court, originally painted by Lely for Windsor Castle, but banished to Hampton Court Palace (where they now hang) by George III., show in their shameless pose the type of woman who reigned at the Restoration Court.

The Palace had been the scene of a series of great entertainments when, on May 29th, 1662, Charles brought his new-made bride, Catharine of Braganza, to Hampton Court. The progress of the Queen from her native shores to London and thence to Hampton has been illustrated in a series of quaint etchings by Dirk Stoop.[1] They give an admirable pictorial idea of the dress of the period, while Evelyn supplies a pen portrait of the Queen. He records: "The Queen arrived with a train of Portuguese ladies in their monstrous fardingales, or *guard infantes*, their complexions *olivader* (dark olive) and sufficiently unagreeable. Her Majesty in the same habit, her fore-top long and turned aside very strangely. She

[1] In Sheepshank's Collection, British Museum.

was yet of the hansomest countenance of all the rest, and though low of stature, prettily shaped, languishing and excellent eyes," but the more faithful than polite chronicler adds, "her teeth wronging her mouth by sticking a little too far out; for the rest lovely enough."[1] Her following served the gay cavaliers for fun and caricature; there were her prim Portuguese ladies under the charge of a *guarda-dames*, an austere duenna who must have had her vigilance put to the test in Charles's Court, and an old knight, with his wisp of white hair bound about his bald pate by a thread of gold, who was a kind of major-domo of the new household.

This kind of thing was not likely to suit Charles II.; and his convent-bred Queen, with her dowdy taste and disregard of the prevalent fashion in dress, soon found herself neglected for those who better understood how to flatter and please the King. In the meantime, however, the Royal honeymoon passed off with *éclat*. Pepys records on May 29th, 1662: "This being the King's birthday, was very solemnly observed; and the more, for that the Queen this day comes to Hampton Court. In the evening, bonfires were made, but nothing to the great number that was heretofore at the burning of the Rump." He describes the Queen as a "handsome and fine lady, and very discreet," and "fears" that "she may put Madame Castlemaine's nose out of joynt." He notes that while the Court are at Hampton taking part in the marriage festivities, "all people are discontented." On August 22nd the diarist records the famous water pageant, when the King and Queen came from Hampton Court to Whitehall in

[1] Evelyn's "Diary," May 30th, 1662.

their barge, sitting under a gaily decorated canopy and attended by a thousand boats and barges, so that "we could see no water for them." The City dignitaries came out to meet the King with all kinds of emblematic aquatic display, minutely portrayed in one of the etchings, before referred to, by Dirk Stoop. Even Pepys, who was certainly not averse to a little scandal well spiced, shakes his head over the "vanities and vices" of the Royal *ménage* as he rides from Court in a coach along with his fellow diarist, Evelyn, with whom he had "excellent discourse." We are a little sceptical about Mr. Pepys, though, and inclined to attribute the *tone* of the discourse to Mr. Evelyn.

One passes gladly from these shady memories of the Restoration Court to the beautifying of the Palace and its grounds. In that Charles II. has left a heritage which posterity enjoys to-day. The big fountain garden with its avenues and beautiful vistas to the river, the great canal, and many of the fine glades in the adjacent Home Park were laid out by Charles II. No one has done more than he to enhance the natural beauties of the domain. The King also filled the Palace once again with paintings and beautiful furniture as it had been in the days of his father, before the Commonwealth ransacked its stately chambers and sold many of its treasures abroad.

The Palace and grounds are thus described by Evelyn at the time these improvements were taking place: "Hampton Court is as noble and uniform a pile, and as capacious as any Gothic architecture can have made it. There is an incomparable furniture in it, especially hangings designed by Raphael, very rich with gold; also many rare pictures, especially the Cæsarean triumph of Andrea

Mantegna,[1] formerly the Duke of Mantua's; of the tapestries, I believe the world can show nothing nobler of the kind than the stories of Abraham and Tobit. The gallery of horns is very particular for the vast beams of stags, elks, antelopes, etc. The Queen's bed was an embroidery of silver on crimson velvet and cost £8,000, being a present made by the States of Holland when his Majesty returned, and had formerly been given by them to our King's sister, the Princess of Orange, and being bought by her again, was now presented to the King. The great looking-glass was given by the Queen-Mother (Henrietta Maria). The Queen brought over with her from Portugal such Indian cabinets as had never before been seen here. The Great Hall is a most magnificent room. The chapel roof excellently fretted and gilt. I was also curious to visit the wardrobe and tents and other furniture of state."

He then proceeds to describe the improvements in the demesne: "The park, formerly a flat and naked piece of ground, now planted with sweet rows of lime-trees, and the canal for water, now near perfected; also the park. In the garden is a rich and noble fountain, with sirens' statues, etc., cast in copper by Fanelli; but no plenty of water. The cradle-work of horn-beam in the garden is for the perplexed twining of the trees, very observable. There is a parterre which they call 'Paradise,' in which is a pretty banqueting house set over a cave or cellar."[2] It seemed to be the ambition of Charles II. to convert Hampton Court into a Versailles,

[1] These pictures were collected by Charles I., and retained in the Palace at the instance of Cromwell.

[2] Evelyn's "Diary," June 9th, 1662.

Photo by H. N. King.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: THE SOUTH-EAST FRONT, AS COMPLETED BY SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN.

[*To face p.* 202.

and he employed Rose, the pupil of the famous Le Notre, to carry out his schemes.

Gay again changes to grave in the history of the Palace with the coming of William and Mary, and instead of the Merry Monarch and his cavaliers we see the sombre Prince of Orange, with his Dutch followers, and his formal and stately Queen, with her ladies, pacing the walks and avenues of Hampton Court. Instead of the rollicking laugh of King Charles is heard the asthmatic cough of King William. On their first arrival in this country, the King and Queen chose Hampton Court for their principal country palace, and prepared to enlarge and beautify it in imitation of their regretted Palace of Loo in the Netherlands. Before the scheme had been carried through, however, Parliament began to complain of the constant absence of the King and Queen at Hampton Court, and their Majesties found it expedient to leave in abeyance the projected additions to that Palace, while they converted old Nottingham House into Kensington Palace for their immediate occupation, and with the latter their lives are more intimately associated. Still, whenever opportunity offered, William and Mary were to be found spending little holidays at Hampton Court, and under their superintendence the private gardens were laid out in the Dutch style. Bushey Park was during this period laid out in avenues with limes and horse-chestnuts, and the beautiful Broad Walk which extends past the east front to the river was formed. But most important of the improvements was the building of the magnificent south-east front by Sir Christopher Wren, and to make way for it the old Royal apartments built by Henry VIII. were destroyed.

The east front contains the range of state apartments so

familiar to visitors to Hampton Court. In style and arrangement they bear a family likeness to those which William and Mary built at Kensington Palace. There are the same long King's Gallery and Queen's Gallery, with their respective suites of apartments—the larger rooms, for state occasions, commanding a view of the gardens of the east front, and the smaller private rooms at the back of these overlooking the cool, quiet Fountain Court. Many relics of William and Mary and of other Sovereigns are now to be seen in these rooms, while the walls are hung with pictures of various masters and periods, including some interesting Tudor portraits and the valuable collection of Charles I., as well as some fine tapestry and the famous Hampton Court cartoons.

While the building was proceeding at the Palace, Mary, who had a taste for architecture and gardening, often came to superintend the "worckmen." She lived with her ladies in a pavilion by the riverside, spending the summer days "knotting," working embroideries, and discussing the merits of the delft-ware which she was collecting for her rooms. At other times she might have been seen pacing to and fro down the avenue of intertwining trees, on the grassy terrace which is still known as "Queen Mary's Bower," and is one of the favourite walks of pleasure-seekers at Hampton Court. The excellent Queen desired to perpetuate the beauty of some of her ladies, and commissioned Sir Godfrey Kneller to paint a series of their portraits to adorn the new Palace. She was unspeakably astonished to find that the idea was not popular, and asked Lady Dorchester if she could explain why it was not. "Madam," was the famous reply, "if the King was to ask for the portraits of all the wits in his Court, would not the rest think

Photo by H. N. King.

HAMPTON COURT: QUEEN MARY'S BOWER.

[*To face p.* 204.

he called them fools?" The Queen did not see the application and persisted in having her gallery of Hampton Court "beauties." The portraits which were such an occasion for heart-burning and jealousy now hang in the King's Presence Chamber, and a more unattractive set of "beauties" was surely never seen. One feels that the ladies included in the series had more cause for anger than those omitted, for certainly the painter did not flatter them. The ugly, prudish garments in which they are dressed were doubtless designed as an edifying contrast to the *décolletée* beauties of Charles II.'s Court. Mary did not live to enjoy the enlarged and beautified Palace, and for some time after her death, which occurred at Kensington, William came seldom to Hampton Court.

After the close of the seventeenth century the Palace has few memories which need recording, save the fall from his horse in the Home Park which caused William's death. It had become in appearance what we know it to-day, and served as an occasional resort for the Court throughout the reigns of Anne and the two first Georges. Anne improved upon the gardens of her sister Mary, and in her reign Pope celebrated the charms of Hampton Court in "The Rape of the Lock." Caroline, the Queen of George II., also exercised her taste in horticulture on the grounds of Hampton Court. She indeed brought to it some of its old-time gaiety, and her fair maids of honour, so famous in the Kensington promenades, were familiar figures in the gardens of the riverside Palace. The "Memoirs" of Walpole and of Hervey give glimpses into its life under George II. and Caroline, and Mr. W. H. Wilkins, the recent biographer of that "illustrious" Queen, gives a vivid picture of her Court at Hampton Court, and speaks of her delight

in the place.[1] Still, it was no longer associated with great and historic events, and after the accession of George III. it ceased to be a Royal residence. It is said that George III. took a dislike to it because his grandfather, George II., had once boxed his ears when he was staying at the Palace, but it is more likely that that virtuous monarch and his good Queen looked with distaste on it because of its "shady" memories.

Gradually its fine old rooms were apportioned into suites of apartments for members of distinguished families and others who had claims on Royal consideration. To-day I believe there are about forty-five suites of apartments inhabited, comprising in all a thousand rooms. Until the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign the state apartments were kept closed, and many of them, including even the Great Hall of Henry VIII., were used as lumber places. She it was who decreed that these historic rooms should be renovated and opened freely to the public, along with the matchless grounds, which seem each season to take on new beauty. Now nearly half a million pleasure-seekers visit Hampton Court each year, and the old courts and gateways which first resounded to the stately tread of the great Cardinal echo to the boisterous fun of "'Arry" and "'Arriet," or are reverently trod by the antiquarian. Few places yield at once such old-time charm and so many natural delights of garden, park, and river, as Hampton Court. The maze, the great vine, the fountains, the Tudor gardens, and the chestnut avenue afford perennial pleasure to Londoners.

A writer in *Fraser's Magazine* for August, 1846, recalls the days when it required a little fortune to see over Hampton Court Palace,

[1] "Caroline the Illustrious," by W. H. Wilkins.

Photo by H. N. King.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE: QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM.

[*To face p.* 206.

by reason of the tolls exacted literally at the door of every apartment by "lady" housemaids, and to see over it was a thing only likely to occur once in a lifetime. An instance within that writer's knowledge is given of a gentleman who refused to give the required "tips" and was punished by being shut up in a chamber until the housemaid thought fit to liberate him.

Since his accession the King has shown a great interest in the old Royal Palace at Hampton Court—so much so that there was a rumour that his Majesty intended having a suite of rooms prepared there for his own occupation, and would inaugurate some aquatic pageants. By his instructions the beautiful iron screens made for William and Mary, and which were scattered in museums and elsewhere, are now erected on their old foundations between the privy gardens and the river, and have a charming effect from the towing-path, where their exquisite workmanship is seen to great advantage.

IV

KENSINGTON PALACE

From an engraving by R. White.

KING WILLIAM III. AND QUEEN MARY II.,
The founders of Kensington Palace.

[*To face p.* 211.

IV

KENSINGTON PALACE

THE history of the old red-brick Palace standing so unpretentiously in Kensington Gardens is in keeping with its quiet appearance. Its walls have no great tragedies to tell; treason has not been hatched within its chambers, nor dark intrigues whispered in its corridors. There monarchs have lived and died, thankful for its seclusion. True, under the rule of Queen Anne and of George II. and Caroline of Anspach it enjoyed a share of Court gaieties, but essentially it has remained a Palace more suited "to drink tea in" than for state festivals. Attempts have been made to enlarge and beautify it by successive occupiers; but the elements of severity, solidity, and precision imparted to it by the Dutch taste of William and Mary have triumphed over later additions, and it remains to-day sufficiently formal and stiff to satisfy the ghosts of its founders, should they haunt the Broad Walk. Still, Kensington Palace has a distinction of its own. It comes into view at the momentous period of English history when the Revolution of 1688 had secured the rights of the people and the Protestant succession, and its unbending solidity is as typical of that period as Whitehall Palace was of the splendour and follies of the banished Stuarts.

When William of Orange and his English consort, Mary, took possession of the throne of James II., it became necessary for the new King to have an abode in a purer atmosphere than Whitehall, where the vapours from the Thames aggravated the asthma from which he suffered. Hampton Court Palace was at first selected, and their Majesties proceeded to fashion it into a resemblance of the Palace of Loo, their favourite residence in Holland. However, their dream of rural quietude at Hampton Court was quickly dissipated. Lord Halifax told the King that the ministers found his new abode an inconvenient distance from London, and that there was general dissatisfaction that he did not live more at Whitehall. "Do you wish to see me dead?" gasped William. However, his remonstrances were in vain, and he finally effected a compromise with his ministers, by agreeing to have a residence within easy distance of London, since he could not live at Whitehall. In the dilemma of getting a suitable house for the King, Mary asked the advice of her chamberlain, Lord Nottingham, and it chanced that he had a pleasant villa in the then retired and salubrious district of Kensington which he was willing to place at her disposal. It was a plain red-brick house, situated close to the gravel pits, and standing in some twenty acres of secluded grounds. For many years it had been the home of the Finch family, members of which had been distinguished in law and in politics. When Sir Heneage Finch, Lord Chancellor in the reign of Charles II., was created Earl of Nottingham, the family abode at Kensington became Nottingham House. Originally the demesne belonged to the Abbey of Westminister, and the abbots had there a manor house which went by the name of Neyt. Five

centuries ago, this, the precursor of Kensington Palace, had a connection with Royalty, John of Gaunt having lived in the abbot's house about 1381, as a temporary convenience after the burning by the insurgents of his palace in the Strand. Richard Duke of York also tenanted the house, and there his son Prince John, who died in infancy, was born. After the Dissolution the manor was yielded to Henry VIII., and there is a tradition that his daughter Elizabeth was sent there as an infant, for the benefit of the pure air. If this be true, it is an interesting coincidence that Kensington Palace should have been associated with the early years of Queen Elizabeth, as well as being the birthplace of Victoria.

The exact history of the house and manor after the Dissolution is not clear. It is supposed to have been granted to Sir Richard Rich, Chancellor under Edward VI. His great-grandson, Henry Rich, created Lord Kensington by James I., and who later became Earl of Holland, had possession of the manor house at Kensington, but sold it, preferring to live at Holland House, which he had obtained by marriage. Eventually the Kensington house became, as we have already shown, the family abode of the Finch family—those "black funereal Finches" described by the satirist, Sir Hanbury Williams—and at the period of which we are writing was in the possession of the representative of that family, the second Earl of Nottingham, Queen Mary's chamberlain, and from him the King purchased it for the sum of eighteen thousand guineas.

The people were in such ill-humour over the expenditure on Hampton Court Palace that William found it advisable to exercise economy in the alterations to his new abode. To Sir Christopher Wren the work was entrusted of converting old

Nottingham House into a Royal Palace, and he began his task in the autumn of 1689. Sir Christopher and the builders appear to have been vigilantly overlooked by the Queen. The State records furnish data of alterations made and moneys spent on this and that part of the house and demesne, and these continue to afford points of dispute for the antiquarians ; but greater interest attaches to the "human" side of the undertaking as it affected William and Mary. The Queen's "Memoirs," [1] a kind of diary, together with her letters to the Electress Sophia of Hanover, preserved in the State Archives of Hanover, furnish an amusing account of the tribulations with "worckmen" which Mary endured, and read more like the anxieties of a middle-class housewife getting a suburban villa into order than of a Queen preparing a Palace. Part of the time their Majesties stayed at the famous Holland House, while Kensington was being made ready for their reception ; but so anxious were they to get into their new house that they occupied the old portion as soon as it was renovated, without waiting until the additions were finished. "The misfortune of the King's health," writes Mary, "which hindered him living at White Hall, put people out of humour, being here naturally lazy. The King had bought Lord Nottingham's house to please them, but that not being ready, he resolved to borrow Holland

[1] "Lettres et Mémoires de Marie Reine d'Angleterre, épouse de Guillaume III." An entry in the "Memoirs" reveals the fact that Mary burned many of her "meditations." She records: "I loockt over all my meditations and burnt most of them, feering they might fall into hands I did not like. The journals I had kept, I put in a bag and tyed by my side resolving if anything happened to have them ready to burn." This precaution was taken by the Queen when she rescued her private belongings from Whitehall Palace at the time of the first fire in 1691.

House the meanwhile. Thither we came the 16 of October (1689). There, tho' I was very ill accommodated all manner of *wais*, yet the Lord gave me grace to spend *me* time well." Later, she records: "I was so unsettled at Holland House I could not do as I would. This made me go oftener to *Kinsington* to hasten the *worckmen*, I was so impatient to *be at* that place, imagining to find more ease there. This I often reproved my self for, and at last it pleased God to shew me the uncertainty of all things below; for part of the house which was new built fell down."

Mary, indeed, very narrowly escaped being killed, or at least injured, in the catastrophe, for according to a news-letter of the time the new apartment "suddenly fell flat to the ground, killing seven or eight workmen and labourers. The Queen had been in that apartment only a little while before." In spite of this disaster the King determined to settle himself in his new abode, or at least in such portion of it as was habitable, for Christmas. Mr. Loftie, in his short history of the Palace, gives the date of February 25th, 1690, as the time when their Majesties took up their abode in old Nottingham House, now to be to be known as Kensington Palace, but the Queen's "Memoirs" show the Royal occupation to have been two months earlier. "I forgot to observe," writes the Queen, "that the 23 of December (1689) we came to *Kinsington* from Holland House. Blessed be God, who has at last after more *then* nine months being in England, and never *setled*, brought me to a place where I hope to be more at leisure to serve my maker and to *worck* out my salvation with fear and trembling." Two months later Evelyn visited Kensington and records in his diary, February 25th, 1690:

"I went to Kensington, which King Willliam had bought of Lord Nottingham, and altered, but was yet a patched-up building; but with the gardens, however, it is a very sweete villa."

The alterations were still proceeding when the King left for Ireland to prosecute the campaign which resulted in the victory of the Boyne, leaving Mary to govern the kingdom and to continue her struggle with the "worckmen." On the eve of her husband's departure she writes, June, 1690: "I saw myself going to be left alone in my own country, it is true; but alas! I was a stranger to it, to all persons in it, and most of all to business. . . . When *loockt* on myself, I had no better; for I found myself now at White Hall as in a new world, deprived of all that was dear to me in the person of my husband, left amongst those that were perfect strangers to me; my sister (the Princess Anne) of a humour so reserved, I could have little comfort from her." The King had appointed a council of eight—four Whigs and four Tories—to assist Mary with their advice, and in leaving the reins of government in her hands he felt, as he told the Earl of Shrewsbury, that though *he* could not hit on the right way of pleasing England, he was confident the Queen would; the King seemed further satisfied that she would order all things well at the new house.

The carpenters, painters, and decorators proved dilatory; but Mary was not to be trifled with. Scarcely a week passed that she did not journey[1] from Whitehall, where she was living in the King's absence, "to *Kinsington* to hasten the *worckmen*." In spite of her efforts, the house was still unfinished when the hero

[1] Frequently on foot, as she relates in a letter to the Electress Sophia.

of the Boyne announced his home-coming, and the poor Queen wrote in consternation: "'Tis impossible for Kensington to be ready for your coming, though I will do my best that you shall not stay long for it when you are come." A little later she announced with relief: "Your own apartments, lord Portland's, Mr. Overkirk's and Lady Darby's are done; but mine impossible to be used, and nobody else's lodgings ready," adding with abject contrition, "but your closet as yet smells of paint, for which *I will ask pardon* when I see you." A sharp conjugal reproof must have been sent by the King, for in another letter the Queen says: "What you write makes me in a million of fears." She then explains why the house was so long in being got ready: "The outside of the house is the *fiddling worck*, which takes up more time than one can imagine; and while the *schafolds* are up, the windows must be boarded up. But as soon as that is done, your own apartments may be furnished; and though mine cannot possibly be ready yet awhile, I have found out a way, if you please, which is, that I may make use of lord Portland's and he *ly* in some other rooms; we may *ly* in your chamber, and I go *throw* the *councill*-room, or *els* dress me there. I think this way the only one yourself will have, will be my lying in your chamber, which I know I can make as easy to you as may be."

The King however, being detained in Ireland longer than he had anticipated, his anxious Queen was able to announce, before he arrived, "*Kinsington* is ready." She records in her "Memoirs": "On the 7th of September (1690) came news of the King's being landed . . . the 9th I came to *Kinsington* to expect him, and on the 10th to Hampton Court to meet him. . . . The only thing that pleased me was that my husband was satisfied and told me he was

very much pleased with my behaviour." Alas! for the Queen's satisfaction that all was now in order. There seems to have been an unfortunate fate hanging over Kensington. We have already seen, from the Queen's record, that part of the new buildings fell down while in process of erection, and a year after their Majesties had finally settled there, a fire broke out in the Stone Gallery and spread to the neighbouring apartments. The King sprang from his bed when he heard the commotion and called for his sword, thinking that he had been treacherously attacked, but finding that it was the house which was on fire, he and the Queen dressed hastily and descended to the garden, where they stood for an hour directing the foot guards and servants until the flames were extinguished. This seemed indeed the climax of trouble to the Queen over Kensington House, and in sadness of heart she writes in her "Memoirs": "But of how little continuance are all worldly contentments! I confess I had *to* much in the convenience of my house and neatness of my furniture, and I was taught a second time the vanity of all such things by a fire on the 9th of November, which burnt one side of the house at *Kinsington.* The whole had not escaped, but by the good providence of God which kept everybody from hurt, so that there was not the least accident that I could hear of. This has truly, I hope, weaned me from the vanities I was most fond of, that is ease and good lodgings."

Up to this period the alterations and additions to Kensington House—it had not yet been designated a "Palace"—had cost some £60,000, and a further £6,000 had now to be spent in rebuilding the portion damaged by the fire. The King had made "a straight new way through the Park," which practically connected Kensington with St. James's Palace and Whitehall. The new road cost

From Pyne's "Royal Residences."

KENSINGTON PALACE: THE KING'S GALLERY.

[*To face p.* 218.

£8,000. Pleasure gardens on the west and north-west of the house were also laid out in the trim Dutch style with straight walks ornamented with statuary, close-cut hedges, and figured beds. The King's quondam body-servant, Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, was appointed "Superintendent of their Majesties' Gardens and Plantations within the boundary lines of their Majesties' said house at Kensington," and he well knew how to suit the taste of his master and mistress, and made what had been the wilderness of the gravel pits to "blossom like the rose"—but a rose with a Dutch form. Still, contemporary accounts agree in praising the beauty of the gardens at this period.

The new Royal apartments added to old Nottingham House, consisting of separate suites for the King and Queen, were on the first floor,[1] with a fine view over the gardens and park. They were approached from their respective sides by the King's Grand Staircase and the Queen's Staircase, connected with which were the Queen's Gallery and the King's Gallery—long handsome rooms finely decorated and having a range of smaller apartments for their Majesties' separate use adjacent. The finest is the King's Gallery, completed by Sir Christopher Wren about 1693. It was furnished with a choice selection of paintings brought from the other Royal residences, and with a great collection of porcelain. Its length of 96 feet afforded the King a convenient place for exercise when the weather was unsuitable for him to venture out of doors. It has a range of nine windows overlooking the gardens. Above the fireplace the King had a novel dial, which indicated the changes of the wind

[1] Mr. Loftie says that they were on the *third* story, but visitors to the Palace will see that they are on the first floor.

and acted as a guide when he was arranging to cross to Holland. The dial was attached to a map of the north-west of Europe, and the dial-hand was worked by a vane on the roof with which it was connected. Amongst the accounts in the Record Office is one "To Robert Norden, for his pains in drawing a map for the chimney-piece (at Kensington) and for attending the painters," the entry being for the year 1694. The map and dial are still to be seen in their accustomed place. Although Wren's additions did not convert old Nottingham House into a Versailles, they made it a comfortable suburban Palace for William and Mary, with some pretensions towards Royal state, and they themselves grew tenderly attached to the home which had grown up under their auspices.

The first Royal *ménage* at Kensington Palace was severely domestic, and a little lugubrious. Neither the King nor the Queen enjoyed a sense of happiness and tranquillity in the kingdom which they had been called to govern, and the alienation of a portion of their subjects kept them in a constant state of unrest and suspicion. Melancholy seemed indeed to have marked the King for his own. He had been ushered into the world when his mother was heartbroken by the sudden death of his father, the Prince of Orange, and his weak, puny little form was laid in a cradle swathed in crape, even to the rockers. His suffering childhood was passed in retirement at his widowed mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague. His frail body was possessed, however, by a great ambition. He looked forward to the day when as Statholder of Holland he should lead her armies to victory. With this end in view he studied the science of war

and accustomed himself to the privations of camp life. "He was," says Macaulay, "far better qualified to save a nation than to adorn a Court." His new subjects in England grumbled at his lack of kingly grace and manner, and his enemies called him a "low Dutch bear." He was a stern and abstracted figure at Court ceremonials, and his Levées must have been the dullest of the dull. He was never seen at the play, and outraged public feeling by wearing his hat in church, after the Dutch custom. In a letter to him when he was in Holland, Mary expressed regret that he had not been in London to attend one of her balls at Whitehall, adding that she missed his "elegant dancing." This must surely have been a little wifely raillery or judicious flattery on Mary's part; one can scarcely fancy King William dancing. The plain, homely Palace was the one place in England where he was really happy. When he entered his private study, known as the Green Closet, he could, as Carlyle said when he first settled in a house of his own, "slam the door in the face of all intruders." In that room he sat for hours before his writing-table, planning his campaigns against Louis XIV., and dreaming of the realisation of the Grand Alliance.

Unpopular as he was in his time, posterity knows him now to have been a man of great ideals and of statesmanlike capacity. He desired to use the forces and wealth of the country which he had been called to govern against Louis XIV., in order to preserve the liberties of Europe. That little Green Closet at Kensington Palace might reveal many noble aspirations which filled the mind of the "great man in a little body," who so often sat brooding within its walls. The high estimation in which Horace Walpole

held William is shown by the following story. A Dr. Robertson called upon him to ask if he thought that he (Dr. Robertson) could find sufficient material to write a life of King William III. "Sir," replied Walpole significantly, "that is a great task. I look on him as the greatest man of modern times."

William kept the English courtiers and ministers aloof, for he trusted none of them, but he was true to those friends of his youth—Bentinck, Zulestein, and Auverquerque—who had shared his dangers and campaigns, and to the young page Keppel, who became Lord Albemarle; and these he gathered around him in the Green Closet in an evening to discuss bygone times over a bottle of Hollands gin. It would seem, however, that the dulness of Kensington tried even the fidelity of Bentinck, now Earl of Portland, for he accepted with avidity the post of Ambassador to the Court of France, and kept up such state at the English Embassy in Paris as his master could not have endured for a day at Kensington. The witty Prior, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King, gladly accompanied Lord Portland as secretary, he also being anxious to escape from Kensington; but Prior was careful to uphold the dignity of the Royal abode when at a foreign Court. One day he criticised rather freely the pictures on the ceiling of the gallery at Versailles, at which a French courtier retaliated by asking with a sneer whether Kensington Palace could boast of better decorations. "No, sir," replied Mr. Secretary Prior; "the memorials of the great things which my master has done are to be seen in many places; but not in his own house."

But let us turn to the first mistress of Kensington Palace. Queen Mary was a stately and handsome woman. She had naturally

much of the *bonhomie* of the Stuarts, though in her case it had been tempered by circumstances. Married to a different consort, she would probably have kept a brilliant Court in the metropolis in preference to rusticating at Kensington, and during the King's absence she did indulge in some Court gaieties at Whitehall, and showed a disposition to gratify the people with the pomp and show of Royalty. She was a shrewd observer of men, had a strong will and a clear head, and during the King's long absences on his campaigns governed the kingdom with strength and capacity. She was a deeply religious woman, and her "Letters" and "Memoirs" show her to have had a cultivated mind and a good gift of literary expression. Macaulay has described Mary as being English in her tastes and sympathies, while Miss Strickland speaks of her as taking her father's throne with unnatural triumph and of "luxuriating in her native air and the pleasures of her English palaces." Mary's "Memoirs" certainly do not convey any such impressions, and they may be taken as revealing the Queen's true feelings, for they were the secret communings of her spirit, written for no eye but her own, and are of special interest as covering the period of Mary's life at Kensington Palace. She records that she "left Holland in floods of tears," and with many regrets for the eleven years of quietude and peace which she had spent there as Princess of Orange. Her intense devotion to William led her to love everything that was Dutch, and when she returned to her native country she felt, as she expresses it, more like an alien. "My heart," she writes, "is not made for a kingdom, and my inclination leds me to a retired quiet life." So far from being the unnatural daughter such as Miss Strickland pictures her, Mary was sad at heart, as every page

of these unique "Memoirs" shows, for her father's unhappy position; and zeal for the Protestant faith rather than love of a throne induced her to support her husband's assumption of power. "The *melanckolly* prospect," she writes, "for me to see my husband and father so far engaged against each other took all the satisfaction I could have in this world. . . . I bless my God decided between the daughter and the wife and shewed me, when religion was at stake, I should know no man after the flesh, but wait the Lord's leisure."

With this sadness at her heart, and another grief of which she never spoke, Mary welcomed the seclusion of Kensington almost as gladly as the King, and found soothing pleasure in tending the trim flower-beds and arranging the house furnishing. She had a great taste for landscape gardening and architecture, quaintly described by Bishop Burnet in his funeral oration on the Queen as "a richness of invention, with a happiness of contrivance, that had airs in it that were freer and nobler than what was more stiff, though it might be more regular." One fails, however, to find in the Palace upon which she stamped her individuality the "airs that were freer and nobler than what was more stiff." While the King sat in the Green Closet studying military tactics, the Queen passed her time in the Patchwork Closet working tapestry or knotting lace. She was seldom to be seen without a skein of thread about her neck, and even when out driving, her busy fingers were ever making lace. Sir Charles Sedley satirised the Queen's favourite occupation in the lines:—

> But here's a Queen now, thanks to God,
> Who, when she rides in coach abroad,
> Is always knotting threads.

She worked tapestry for the seats of all the chairs and couches in the Patchwork Closet, as well as making several large pieces for the walls. Mary was fond of collecting old china, and she had a pretty taste for artistic decoration. One of the old relics at Kensington Palace was a looking-glass which Mary caused to be painted under her own eye by the flower artist, Monnoyer. These personal mementoes of the occupation by William and Mary disappeared from Kensington when the state apartments were dismantled in the reign of George III. As well as setting the fashion for knotting lace and collecting old china, the Queen is credited with having made the reading of books fashionable for ladies. She was an authority on Church matters, and could on occasions instruct a bishop in his duty. All charitable objects found in her a ready sympathiser. It was Mary who devised the scheme for converting Greenwich Palace into an asylum for disabled seamen. Bishop Burnet mentions it as one of the Queen's chief virtues that "she never had a female friend." The Bishop was probably thinking of the troubles caused by the famous friendship of her sister, the Princess Anne, with Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. But a Queen who, when a Court lady came to her with the latest bit of scandal, would ask with an icy look of reproof if she had read Dr. Tillotson's sermon on Evil Speaking was not likely to attract bosom friends. William shared Mary's dislike of the gossips, and would gaze silently into their face "with a look," as one of them said, "which makes your story go back down your throat."

The Queen was not without pride in her attire, as her portraits show, but although she adopted the towering head-dress of the time and other follies of fashion, she attempted to enact

sumptuary laws to restrain every "city minx" from imitating the style of the Court. This was not calculated to make her popular with the women of the country, and she had the misfortune to alienate the regard of many ladies among the aristocracy by omitting their portraits from the room of beauties which she formed at Hampton Court Palace.

The Queen occasionally held an evening Drawing Room and the King a reception at Kensington, but the state of the roads between their Majesties' suburban Palace and London was so bad that "commands" to Kensington were received by the aristocracy with a shudder. In the Court scenes of the early years of their reign we may picture the figures of the Queen's sister, the Princess Anne, with her husband, Prince George of Denmark, and her satellites, the courtly Marlborough and his fiery Duchess. The Church was represented by Archbishop Tillotson and Bishop Burnet, the latter busy gleaning the Court gossip for his future history. To Kensington came also Sir William Temple, attended by his secretary Swift, who doubtless even in those early days ventured to sharpen his wit in passages with Prior. My Lord Monmouth, Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, and the keen statesman, Lord Halifax, would be prominent figures at the Kensington receptions. It was at one of the Queen's Drawing Rooms that the quarrel occurred between herself and the Princess Anne. The King having found that the Duke of Marlborough was holding treasonable communication with James II. at St. Germain's, banished him from Court. His Duchess, however, in spite of this, forced herself into the Queen's presence by attending the Princess Anne to a Drawing Room. Her Majesty, a mistress of facial expression, who rarely

betrayed her feelings in her countenance, remained smiling and unmoved when the Duchess of Marlborough advanced with the Princess Anne. Next morning, however, the Queen sent her sister a letter of dignified reproof at her conduct in bringing her favourite to Court. "It was," she wrote, "very unkind in a sister, would have been very uncivil in an equal, and I need not say, I have more to claim, which though my kindness would never make me exact, yet, when I see the use you would make of it, I must tell you plainly, lady Marlborough must not continue with you, in the circumstances her lord is." The Princess Anne refused to yield to her sister's demand that she should dismiss the Duchess of Marlborough, and in consequence gave up her apartments at Whitehall, established herself at Berkeley House, and was seen no more at Court during Mary's lifetime. In spite of the blame which Miss Strickland heaps upon the Queen for her conduct in this matter, the "Memoirs" of Mary make it clear that she had no animosity to her sister, but resented the "female friend" who had come between them. She writes of the grief which it gave her to see her sister "so absolutely governed by Lady Marlborough." It is a curious coincidence that Kensington Palace, which was the scene of the estrangement between the two Royal sisters because of the Duchess, was the place which witnessed in later years the final rupture of the Princess Anne (then Queen) with her old favourite.

It speaks well for the character of Mary that the quarrel with her sister made no difference in her kindness to the Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of the Princess Anne's numerous family. The little Duke, being very delicate, was brought

to live at Campden House, so that he, like his uncle, King William, might benefit by the salubrious air of Kensington. Campden House was near to the Palace, and the "infant" Gloucester was brought daily to see the Queen, who took him about with her when she was "hastening the worckmen," and he became much enamoured of the work of artisans, according to the "Memoir" by his personal attendant, Jenkin Lewis, who writes: "He (the Duke) fancied that he must be of all trades, which the Queen observing, sent him a box of ivory tools, which he used till he learnt the names of them, and also the terms of the mechanical arts." It would seem that the precocious boy had heard whispers of the Queen's estrangement from his mother and bore her a grudge in consequence. Upon one of the Queen's birthdays the little Duke was taken to wish her much happiness. Thinking to amuse him, she took him to see the carpenters at work in the gallery of Kensington Palace. "What are they doing?" he queried. "Mending the gallery, or else it will fall down," replied his Royal aunt. "Let it fall, let it fall," said he, "and then you will scamper away to London." On another occasion the Queen offered him a beautiful bird which she had, but he excused himself from accepting it by saying, "Madam, I will not rob you of it."

Many memories of the little Duke are attached to Kensington Palace. His sauciness diverted the Queen and his martial ardour delighted the King, whose namesake and godchild he was. Within the sacred precincts of the Green Closet the boy saw the war maps which "uncle King" studied, and listened to his stories of camp life. When little more than six years of age he called himself a soldier and marshalled under his command some twenty boys from

Kensington and district. The Duke's contingent were accoutred with paper caps and wooden swords, and exercised for the amusement of the King and Queen in the gardens of the Palace. When the King came to see him at Campden House, the Duke received him with a salute of toy cannon. He took a lively interest in the campaign in Flanders, and said to his uncle one day, "My dear King, you shall have both of my companies with you at Flanders." During one of the field-days when he was exercising his boys in the garden at Kensington Palace, the Duke told the Queen with much artlessness that "his mamma used to have guards, but that now she had none." This was rather a home thrust, for when Princess Anne was banished from Court, she was no longer permitted to have the Royal guards to attend her. An amusing story is also told of the shrewdness of the incorrigible little Gloucester. One day he startled his mother by announcing, "I am confounded dry." "Who taught you those words?" asked the Princess Anne, aghast. "If I say Dick" (his favourite companion), reasoned her artful son, "he will be sent away," so he valiantly attributed his shortcomings to original depravity. "Mamma," said he boldly, "I learnt 'em myself."

Only for five years did Mary enjoy the Palace which she had laboured to beautify. In the winter of 1694 she was seized while at Kensington with an attack of smallpox. As soon as she was told the nature of the disease, the Queen gave orders that the ladies-in-waiting, the maids of honour, and even the menial servants who had not had the epidemic should be sent away from the Palace. Before finally taking to what she felt would be her death-bed, Mary shut herself in the Patchwork Closet for nearly the whole of a night. During this awful vigil the stricken Queen arranged her private

papers and wrote a letter to her husband in which she upbraided him with his connection with Elizabeth Villiers, Countess of Orkney, a matter which hitherto she had not deigned to notice, although the intrigue began in the early years of her marriage. Now, under the hand of death, the Queen's proud spirit broke, and she wrote to her husband of the suffering she had silently endured through his unfaithfulness. Hot tears must have fallen as Mary penned these words in the stillness of the night in her closet at Kensington Palace. She placed the letter in her private "scrutoir," and directed that in the event of her death it should be given to the King. The knowledge of what she had written made her avoid a parting scene with her husband. He was genuinely overwhelmed with grief at her condition, and lay on his camp bed in the antechamber of the Queen's bedroom looking more like a corpse than a living man, while he watched the progress of her disease. When the doctors gave up hope of Mary's recovery, William unburdened his grief to Bishop Burnet: "There is no hope," he cried. "I was the happiest man on earth, and I am now the most miserable. She had no fault; none: you knew her well, but you could not know—nobody but myself could know—her goodness." He was removed from the room insensible when the end approached. Queen Mary breathed her last on December 28th, 1694. Her body was taken from Kensington Palace to Whitehall, where it lay in state, before being conveyed to Westminster Abbey for interment.

The room in which Queen Mary died was a part of old Nottingham House, an apartment of moderate dimensions opening out of what is still known as the Queen's Privy Chamber, and

when I recently visited it, was being used as a storeroom for things connected with Queen Victoria which were being forwarded from Windsor with a view to their final inclusion among the historic relics at Kensington. The room has the reputation of being haunted. I am not aware that an authentic visitation of a ghost has ever been recorded, and the story doubtless arose from the fact that after Mary's death William caused the room to be closed and sealed, partly out of veneration for her memory, and still more from dread of smallpox infection. So it remained for seventy years, and during that period ghostly legends gathered around it.

The Princess Anne was with the little Duke of Gloucester at Campden House when her sister lay dying, and she despatched Lady Fitzharding with a message of concern to her sister, and begged for an interview, but the physicians decided that the Queen must not be disturbed. Immediately after Mary's death the Princess went to Kensington Palace in her sedan, and was carried in it up to the Green Closet, where the King had shut himself up with his grief, refusing to transact business or see any one save his most intimate friends. He received the Princess, however, and in an affecting scene a reconciliation took place.

After the death of Queen Mary, gloom settled over Kensington Palace. It still remained the King's favourite home, and he would walk sadly about the gardens which Mary had loved, or stand in his closet soliloquising before her picture. He became more morose in his behaviour now that her beneficent influence was withdrawn, and found his chief pleasure in nightly potations. Among the memories of this period are the visits of Peter

the Great to Kensington Palace during his stay in England to study the art of shipbuilding in 1698-9. It was only in the King's closet at Kensington, where he could drink brandy glass for glass to William's gin, that Peter felt at home; nothing would induce him to appear at a Court ceremonial. When there was a ball at Kensington in honour of the birthday of Princess Anne, the Czar viewed the festivity unseen from the window of a small closet. Burnet records that Peter "had a mind to see the King in Parliament," but being unwilling to be seen in the courtly assembly, he "was placed in a gutter on the housetop to peep in at the window (of the House of Lords), where he made so ridiculous a figure that neither King nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended." The Czar took leave of the King at Kensington Palace on April 28th, 1699, and the scene was one of mutual felicitation, for there was much in common between Peter of Russia and William of Nassau; both men of great ideals, but in person coarse and ill-mannered. King William's parting gift to the Czar was a yacht completely manned.

The following incident connected with Kensington Palace shows that although the prevailing attitude of the King to the English courtiers was one of suspicion, he knew how to value a man who disobeyed him for his good. The oath of allegiance had met with great opposition amongst the Scottish clergy. Mr. Carstairs, the King's secretary, was aware of the danger to peace which would be incurred by pressing it further, but during his absence some members of the Council had induced the King to issue an order that each member should take an oath declaring William to be King *de jure*

as well as *de facto*, before taking his seat in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Lord Carmichael, the commissioner sent to execute this order, found the opposition so strong that he remonstrated against its enforcement, but certain noblemen reported to the King that this was not a *matter of conscience* on the part of the Scottish clergy, but a deliberate act of rebellion; and William, deeply incensed, sent a despatch by a courier that his order was to be enforced. Immediately afterwards Mr. Carstairs arrived at Kensington Palace, and learning what had been done, he galloped after the courier and took from him the King's despatch. Returning to the Palace, he hurried to the Royal bedchamber, where the King lay in a profound sleep. Carstairs drew the curtains on one side and, falling on his knees by the bed, gently awoke his master. The King asked what brought him there.

"I come," he replied, "to solicit my life."

"And is it possible that *you* have committed a crime that deserves death?" asked the King.

The secretary answered by producing the despatches which he had taken from the courier.

"And have you," said his master with gathering wrath, "indeed presumed to countermand my orders?"

Mr. Carstairs asked leave to defend his conduct, and explained to the King the harm which such an order would do in the then state of feeling in Scotland. The King saw the wisdom of his secretary's action, and not only pardoned the rash act, but commissioned him to write out fresh instructions in whatever terms he pleased, undertaking to attach the Royal seal to the same.[1]

[1] Related by Pyne in his "Royal Residences."

Another story is told of King William at Kensington Palace, which shows the softer side of his nature. Horace Walpole relates that one morning when the King was sitting alone in his private closet, there came a tap to the door.

"Who is there?" asked the King.

"Lord Buck," replied a treble voice.

"And what does Lord Buck want?" said his Majesty, as he opened the door and gazed with a smile upon the upturned face of little Lord Buckhurst, the son of the high chamberlain.

"You to be a horse to my coach," said the boy, with infantile assurance. "I've wanted you a long time."

The King could not resist such winning artlessness, and taking the string of the toy coach, he played horse to it up and down the long gallery, while Lord Buck acted as driver. William's biographers dwell on this incident as an almost solitary instance of playfulness or amiability in the stern hero of Nassau, but we have already seen that he was the frequent playmate of his nephew of Gloucester, and understood the ways of small boys quite well.

William survived his Queen some eight years, and, like her, he breathed his last at Kensington. It was frequently the King's habit to spend a few days at Hampton Court to indulge his favourite pastimes of hunting and riding. He was still carrying out the improvements in the grounds which had been started when he first ascended the throne, and one morning, while riding in the Home Park to superintend the excavation of a canal, his pony stumbled in a mole-hill and threw the King, with his right shoulder to the ground, breaking his collar-bone. After his surgeon had set it, the King refused to remain the night at Hampton Court

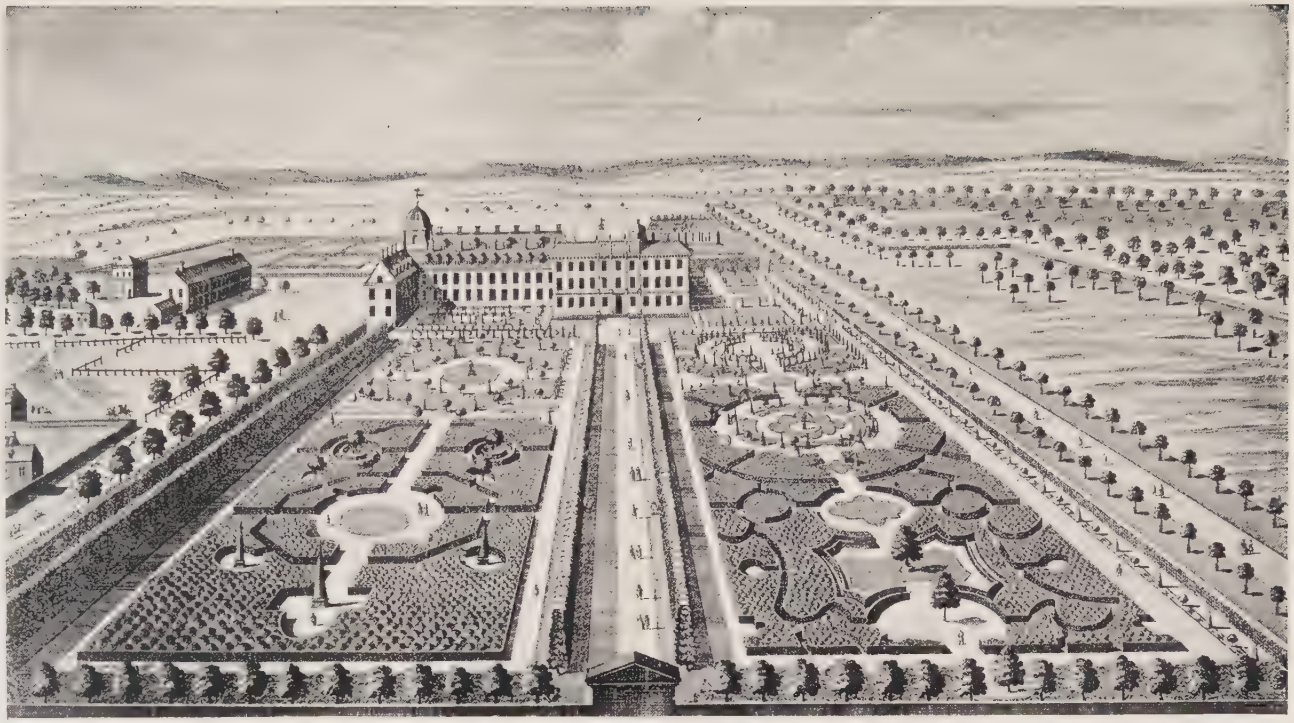
Palace, and desired to be taken to Kensington. He arrived in his coach at nine o'clock in the evening, terribly exhausted, his arm in a sling, and entered the Palace which he was not destined again to leave alive. When his physician, Dr. Bidloo, hurried to him in the Great Bedchamber, the King said, "I have got a hurt in my arm; pray come and see it." After a few days he was sufficiently recovered to take "several turns" in the gallery where he had played horses with little Lord Buck.

Shortly afterwards a reaction set in and the King's condition became so serious that the members of the Council hastened to Kensington. They sat all night in the Council Chamber arranging plans to secure the succession of the Princess Anne before tidings of the King's state reached the Jacobite party, and while they deliberated William passed away in the arms of his page. The "crazy body" which had contained so great a mind was laid in state in the Little Bedchamber of Kensington Palace, ere it was carried in solemn procession to Westminster, to be buried beside that of his Queen. After his death his personal attendant, the famous "black boy" whose bust now greets the visitor at the head of the staircase leading to the state apartments of the Palace, discovered that he was wearing a locket, containing a lock of Mary's hair, bound to his arm with a black ribbon. When the box of private papers left in his closet was opened, it was found to contain a bundle of Mary's letters written to him during his absences abroad. So closed the initial period of Kensington as a Royal residence.

The accession of Anne brought to the Palace a period of state show and importance which it had not had as the suburban home of William and Mary; but it still remained somewhat of a

Royal sanatorium, for Anne's husband, Prince George of Denmark, was, like William, a sufferer from asthma, and derived benefit from the air of Kensington, and from the mineral spring for which the locality was then famed. Queen Anne took possession of the Palace the day after the late King's body was removed, and immediately began to plan an enlargement of the gardens. Sir Christopher Wren was also commissioned by the Queen to build her a "green-house." This was erected on a piece of ground a little removed from the Palace, but connected with it by a walk. The structure was a long handsome building tastefully ornamented inside with oak panelling and carving by Grinling Gibbons. Although the Queen kept her orange-trees and rare exotics there, it was used as a banqueting-hall and assembly-room, and was the scene of the festivities connected with the *al fresco* entertainments which she gave in summer. It stands to-day a little back from the Broad Walk, and is considered one of the finest specimens of Queen Anne architecture extant. The interior consisted of a central ballroom, with a circular room at either end—the one a drawing-room and the other a music-room. They were adorned with Corinthian pillars, statues, and friezes. A private way was made from the Palace to the banqueting-room, and thither on gala occasions her Majesty was carried in her chair. The bearers must often have staggered under the Royal weight, for by reason of much eating the Queen had grown to such dimensions at the time of her death that her coffin had to be made nearly square. A whole fowl was a mere detail in the dinner of Queen Anne, and the cuisine of Kensington Palace was an important department during this reign.

Mr. Ernest Law, in his official guide to the Palace, ridicules



From a contemporary engraving.

KENSINGTON PALACE: QUEEN ANNE'S GARDENS.

[*To face p.* 236.

the idea that Queen Anne's "orangery" was used as a place for suppers, balls, and entertainments, but old authorities like Pyne, Faulkner, and Defoe are against him on this point, as also Leigh Hunt, Knight, Thornbury, and Loftie; and it would, I think, strike most people as improbable that this beautiful structure should have been designed by Wren, and its walls panelled with oak carved by Grinling Gibbons, if it was only intended as a home for Queen Anne's exotics. There is little doubt that it was the scene of Court entertainments, and if the original floor was brick—which seems scarcely in keeping with the oak-panelled walls—and therefore unsuitable for dancing, as Mr. Law assumes, we think it probable that the Queen had it suitably covered, as she frequently sat there, and certainly the Prince her husband, a sufferer from gout and asthma, did not lounge in a "greenhouse" with a bare brick floor. Indeed, the "brick floor" did not exist in Anne's time, if it ever existed at all, as is clearly proved by the estimates for building the Queen's greenhouse at the Record Office, in which the following item occurs: "The mason to pave it with stone fine-sanded, £246; more for stone steps to go up into it, £72." There can be little doubt that it was originally paved with smooth fine stone, similar to that which now skirts its exterior. At the recent restorations the floor was laid with concrete.

Anne enclosed thirty acres of land on the north-east side of the Palace, and over a hundred workmen were daily employed in laying out the new gardens, under the direction of London and Wise.[1] The trim Dutch style was liked by the Queen, and she had the evergreens shaped into birds and beasts and unknown

[1] "Antiquities of Middlesex," by Bowack.

monsters, and the wild glades were mercilessly shorn of their natural beauty. Queen Anne, "in trim gardens took her pleasure," and "the venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, the aspiring crescent of the lime, the regular round of the chestnut, and the moulded orange-tree" were cut into unnatural symmetry. The Queen sat in her greenhouse in the summer evenings contemplating with satisfaction the trees which she had mutilated. By day she was drawn about the gardens in her carriage chair, the Cedar Walk, of which no trace remains to-day, being her favourite place for taking the air. Thackeray draws a graphic picture in "Esmond" of Anne, attended by Mrs. Masham, being drawn in her chair in the Cedar Walk, and makes the Young Pretender seize this opportunity for revealing his identity to the Queen. My Lady Castlewood had her house in Kensington Square, and there the Prince in disguise planned the celebrated meeting.

Defoe, in his "Tour," refers to the additions made by the Queen to Kensington Palace, and of the affection with which she regarded it. "Queen Anne," he writes, "improved what her sister begun, and delighted very much in the place (Kensington), and often was pleased to make the greenhouse, which is very beautiful, her summer supper-house." Anne also enclosed a portion of Hyde Park, adjacent to her gardens, as a paddock for deer, and there no doubt the "panting stag" who drew her Majesty's chair enjoyed a well-earned rest after his labour. Old prints of Queen Anne's garden show a considerable number of deer browsing on the outlying parkland.

During Anne's reign, Kensington Palace and Gardens entered upon the palmy period of their history, which reached its zenith

under George II. and Queen Caroline. The narrow little Kensington High Road now became alive with rank and fashion wending their way to the Palace. To the pillared entrance facing the green came my lord's chariot, my lady's sedan, and the stately equipages of the ministers and ambassadors. The military were much in evidence, and the Royal guards passed to and fro between the Palace and the adjacent barracks. Grand illuminated fêtes took place in the gardens on summer evenings, to which the Queen was pleased to invite many of her liege of Kensington who were not of the Court circle, one proviso being made that the ladies must wear gowns *à la Watteau*, which it pleased her Majesty to behold. She erected sheltered alcoves in the gardens for the convenience of the company, and one of these remains to-day at the entrance of the gardens from Palace Green.[1] The people crowded to the verge of the Palace grounds when there was a garden fête, to watch the gay promenaders in their "brocaded robes, fly caps, and fans." Obsequious courtiers, eager to gain a bow of recognition from the gracious "Gloriana," surrounded the Queen, whose magnificence was thus extolled by Tom D'Urfey, the Court lyrist :—

High on a Throne of Glittering Ore,
Exalted by Almighty Fate,
Outshining the bright gems she wore ;
The gracious Gloriana sat.

The waiting crowds probably took up the refrain of this loyal ode :—

Bright Gloriana all along—
Bright Gloriana was their song.

[1] Another has been removed to a site overlooking the Ornamental Water.

There was little about Queen Anne with her unwieldy figure, heavy countenance, and dull, lethargic manner to suggest the epithet of "bright Gloriana." At her receptions she held her fan before her face to hide her yawns, and rarely spoke more than a few commonplace words to any one, notwithstanding that some of the most brilliant men in history were about her Court. "Goody Anne," the "Church's wet-nurse," as Horace Walpole calls her, would occasionally relax her taciturnity in the presence of a bishop. Ecclesiastical dignitaries were those seen nearest to the Queen, and she bestowed upon them the attention which their office demanded from one who was so staunch a supporter of the Protestant faith and much given to deeds of charity. Swift, Steele, Addison, my Lord Bolingbroke, and the minor wits were not in such favour as the bishops, and after making their obeisance to Gloriana withdrew to the more lively society of the ladies *à la Watteau*. On some occasions the Queen's poetic designation was changed to "*Flora*," and odes were sung to extol her as a goddess reigning over sylvan glades and the "flowery show." Prince George of Denmark shared his wife's taste in horticulture, and spent much time in superintending the enlargement of Kensington Gardens, and was even roused to enthusiasm over the Queen's summer fêtes. Under an old print in the British Museum of Queen Anne's gardens the following description is written: "The gardens of the Palace are very fine and charmingly kept, and the front of the Palace on that side is very noble. The Avenue leading from St. James's through High Park to this Palace is very Grand; on each side of it Lanthorns are placed at equal distances, which, being lighted in the Dark Seasons for the convenience of the Courtiers, appear inconceivably Magnificent."

Queen Anne was a lover of music, and when she was in residence at Kensington, concerts and plays took place in her new music-room. Tom D'Urfey arranged the musical performances, and at them his loyal odes were rendered. It was probably at one of the Kensington concerts that the old ballad, "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," was first sung. It was composed by D'Urfey, and the modern rendering is an adaptation from the original composition. At this period Scotland was much in evidence at the English Court. The Queen was proud of the Union which had been effected under her auspices, and the Court lyrist dutifully supplied his Royal mistress with Scottish airs. The wooing by "bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay," of "young Jennie making hay," became a popular refrain at Court. If at one of the fêtes a gallant snatched a kiss of a lady fair under the shade of the trees in Kensington Gardens, probably the divinity coyly put up her fan and whispered, in the words of the song, "Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to."

The Queen chanced to be staying at Kensington when the ratification of the Act of Union between England and Scotland was completed, and the arrival of the special commission bringing the tidings forms an important historic scene at the Palace. The Duke of Hamilton as he approached the Court suburb was met by a cavalcade of noblemen and gentlemen, surrounded by a cheering crowd, to conduct him to the Queen's presence. He was himself followed by forty-six coaches and four hundred horsemen. The impressive procession passed down the High Road and up to the Palace Green, where the crowds stood to cheer the commissioner as he entered the gates. Toasts to the Union were drunk by

the coachmen and footmen at the old "King's Arms," as they waited for their lords to return from the "audience." The Queen was so mightily pleased at the success of his mission that she made the Duke of Hamilton a peer of England, and settled a pension of £3,000 a year upon him. She directed also that pieces of tapestry, representing allegorical designs typical of the Union, and having portraits of herself and her ministers introduced, should be made to decorate the walls of her apartments at Kensington Palace. Anne died, however, before her design was carried out.

During the reign of Anne, Kensington grew to merit the name of the Court suburb. Handsome streets and squares were formed, and members of the nobility built themselves mansions in the vicinity of the Palace. The fashionable loungers about the region of the Court became the butt of the satirists and lampoonists. In some verses entitled "A Trip to Kensington; or, That Town Drawn to the Life," the writer appeals to Queen Anne against the "miscreant faction" who surround her Palace :—

> Where Kensington's inviting Structures lie,
> And William found that Kings themselves must die;
> That Dust Imperial must Death's Laws obey,
> To chase the common Taste of vulgar Clay:
> There lives a Race of Hypocrites that ne'er
> Fattened and breath'd in any other air.
> O Anna, was that miscreant Faction known,
> Thy Royal Preference would not Grace the Town,
> But on a people more deserving shine
> Worthy to be loved by Thee and Thine.

The latter half of the short reign of Queen Anne was clouded by disappointment, and Kensington Palace, which had been the scene

of so much gaiety, now served the Queen as a place of retirement. In a suite of rooms arranged for his convenience on the ground floor of the Palace, the Queen nursed her husband through his last illness with the greatest care and devotion, assisted by Mrs. Masham, who had taken the place in the Queen's confidence of the Duchess of Marlborough. The latter lady imagined herself to have been slighted and insulted by a suite of rooms which the Queen had assigned to her use at Kensington, but which she had never occupied, having been given to Mrs. Masham. . Angry letters were sent to the Queen and indignant visits were paid to Kensington by the infuriated Duchess about "her lodgings." In the midst of the wrangle, Prince George died, on October 28th, 1708. The Queen's anguish was intense, and she sat by his body "weeping and clapping her hands," in the excitement of her grief. The Duchess of Marlborough forced herself into the death-chamber and endeavoured to lead the Queen from it and to induce her to go to St. James's. "I made use of all the arguments common on that head," writes the Duchess, "but the Queen persisted 'she would stay at Kensington.' Upon which I fancied that her chief difficulty in removing was, for fear she should not have so much of Mrs. Masham's company. . . . I said to her," continued the Duchess, "nobody in the world ever continued in a place where a dead husband lay ; and where could she be but within a room or two of *that dismal body*."[1] The Queen, weak as ever, gave way before the arguments of her old favourite, and calling "for her hoods," donned her carriage dress. The Royal widow, leaning on the arm of the imperious Marlborough, walked slowly down the gallery of the

[1] "Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough."

Palace, between two lines of servants with bowed heads, and, entering her carriage, drove to St. James's, leaving the *dismal body* of the dead Prince to lie in state at Kensington. It was afterwards conveyed with great funeral pomp to Westminster Abbey.

The Queen survived her husband six years, and they were years fraught with perpetual anxiety, both regal and domestic. Ministers were anxious regarding the succession, and the poor Queen, who had lost thirteen children in infancy, had seen her last surviving hope, the little Duke of Gloucester, die when he had reached a promising age, and had buried a husband whom she had loved from youth, was now harried by formal addresses from both Houses of Parliament requesting her to marry again. She returned a dignified refusal and shut herself up in retirement.

Meantime the storm which was to break in a final rupture with the Duchess of Marlborough was gathering strength. After the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Malplaquet, the Queen broke her retirement to attend a public thanksgiving at St Paul's. The haughty Duchess of the hero observed that her Majesty was not wearing her jewels, as she usually did at state ceremonials, and was pleased to interpret this as a slight to her victorious husband. So ambitious had the Marlboroughs become that the Queen hardly felt her throne to be safe from them. Angry letters passed freely between the Queen and her former favourite, regarding certain official placements, and the Duchess boldly wrote to the Queen: "I find every day that you do not follow the advice of lord Marlborough and lord Treasurer (Godolphin) as you used to do, and I do not think, even now, that any men have more credit with you than they have; therefore who can it be but

that woman (Abigail Masham), for you see nobody else?" At length the Queen, becoming unnerved by the strife and bickerings with her Grace of Marlborough, refused to accord her another interview. However, the Duchess was not to be put off, and she sent the following note to the Queen at Kensington, where her Majesty was spending Easter:—

"I am glad your Majesty is going to Kensington to make use of the fresh air, and to take care of your health I will follow you thither, and wait every day till it is convenient for you to see me, as what I have to say is of such a nature as to require *no answer*."

"Upon the 6 of April, 1710, I followed my letter to Kensington," writes the wary Duchess, "so soon that her Majesty could not write another harsh letter, which I found she intended; I sent a page of the backstairs to acquaint her Majesty that I was there. She was alone; however, the man stayed longer than was usual upon such occasions, and then told me the Queen would have me come in. As soon as I opened the door, she said she was going to write to me.

"'Upon what, madam?' said I.

"*The Queen.* I did not open your letter till just now, and I was going to write to you.

"*Lady Marlborough.* Was there anything in it, madam, that you had a mind to answer?

"*The Queen.* I think there is nothing you can have to say, but you can write it.

"*Lady Marlborough.* Won't your Majesty give me leave to tell it you?

"*The Queen.* Whatever you may have to say, you may write it.

"*Lady Marlborough.* Indeed, I can't tell how to put such sort of things into writing.

"*The Queen.* You may put it into writing.

"*Lady Marlborough.* Won't your Majesty allow me to tell it you, now I am here.

"*The Queen.* You may put it into writing."

Lady Marlborough still continued to press for permission to refute the "lies," concerning herself and her husband, which had been repeated to the Queen, and her Majesty persistently repeated: "You may put it into writing."

"I only beg to know what you have heard, that I might be able to clear myself in anything in which I was wronged," pleaded the Duchess; but the Royal mistress, who had from her youth been under the control of this dominant woman, now yielded no longer, and replied: "You said you desired no answer and I shall give you none," referring to the remark which Lady Marlborough had made in her note, that she desired "no answer." Finally, after a passionate burst of tears, the Duchess told the Queen that she was sure she "would suffer for her inhumanity." "That will be to myself," was her Majesty's reply, and with that she closed the colloquy, and freed herself from the tyranny of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough. Thus ended at Kensington Palace one of the most famous friendships in history.[1]

A few years later the Palace witnessed the death of Queen Anne. She came from Windsor to Kensington in the summer of 1714, in the hope of putting a stop to the dissensions in her Cabinet, which she told her physician would certainly cause her

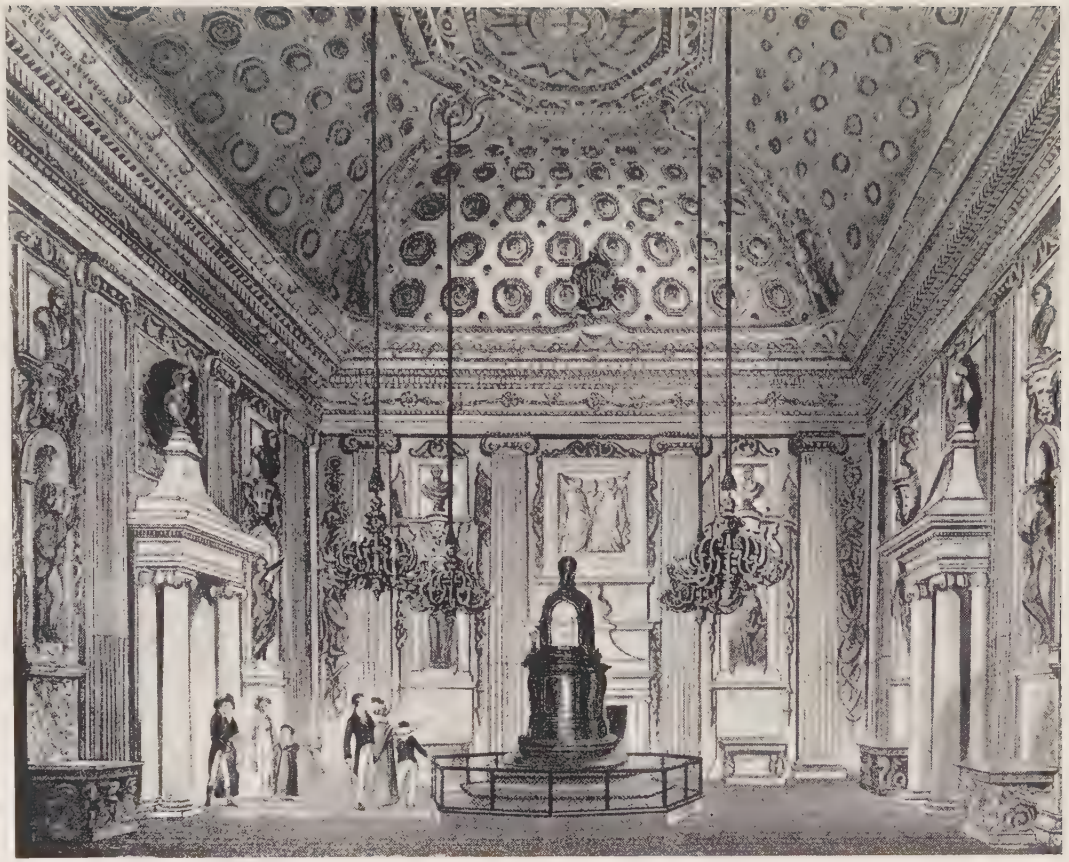
[1] "Correspondence of the Duchess of Marlborough."

death. The Queen had been present at two stormy Councils, and was now so worn out in mind and body that when the hour for a third meeting with the Council came, she grew distraught in manner. Mrs. Danvers, one of the ladies of the household, upon entering the Presence Chamber at Kensington Palace, found the Queen standing abstractedly gazing at the clock. Her look was so ghastly that Mrs. Danvers summoned help, feeling, as she said, that there "was death in the Queen's look." For several days Kensington Palace was a scene of great consternation. The physicians tried their skill upon the prostrate Queen, but to no purpose; the bishops waited for the doctor's verdict ere they administered the last Sacrament; the members of the Council came crowding to Kensington and held stormy sittings even while the Queen lay dying. Hope was rising high in the breasts of the secret Jacobites about the Court, for the Queen's bedchamber-women had reported that in her delirium Anne had commiserated the Young Pretender, saying, "Oh, my brother! my dear brother! what will become of you?" In a lucid interval, the Queen, at the urgent request of her Council, made the Duke of Shrewsbury Lord Treasurer in place of Lord Godolphin, and as with trembling fingers she placed the staff of office in his hands, she said, "For God's sake use it for the good of my people." Through the last night of the Queen's life there was plotting and counter-plotting between the Jacobite factions and the lords of the Council. "How does the Queen?" was the ever-anxious inquiry; and when Mrs. Masham reported, "She dies upward; her feet are cold and dead already," the hot-bloods would have started to Charing Cross to set up the standard of the Chevalier; but that blow was not

struck. When on Sunday morning, August 1st, 1714, Queen Anne breathed her last, the lords-regent commissioned Addison, now Secretary of State, to announce his succession to the Elector of Hanover, who was in due time proclaimed King. When the trumpets sounded for the accession of George I., there were forlorn hearts in my Lady Castlewood's house in Kensington Square, for this was the death-blow to the hopes of the Young Pretender. The body of Queen Anne lay in state at Kensington Palace, and from thence was taken for burial to Westminster Abbey. This made the fourth Royal funeral *cortège* which had passed out of the Palace in the space of twenty years.

The room in which Queen Anne died is divided only by a landing from the "haunted room" which had been her sister Mary's death-chamber. It is a portion of old Nottingham House, and the windows look down upon the antiquated grey court with its irregular stone paving bounded by the clock tower. Queen Anne's death-room was subsequently converted into a schoolroom for the Princess Victoria, and with its sombre oak-panelled walls, dreary outlook, melancholy memories, and close proximity to the "haunted room," could not have been a very cheerful schoolroom for our late beloved Queen. The carpet and hearth-rug made for the Queen's schoolroom are still upon the floor of the room, and after the lapse of seventy or more years are in a good state of preservation. No brush is allowed to touch them, but they are wiped over with a cleansing and revivifying fluid.

After the death of Queen Anne, Kensington Palace still enjoyed favour as a Court residence. His Majesty the Elector of Hanover liked the Dutch style which had been imparted to it, and frequently



From Pyne's "Royal Residences."

KENSINGTON PALACE: THE CUPOLA ROOM.

One of the state apartments built by George I. Here Queen Victoria was baptised.

[*To face p.* 248.

stayed there. He added the East Front from designs by Kent, also the Cupola-Room, and made alterations to the Grand Staircase of black and white marble built by Sir Christopher Wren for King William. George I. had the sides painted with mythological figures, Yeomen of the Guard, and with a representation of Peter the Wild Boy captured in a forest in Hanover. Many of the figures were likenesses of people about the Court. A fine Presence Chamber was a part of the new additions, and had a chimney-piece sculptured by Gibbons. It cannot be said that George I. kept a gay Court at Kensington. His heart was in Hanover, and the few months of each year which he spent in his new kingdom were little short of a penance. His divorced wife, Sophia Dorothea, languished in confinement in Hanover, and her son and his heir was an object of hatred to him. He never spoke to the Prince of Wales except under compulsion. The Prince, however, had brought with him to England a brilliantly clever wife, Caroline of Anspach, and they started a lively, youthful Court at their house in Leicester Fields, which has been celebrated by Pope :—

> At Leicester Fields, a house full high,
> With door all painted green
> Where ribbons wave upon the tie,
> (A milliner I mean ;)
> There may you meet us three to three,
> For Gay can well make two of me.

This merry Court at Leicester Fields which Pope and Gay vied with each other in celebrating stormed the quiet seclusion of Kensington. Thither came Caroline Princess of Wales, attended by the famous bevy of maids of honour, Margaret and Mary

Bellenden, Molly Lepell, a following of wits and courtiers, and turned the Broad Walk into a gay promenade. O shades of William of Orange! to what frivolous uses are thy trim gravel paths turned. Could thy hawk eyes have looked forth as of yore from the windows of the Green Closet, they would have seen a merry chattering crowd of ladies in hoops and gay furbelows making banter with the beaux. The stately form of Caroline of Anspach towered above them all, and next to her in height came Margaret Bellenden, and there too was her saucy sister Mary, who laughed up her sleeve at George Prince of Wales as he strutted down the Walk to attract the attention of the ladies by his fine airs. Can we not picture the gay company under the elms bowing to and saluting each other, the gentlemen in powdered wigs and with their cocked hats tucked gallantly under their right arms as they conversed with the fair dames? Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was there with a tongue as witty as that of Mary Bellenden, and Captain Dick Steele, always a favourite with the ladies, and Addison, of graver mien, strolled with observant eye, making notes on the "fair sex" for next week's *Spectator*. Addison's friend, Tickell, came also for literary purposes, and has immortalised these gay promenades in verse:—

> Where Kensington, high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
> 'Midst greens and sweets, a regal fabrick, stands,
> And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
> A snow of blossoms and a wild of flowers,
> The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
> To groves, and lawns, and unpolluted air.
> Here while the town in damps and darkness lies,
> They breathe in sunshine, and see azure skies:
> Each walk, with robes of various dyes bespread,
> Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,

Photo by Farmer & Sons.

THE BROAD WALK.

The scene of the Kensington promenades.

[*To face p.* 250.

Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chintz, the rival of the showery bow.

Caroline is referred to as—

England's Daughter, darling of the land,
Sometimes, surrounded with her virgin band,
Gleams through the shades, she towering o'er the rest,
Stands fairest of the fairer kind confess'd;
Formed to gain hearts that Brunswick cause denied,
And charm a people to her father's side.

In those days the tulip was a rare and costly flower used as a novelty to deck the beds in Kensington Gardens, and the poet's comparison of the ladies in their robes of various "dyes bespread," looking, as they promenaded down the Broad Walk, like "a moving tulip-bed," is particularly happy, and the idea of the gay chintzes, in which Britain's dames were then resplendent, rivalling the hues of the rainbow, is another apt illustration which brings vividly to the mind the brilliant appearance of the courtly throng in the gardens. At first the promenades took place on Saturdays, and later they were changed to Sundays. Only people of the best fashion were admitted, and also those clever people—the wits, poets, and *litterateurs*—whom the fashionable throng patronised. All were required to appear in full dress. For fifty years the Kensington promenades flourished even after the Palace had ceased to be a centre of Court life. In the reign of George III. it was, to use a modern word, considered "smarter" to walk in Kensington Gardens than in Hyde Park. Miss Burney makes Evelina say, in detailing to her guardian in the country the gaieties into which her new friends are introducing her in town: "Mrs. Mirvan says we are not to walk in the Park

again next Sunday, even if we should be in town, because there is better company in Kensington Gardens."

The really gay era of the promenades closed with the period when the beautiful Miss Chudleigh—afterwards Duchess of Kingston, and tried for bigamy—and the Gunning sisters dazzled the crowds in the gardens with their loveliness, and when the wit of Horace Walpole, Selwyn, and Hanbury Williams enlivened the talk. My Lord Chesterfield, too, aired his courtly wisdom in the later promenades. Gradually the barrier of Court exclusiveness was broken down, and well-dressed and decorously behaved people were permitted to walk in the gardens during certain hours of the day, but the lingering glory of the past invested them with fashionable distinction even at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Gradually fashion migrated to Hyde Park, and the Broad Walk to-day has become a kind of *al fresco* nursery. Where the Wortley Montagues, Bellendens, Lepells, Chudleighs, Gunnings, and their cavaliers promenaded in the glory of brocades, chintzes, swords and cocked hats, Mary Jane trundles the go-cart, or lets her charges take the air sitting in their perambulators while she rests on a shady seat in the Broad Walk and discusses "missis" with another Mary Jane. Or maybe a red-coated figure is her companion, and then the old elms will hear the same story, uttered but in different phrase, with which my Lord Hervey wooed sweet Molly Lepell and the son of the Argyll the bewitching Mary Bellenden. Gone from the gardens are the

> Goodly dames and courteous knights,
> The silken petticoat and broidered vest;
> The peers and mighty dukes, with ribands blue,

of whom Gay sang, but the spring sunshine still gleams through the fresh green foliage; the may-trees are bigger and more plentifully blossomed than of yore; the stately elms of the Broad Walk are taller than in the gay days long ago; the thrushes and blackbirds sing as sweetly as they did then; the Round Pond still gleams in the sunshine, and the more majestic Serpentine has broadened its curves. Maybe the air is not so fresh, nor the atmosphere so clear, as when "Wortley's eyes" beheld it, but in early summer the tulips make as gay a show as ever around the old Palace, displaying a profusion which would have made King William's subjects aghast at the extravagance, and the snowdrop, that dainty flower of purity, which, according to Tickell's fancy, was first planted by the fairies in Kensington Gardens in honour of Caroline's "virgin band," still decks the turf in winter with patches of white quivering bells. Of late years there has been a growing return of fashion to Kensington Gardens. One hears of Cabinet ministers and noble lords coming out to breakfast amidst its dewy freshness, and in the summer afternoons carriages drive from the Park to deposit their occupants at dainty tables spread beneath the shady trees of the tea-house. The gardens have again a place in fashionable fiction, and so modern a delineator of society life as Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler brings her gossiping fine ladies to tea in Kensington Gardens.[1]

But to return to the old-time glories, let us consider the queenly originator of the Kensington promenades. At the time of her marriage to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George II., Caroline of Anspach was, according to Walpole's description, "a

[1] See "A Double Thread."

tall, handsome woman with a pleasing countenance which was full of majesty or mildness, as she pleased, and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice, too, was captivating, and her hands beautifully small, plump, and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong and so was her resolution." She was ambitious of fame, but shackled by devotion to her small-minded husband, who was the constant butt of his father's dislike and contempt. Caroline, however, declined to be snubbed by her morose father-in-law. She always contrived to make him converse with her at Court receptions, and although he relieved his spleen by calling her a *She-Devil*, the Princess carried herself with unconcern. She had a caustic tongue herself on occasions, and judging from the accounts of her talk given in the Hervey "Memoirs," was not choice in her similes and expressions, even when allowance has been made for the coarser manners and talk prevalent in her day. Caroline was a politician *sub rosa*, and a learned woman without shocking her husband's small vanity by making him conscious of it. She was, in short, a Royal *grand dame* with great social instinct, and led the Court society while George I. held the sceptre. When her husband succeeded to the throne, her more open and pronounced triumphs began, and during his many long sojourns in Hanover she acted as Queen-Regent with tact and ability. At these periods she resided principally at Kensington Palace, as it was conveniently near London for communication with the ministers and yet sufficiently remote from the capital to give the Queen the appearance of living in semi-retirement while the King was away, which was pleasing to the self-importance of his Majesty, whose favourite boast was that

he was not ruled either by his wife or his mistresses. In reality Caroline ruled him absolutely, and managed matters so adroitly that his favourites were kept in humiliating subjection and possessed few of the privileges common in the circumstances. Madame Walmoden had such a wholesome dread of the Queen's power that she would not leave Hanover to accompany the King to England so long as Caroline lived.

As Kensington Palace was so frequently her place of abode, the Queen took great delight in adding to its attractions. She collected a large proportion of the paintings and historical portraits which formed the famous Kensington Gallery, and was the creator of the Gardens as we know them to-day. To those formed adjacent to the Palace by William and Mary she added three hundred acres of parkland—whether actually taken from Hyde Park or only the demesne originally surrounding old Nottingham House has been a matter for dispute—which were laid out for her by Bridgman and Kent in a natural style of sylvan beauty. Shady paths and avenues and groves of trees intersected the great expanse of turf, with here and there a flower border. But the great glory of the scheme was the formation of the Round Pond and the great canal, or Serpentine "River," as it was then called. It was constructed out of a series of ponds formed by the "West Bourne." The Queen spent £6,000 in the formation of this picturesque piece of water, and it remains a fine tribute to her taste in landscape gardening. The view from the bridge of the Serpentine has scarcely an equal in park scenery, and if the travelling Briton encountered it in any other land than his own, its beauties would be greatly extolled. Seen at whatever season

it may be, whether in bright summer sunshine, with a blue sky reflected in its waters, its gracefully curving banks clothed with foliage, and light pleasure craft gliding over its waters, or even in winter, when the bare branches of the trees intertwine fantastically above its shores, and the buildings of the city stand mysteriously defined in the hazy distance, the Serpentine presents a unique charm. The fashionable equipages which pass over the bridge and are lost to sight in the Park serve rather to stimulate the imagination regarding the charmed existence of the dwellers in Park Lane than to disturb the beauty of the landscape.

Descend from the bridge, and you can walk back along the banks of the Serpentine to its termination at the Ornamental Water, through a wooded glade where in their season thrushes sing or peewits utter their clear interrogatory note from the trees, while peacocks strut on the greensward and plume their feathers, not disdaining to dine with the ducks and the robins off the bread which the children throw. Visit this woodland glade on the banks of the Serpentine in the gloaming of a summer's evening, and you may see the gorgeous orb of the sunset reflected like a fiery disc in the water. The peacocks have now betaken themselves to the tall trees, and their resplendent tails, touched by the sunset rays, droop from the branches. Alas! they are not silent objects of beauty, for their shrieks disturb the quiet of the gloaming. Possibly the king of birds finds this an effective mode of wooing, but we would commend to his imitation the evening song of the thrush to his mate, the tender cooing of the wood-pigeon, or the beautiful note of the nightingale.

In the days when Queen Caroline strolled through these

gardens the peacocks had not arrived, but sweet Philomel, who has long since departed, was certainly there, for the present Holland Walk, not so far distant, was known as Nightingale Lane from its feathered songsters. It was then a little country road running past the grounds of Holland House, where dwelt Addison with his wife, the Countess of Warwick, during some years of the period of which we write. There he died, and has bequeathed his name to Addison Road, which, then a lane, was a favourite walk of his. He took a great interest in the extension and improvements being made in Kensington Gardens, and occasionally honoured them with a descriptive article in the *Spectator*. Indeed, the enthusiasm of the scribes over the suburban Royal domain was great. The poet Tickell wrote an allegorical romance of some length in which Kensington Palace and gardens were described as having arisen on the site of a former kingdom of the fairies. In compliment to the fashionable flower he made the lovers in his fairy kingdom plight their troth "beneath a lofty tulip's ample shade." The lampoonist also honoured Kensington Gardens with his attention and made them the subject of a prose allegory with a political meaning. It was evidently intended, too, as a skit upon the regularity with which Queen Caroline walked in the gardens with the King, as may be seen from the following extract :—

"Now it came to pass in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, in the eighth month, in the sixth year of the King, in the beginning of hay-harvest, that the King and Queen walked arm-in-arm in the gardens which they had planted on the banks of the river, the great river Euphrates"—meaning, of course, the Serpentine.

The Royal strollers are suddenly confronted by three "sons of the giants," typical of certain political personages of the day, at which the King turned and fled, leaving his faithful spouse to follow "haltingly." This had reference to the lameness from gout with which the Queen suffered in later life, but in order to accompany the King in his walks she would put her feet in cold water to take down the swelling.

We have now reached the period when Kensington Palace and Gardens were at the zenith of their glory. While the King was in Hanover the Queen held a Drawing Room at Kensington each Sunday evening, the company having previously taken their airing in the Broad Walk. Each morning a military parade took place on the Palace Green where the Royal standard was hoisted. Not only had the pleasure gardens been extended to the Serpentine, but extensive kitchen gardens had been made on a piece of ground which is now covered by the Queen's Road. Caroline was a patron of the fine arts, and collected some beautiful bric-a-brac, as well as pictures, for the adornment of her suburban Palace. Her artistic taste was not shared by the King, and led to a scene on one occasion which shows that life within the Palace was not exempt from family jars. The incident is related by Lord Hervey, the Queen's Vice-Chamberlain and confidential adviser, who used the knowledge which he had acquired of the inner life of the Court for the making of a book of "Memoirs" almost unequalled for the daring realism with which the private concerns of his Royal master and mistress are described.

During the King's absence in Hanover the Queen had replaced some of the ugly pictures in the Great Drawing-Room at Kensington

From Pyne's Royal Residences

KENSINGTON PALACE.

[*To face p.* 258.

with paintings by Vandyke and other masters. His Majesty returned home in a villainous temper, angry at having to leave his beloved Hanover and the society of Madame Walmoden, and he seized upon the changing of the pictures as an excuse for letting off his spleen. Calling for Lord Hervey in his capacity of Vice-Chamberlain, he gave orders that each of the new pictures should be taken down and the old ones replaced. Would his Majesty at least allow the two Vandykes to remain on each side of the mantelpiece instead of "those two signposts done by nobody knew who"? ventured Lord Hervey.

"My lord," replied the King, "I have a great respect for your taste in what you understand, but in pictures I beg leave to follow my own." His anger now blazed out in full fury, and when in such moods his Majesty's eyes "swelled with eagerness and grew red as other people's faces when they were angry." "I suppose *you* assisted the Queen with your fine advice," he stormed, "when she was pulling my house to pieces and spoiling all my furniture: thank God, at least she has left the walls standing! As for the Vandykes, I do not care whether they are changed or no, but for the picture with the dirty frame over the door, and the three nasty little children, I will have them taken away, and the old ones restored. I will have it done, too, to-morrow morning before I go to London, or else I know it will not be done at all."

"Would your Majesty have the gigantic fat Venus restored too?" humbly inquired Lord Hervey, with concealed satire.

"Yes, my lord; I am not so nice as your lordship. I like my fat Venus much better than anything you have given me instead of her."

At this Lord Hervey bowed himself out. Later he had a consultation with the Queen upon the matter. "Assure his Majesty that his orders shall be carried out at once," was Caroline's astute advice, "but do not tell him that the old pictures have been sent away and the frames cut to fit the new ones." The Queen and the Chamberlain knew that it was impossible to carry out the King's order by the next day, for the "fat Venus" had been sent to Windsor and the other pictures to Hampton Court, and they waited tremblingly for the next development in the situation. However, the King made no further reference to the pictures next morning, but proceeded to snub his family all round. He told the Queen, who was sipping her chocolate, that she "was always stuffing"; he reproved the Princess Emily for not hearing what he said to her; the Princess Caroline for "having grown so fat"; the Duke of Cumberland "for standing awkwardly"; and there being no other member of his family present, he fell upon Lord Hervey and abused him roundly for not remembering what relation the Prince of Saltzbach was to the Elector Palatine, and then carried off the Queen to walk in the gardens and to be further snubbed.

Prior to the return of the King, Caroline's domestic life at Kensington had been very harassing, owing to the differences arising between herself and her eldest son, Frederick Prince of Wales, and his wife, Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. The Prince and Princess had a suite of apartments at Kensington Palace, and it was the Queen's wish that they should reside at her Court while the King was in Hanover; but the Prince preferred to be in London, and declared that he found his quarters at Kensington Palace so damp that he could not live in them. The matter was one of constant

friction between the Queen and her son, and the latter instigated his young wife to give annoyance to her Royal mother-in-law. Her Majesty when at Kensington regularly attended the service at the chapel attached to the Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales also came, but were invariably late, and this obliged the Princess to crush past the Queen in order to gain her seat. After Caroline had suffered this inconvenience for several Sundays in succession, she gave orders that the Princess should be conducted to her seat by the door at which the ladies of the household entered. In spite of this command, the Prince of Wales brought his wife into the Queen's pew by the same door as formerly, and her Majesty was again subjected to the annoyance of having the Princess pass before her. Next morning the Queen told Lord Hervey that she "believed nobody was ever treated so impertinently as to be told one should not be mistress in one's own house, nor be able to order what door should or should not be opened."[1] Finally the Prince of Wales was forced to yield to his mother's protest, and told the Princess that when she was not ready in time to enter the chapel along with the Queen, she was not to go at all.

Caroline divined only too well that her son was anxious to force a quarrel with her during the absence of the King, and she astutely prevented his design by paying him outward courtesy. Whenever he and his wife came to her room in the morning she made a point of asking them to dine with her in the evening. The Queen, however, paid dearly for her politeness, for the Prince and Princess were so insufferably dull that their company gave

[1] Lord Hervey's "Memoirs of George II."

her a fit of yawning and brought on an attack of the "vapours." The undignified levity and coarse raillery of her son, added to the "flat stupidity" of her daughter-in-law, oppressed the clever Queen to such a degree that she once told Lord Hervey that she was ready to cry with the wearisomeness of their company, adding that she felt more fatigued than if she had carried the pair of them on her back round Kensington Gardens. The Queen's supreme contempt for her son and for the silly wife under his guidance was forcibly expressed when she said of the Princess of Wales, "Poor creature! if she were to spit in my face, I should only pity her for being under such a fool's direction, and wipe it off."

In extenuation of the Princess it may be said that she was scarcely more than a child when married to the Prince of Wales, and her mother had not studied to train her for the position which she was about to occupy, not even having had her taught either French or English. An amusing story is told of the reply which the Princess's mother made when it was suggested to her that as her daughter was going to marry the heir to the throne of England, she should be taught English. "That is quite unnecessary," she said loftily; "the Hanover family having been above twenty years on the throne, to be sure most people in England speak German as often and as well as English."

It was indeed a sorry figure which the young Princess made at the Court at Kensington. Her favourite diversion during the summer of 1736 was playing with a large wooden doll which was jointed and capable of being put into various comical attitudes. She would spend hours at a time before the window of her

apartment in the Palace dressing and undressing this doll. Such foolish behaviour was particularly aggravating to the stately and dignified Queen, and possibly it was because she could not trust herself to remonstrate with her that the Princess Emily undertook the task of representing to her sister-in-law that if she must play with her doll, it would be more becoming to do so in the retirement of her room and not at the windows of the Palace, to be laughed at by every groom or lacquey who passed by.

The last period of Queen Caroline's life at Kensington Palace was one of great sorrow and anxiety to her both as wife, mother, and as Queen-Regent. It was a season of riots. There were labour riots, bread riots, and smuggling riots. The opponents of the new Acts against smuggling forced themselves into Westminster Hall while the Court was sitting, and the Master of the Rolls was obliged to have a guard of thirty men around his house. The person of the Queen was in imminent danger, and the guards were doubled at Kensington Palace. Notwithstanding the indignation of the populace against Caroline and her chief minister and adviser, Sir Robert Walpole, there was no truer upholder of the liberties of the people than the Queen, and she expressed her sentiments with a certain blunt practicality which proved them to be honest convictions. She was scornfully angry at the want of perspicuity on the part of the violent assertors of the people's rights. The King, she would say, is but the servant of Parliament, the pensioner of his people, a puppet of sovereignty, obliged to go to them for every shilling he wants. She could not understand how Englishmen could imagine that any ruler would wish to take away their liberties, even if he could. "Mon Dieu!" she cried,

"what a figure would this poor island make in Europe if it were not for its government! It is its free government which makes foreigners send money here. I had as lief be Elector of Hanover as King of England if the government were the same. *Que diable* that had anything else would take you all or think you worth having if you had not your liberties? Your island might be a very pretty thing for Bridgman and Kent,[1] to lay out into gardens. . . . Impudent and insolent as you are with your troublesome liberty, your princes, if they are sensible, will rather bear with your impertinences than cure them."

With a Queen-Regent who could express her sentiments so vigorously, notable councils took place at Kensington Palace during this period of national unrest. The continued absence of the King added to the difficulty of the situation, and Caroline and Walpole held many anxious conferences. The attitude of George II. at this period brings to mind a cartoon in *Punch* which represented a partially intoxicated man standing outside a public house and saying to his pleading wife: "Now, I'll do anything in reason, Maria, but I won't go home." The King commended the wisdom of his "dear Caroline," and urged her in critical situations "consulter le gros homme (Sir Robert Walpole), qui a plus d'expérience, ma chère Caroline, que vous dans ces affaires, et moins de préjugé que moi dans celle-ci," but he distinctly declined to return home—"I'll do anything in reason, my dear Caroline, but I won't come home." The fascinations of Madame Walmoden kept him in Hanover, and it is related that Walpole urged Caroline

[1] The celebrated gardeners whom Queen Caroline had employed to lay out Kensington Gardens.

to suggest to the King that he should bring Madame Walmoden to the English Court. The minister reminded Caroline with brutal candour that she was no longer young and attractive, and that a woman of fifty could not expect to retain her husband's love, although she might by studying his pleasure and happiness continue to have his respect and confidence. Small wonder that the tears sprang into Caroline's eyes. The proud, capable woman had endured many slights from her faithless husband, yet she had never faltered in her allegiance to him. She still spent long hours each evening in her closet at Kensington, writing voluminous epistles, which she despatched daily to Hanover. Patiently, too, she replied to the amorous descriptions which the King sent to her of the charms of Madame Walmoden. "I am sure you would like Walmoden," he wrote on one occasion, "because she loves me." He followed this extraordinary utterance by assuring his "dear Caroline" of his great admiration for her sagacity and his sense of her goodness to him. "If the King," said Walpole, "was only to write to women, and never to strut and talk to them, he believed his Majesty would get the better of all the men in the world with them."

Owing to the unsettled state of the country during the winter of 1736-7, the King urged the Queen to quit Kensington and remove the Court to St. James's Palace, to be more in touch with the Government. But Caroline, still anxious to flatter her husband, declined to quit her retirement while he was away. The Prince and Princess of Wales were not so anxious to humour the King's vanity, and returned to the capital. The ministers would have been glad if the Queen, too, would have left her suburban Palace,

as they found their journeys to and fro far from agreeable. Lord Hervey, in a letter to his mother at this period, thus describes the isolation of the Court at Kensington: "The road between this place (Kensington) and London is grown so infamously bad, that we live here in the same solitude as we should do if cast on a rock in the middle of the ocean, and all the Londoners tell us there is between them and us a great impassable gulf of mud. There are two ways through the Park, but the new one is so convex, and the old one so concave, that by this extreme of faults they agree in the common one of being, like the high road, impassable." It was perhaps to relieve the tedium of this isolation that Lord Hervey wrote a drama entitled "The Death of Lord Hervey; or, A Morning at Court," in which the scene is laid at Kensington Palace. It affords a vivid picture of Queen Caroline and her Court.

The Royal truant returned from Hanover in the spring, and a few months later the Queen succumbed to the disease which she had long borne in secret. It was not, however, at Kensington that she died, but at St. James's. With Caroline the full glory of Kensington Palace and its Courts departed. George II. survived the wife to whom, with all his shortcomings, he was devotedly attached, upwards of twenty years, and it was at Kensington that he died suddenly of rupture of the heart on the morning of October 25th, 1760, making the fourth monarch who had passed away at the Palace.

It now remains but to trace the decadence of Kensington Palace as a Royal residence. Succeeding monarchs cared nothing for it. George III. made his private London home at Buckingham Palace,

and George IV. had a mania for building sumptuous Royal abodes, and looked with contempt upon the quietude and homeliness of Kensington. It served, however, as a temporary home for his separated wife, Caroline of Brunswick, the grand-daughter of that Princess of Wales who had played with her doll at the Palace windows. Poor Caroline of Brunswick had had troubles and insults enough to madden her, and the vagaries in which she indulged while at Kensington Palace may be passed over more with pity than with blame. Married as a girl to the greatest libertine of the day, and ignominiously dismissed from his home only a year after her marriage, there was nothing left but her child, the Princess Charlotte, to induce the insulted wife to comport herself with discretion and dignity, for it must be admitted that she had no stability of character and was liable to become just what circumstances made her. The removal of her daughter broke the last cord which bound Caroline to act with any degree of self-respect. Her erratic nature broke forth into wild escapades, which kept the circle about her at Kensington Palace in constant anxiety. She drank heavily at dinner, and disconcerted her ladies by coarse talk. Her favourite amusement was to elude her attendants and walk in Kensington Gardens alone, and engage strangers whom she met in conversation about herself and her wrongs. At other times she would rush from the Palace attired in evening dress and take a stroll in the public thoroughfares, and on one occasion walked along the Bayswater Road to attend a masquerade in London, attracting everybody's attention, not only by her dress, so unfitted to the streets, but by her noisy behaviour. Remarkable indeed is the contrast between the Royal Carolines who made Kensington Palace their home—Caroline of Anspach, the

stately and dignified Queen with her brilliant Court, and poor distraught Caroline of Brunswick playing her hoydenish tricks.

We pass now to memories of a quieter and less eventful kind which mark the history of the Palace in the nineteenth century. Gone now is the old Court life and the bewitching maids of honour with their train of gay cavaliers; but Royalty still has its home within the Palace walls. In the south-west corner the Duke of Sussex, brother of George IV., lives in semi-retirement, indulging his scholarly tastes and collecting his famous library. In the south-east part the Duke of Kent with his estimable Duchess have their home, and there on May 24th, 1819, in a room immediately below what is known as the King's Privy Chamber, was born the Princess Victoria. How prophetic, in the light of the glorious reign now closed, seem the words of the Duke of Kent when a condolence was offered that the newly born infant was not a boy. "As to the circumstance of that child not proving to be a son instead of a daughter, I feel it due to myself to declare," he writes, "that such sentiments are not in unison with my own; for I am decidedly of opinion that the decrees of Providence are at all times wisest and best."

The baptism of the infant Princess took place on June 24th in the Cupola or Cube-Room, one of the state apartments built for George I., and decorated by Kent in a sumptuous and gorgeous style. The christening was the occasion of a little family dispute, which, however, had the result of conferring on the babe the name honoured throughout the world as that of the greatest Queen, and which appropriately carries with it the idea of Victory. The Duke of Kent was anxious that his daughter

From the painting by Sir David Wilkie, R.A., in the Royal collection at Windsor.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST COUNCIL,
Held at Kensington Palace June 20th, 1837.

[*To face p.* 268.

should be called Elizabeth, but her sponsor, the Prince Regent, gave the name of Alexandrina, after the Emperor of Russia, upon which the Duke asked that another name might be associated with it, whereupon the Prince Regent, annoyed that the little Princess was not named Georgiana after himself, said pettishly, "Give her her mother's name also," and accordingly Victoria was added to Alexandrina and ultimately triumphed over the first name. On the christening night a state dinner attended by the Prince Regent and the chief members of the Royal Family was given at the Palace.

Seven months later, and the proud father, who, as he dangled his infant daughter, used to say, "Take care of her: she may one day be Queen of England," had passed to his rest, and the widowed Duchess is devoting herself within the seclusion of the old Palace to the rearing of the "young hope of England." In the galleries which had resounded to the tread of William and Mary and witnessed the Court pageants of Anne, the little Victoria ran races with her nurse, "dear Boppy," and in the Gardens planned by Queen Caroline rode her white donkey, or skipped along the Broad Walk, returning with childish winsomeness the salutes of the passers-by. At the age of five, under the kindly tuition of the late good old Bishop Davys, then domestic chaplain at the Palace, the little Princess began regular instruction and spelled her way through primer and text-book in the room where Queen Anne had died, now converted into a schoolroom. Here seven years later she first learned from her governess, Baroness Lehzen, that she was in all probability destined to be Queen of England. The quiet, uneventful years of her girlhood passed by, until on May 24th,

1837, she attained her eighteenth birthday, and the old Court suburb awakened from its long torpor to celebrate the majority of the coming Queen. Serenaders beneath the Palace windows awoke the Princess with their music; the bells of St. Mary Abbots clanged and pealed from early morning throughout the day; flags and banners waved from every window; the High Street was blocked with the carriages of the nobility who came to the Palace with birthday congratulations; and at night the town was ablaze with illuminations.

Less than a month later, on June 20th, Archbishop Howley and my Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, drive post haste along the silent roads in the opening dawn, and thunder for admission at the Palace gates. They bring news which brooks not of delay: "The King is dead—long live the Queen!" Upstairs, wrapt in a sweet sleep, lies the maiden monarch, all unconscious of her new estate. At the news she hastily dons a white flowing dressing-gown and descends to the drawing-room below—but let the late Queen's own words tell the incident: "It was about 6 a.m. that mamma came and called me, and said I must go to see Lord Conyngham directly—alone. I got up, put on my dressing-gown, and went into a room, where I found Lord Conyngham, who knelt and kissed my hand, and gave me the certificate of the King's death."[1] After the momentous tidings had been conveyed to her, the young Queen with tearful eyes turned to the Archbishop and said, "I ask your Grace to pray for me."

In the hours which follow the equipages of ambassadors and ministers throng the precincts of the Palace as in days long ago,

[1] As related by Queen Victoria to Dean Stanley.

From Mr. Kinloch Cooke's "Life of Mary Duchess of Teck," by permission of Mr. John Murray

IN THE PRIVATE GARDEN AT KENSINGTON PALACE.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck reading aloud to the Duke, who has Princess May on his knee.

[*To face p.* 271

and again the flag is hoist on Palace Green. A state chamber is hurriedly prepared, and at two o'clock the young Queen is led thither by her uncles, the King of Hanover and the Duke of Cambridge, and under the roof where William and Mary, Anne, George I., George II., and Queen Caroline have presided at kindred boards, Victoria holds her first Council. "Had she been my own daughter," said the Duke of Wellington, "I could not have wished to see her play her part better."

Only for a brief period did Kensington enjoy a return to importance as the abode of the monarch. A few weeks later, on July 13th, Queen Victoria quitted Kensington to establish her Court at Buckingham Palace, and never afterwards passed a night beneath the roof of her childhood's home. The Duchess of Kent retained her apartments there, as did the Duke of Sussex, and later his widow, the Duchess of Inverness, and were at times visited by the Queen. After the death of the Duchess of Kent the apartments which she had occupied were given to Princess Mary of Cambridge, on her marriage with the Duke of Teck, and for fifteen years the ever beloved and popular Duchess made the old Palace gay with her dinners and receptions and joyous with her family life. In the room which had been Queen Victoria's nursery, Princess May, our future Queen, was born in 1867. The old Council Chamber became the reception-room of the Duchess of Teck, and the birth-room of Victoria her dining-room. The apartments of the Duke of Sussex, after the death of his widow in 1873, were granted to Prince Louise and the present Duke of Argyll, and have since remained their London residence. The Princess is greatly attached to the old Palace, with its interesting

and, to her, tender memories ; and there gathers around her many literary and artistic friends. In an iron studio at the end of her private garden the Princess modelled the beautiful statue of Queen Victoria which now stands on the verge of the Broad Walk immediately opposite the suite of rooms where the late Queen's childhood was passed.

In 1898 Kensington Palace entered upon a new era in its history. For the past sixty years it had been fast falling into decay, and there were vandals who even counselled its demolition. To this her late Majesty was strenuously opposed, and by her wish the preservation of the entire fabric and the renovation of the state apartments was undertaken by the Board of Works. The renovation proved a long and tedious task, for the state rooms, unoccupied since 1760, had fallen into a great state of dirt and disorder ; the furniture and pictures which had once made them beautiful had been scattered amongst the other Royal residences ; the orangery of Queen Anne had been converted into a potting-house for the gardeners, and much of the beautiful woodwork and carving ruthlessly torn from the walls. When in the early summer of 1899 the state apartments were permanently thrown open to the public, much of their pristine beauty had been revived. Historical portraits again hung on the walls of the long galleries ; the other apartments were furnished with paintings of equal interest ; and the rooms which had been the scene of the Queen's early years were hung with prints illustrating scenes in the life she had passed there, and events in her reign ; while the toys which had been the joy of her lonely childhood were arranged in cases for the delight of youthful visitors.

Photo by Argent Archer, Kensington.

THE STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA IN FRONT OF KENSINGTON PALACE
BY PRINCESS LOUISE.

[*To face p.* 273.

Before the state apartments were finally thrown open, the Queen visited her old home once again. With the weight of eighty years upon her failing body she was wheeled in her chair from room to room, identifying old associations as she passed, but when she reached the room where the toy cases stood she desired the attendants to leave her alone. The flood-gates of memory were opened as the Queen saw again the doll's house, the Arab's tent, the miniature shop counter where she had sold ribbons and laces to imaginary customers, the doll's linen marked with her own childish cross-stitch ; and she lingered lovingly over these early momentoes of her life in the old Palace. Recently the King has sent to Kensington other relics of the late Queen's childhood from her rooms at Windsor Castle, and henceforth the Palace will be hallowed as the shrine of Victoria.

V

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

From a mezzotint, after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A.

GEORGE THE FOURTH,
The founder of Buckingham Palace.

[*To face p.* 277.

V

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

THOUGH Buckingham Palace is situated in the richest city of the world, and is the town residence of a monarch upon whose Empire the sun never sets, it has neither magnificence nor beauty to give it distinction. It is a dull, grey building, substantial and commodious, pleasantly situated facing the Mall and St. James's Park, and has extensive gardens; but there is nothing about it to impress the imagination. The towers of Westminster, rising in the distance, bear testimony to the superior architecture of the old master-builders, and remind us that seven centuries ago the King of England was more magnificently housed than Edward VII. is to-day. It would seem that in proportion as the Empire has increased in extent, wealth, and importance, less attention has been given to the Royal residences. Buckingham, the latest built of the palaces, has nothing which can compare with the spacious and regal Westminster Hall erected by William Rufus.

The memories which cling around Buckingham Palace, as it now stands, are chiefly connected with the Court life of Queen Victoria, but the site upon which it was erected and the history of the houses which preceded it carry us back to the beginning of the Stuart dynasty, for it occupies the ground where flourished

the Mulberry Garden, famous as a place of fashionable resort before and after the Restoration. It owed its origin to James I., who desired to promote the culture of silk in this country. A piece of woodland, contiguous to the grounds of his Palace of St. James, was enclosed about the year 1608, and young mulberry-trees were imported by the ship-load, and planted for the nurture of the newly arrived silkworms, who were to spin silk for the King's own use, he having a special liking for silk stockings. The silkworms did not thrive, and the speculation came to an end, but the mulberry-trees grew and flourished, forming a pretty enough retreat, which in time became a gay resort. The Mulberry Garden was the Cremorne of the seventeenth century. Evelyn describes it as "y^e only place of refreshment about y^e town for persons of y^e best quality to be exceedingly cheated at." Pepys found it "a very silly place, worse than Spring Garden"—but that excellent diarist had an unfortunate experience. He records that he took "Mr. Pierce and his wife and his sister and brother and a little boy to the Mulberry Garden," and it fell to him to treat the company. The dissipation cost Mr. Pepys eighteen shillings. No wonder that he thought the garden a silly place!

It was, however, a resort much honoured by the muse. The pens of Pope and Dryden have made it a classic spot, and it lives in all its old-time glory in Sir Charles Sedley's comedy, "The Mulberry Garden," in which the plot turns upon the fair sisters Olivia and Victoria, concealed in one of the arbours of the garden, overhearing the uncomplimentary remarks of their lovers. The Harry Modish and Jack Wildish of the comedy are typical of the gallants who lounged in the garden with fair

ladies on summer evenings after leaving the King's Playhouse. "'Tis much better than the long walk at home," says Olivia in the comedy, "for, in my opinion, half a score of young men and fine ladies, well drest, are a greater ornament to a garden than a wilderness of sycamores, orange and lemon-trees; and the rustling of silk petticoats better music than the purling of streams, chirping of birds, or any of our country entertainments; and that I hope the place will afford us yet, as soon as the plays are done." Among the shady bowers of the Mulberry Garden Dryden loved to muse, and there he ate fruit tarts in the society of the charming actress, Mistress Anne Reeve.

> Nor he, whose essence wit and taste approved,
> Forget the mulberry tarts that Dryden loved. [1]

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745 says: "I remember plain John Dryden (before he paid his court with success to the great) in one uniform clothing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madame Reeve at the Mulberry Garden, when our author advanced to a sword and chadreux wig. Posterity," he adds, "is absolutely mistaken as to that great man; tho' forced to be a satirist, he was the mildest creature breathing." There was a joke of the period, that when country ladies came to town, they spent the first month of their visit in the Mulberry Garden, it was a place of such extreme fascination. There came the gay revellers from the Court of the Merry Monarch, and maids of honour walked masked with their cavaliers.

The keepership of the garden had been granted by James I.

[1] "Pursuits of Literature," by Mathias.

to Lord Aston. He subsequently sold his right to Lord George Goring, whose house was adjacent to the garden. After the Restoration, Lord George sold Goring House to Henry Bennet, afterwards Earl of Arlington, and to him Charles II. granted the Mulberry Garden. Evelyn makes frequent mention of visiting Lord Arlington at Goring House, and he describes the destruction of the house by fire in 1674: "I went to see the great loss that Lord Arlington had sustained by fire at Goring House, this night consumed to the ground, with exceeding loss of hangings, plates, rare pictures, and cabinets; hardly anything was saved of the best and most princely furniture that any subject had in England." Lord Arlington subsequently built another mansion on the site of Goring House and named it Arlington House. This descended to his daughter, the Duchess of Grafton, who let it to the first Duke of Devonshire, and finally sold it to Sheffield Duke of Buckingham, who rebuilt it in 1703,[1] and named it Buckingham House. This mansion was the forerunner of the Palace.

There is a tradition that the first cup of tea made in England was drunk where Buckingham Palace now stands. John Timbs relates[2] that in the year of the great plague Lord Arlington brought from Holland the first pound of tea which was imported into England, and assumes that the first cup of tea brewed in this country was therefore at Arlington House. Mr. Thornbury, in his "Old and New London," endorses the statement by Timbs. Pleasing as the tradition is, it falls to the ground before the evidences which there are that the use of tea was known in England before the great plague. There is in the British Museum a leaflet[3] by

[1] Pennant. [2] "Curiosities of London." [3] Ellis's Letters, 2nd Series, vol. iv.

Thomas Garway, the keeper of the famous Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange Alley, describing the "growth, quality, and virtues of tea," which appears at its first introduction to have been recommended as a cordial likely to benefit nearly every complaint to which the flesh is heir, forming rather an amusing contrast to the modern condemnation of tea-drinking by the medical faculty. Garway sold tea "in leaf and drink" for the first time in 1657. Three years later, Pepys records on September 25th, 1660: "I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink), of which I never drank before."

At the time of the Restoration tea was so rare that the infusion of it in water was taxed by the gallon, in common with chocolate and sherbet.[1] An Act of Parliament dated 1660 imposes a tax of eightpence a gallon on tea. This seems conclusive evidence that when my Lord Arlington brought home his pound of tea, for which he paid sixty shillings, the beverage had been in use for some years in this country, and therefore the historic first cup was not brewed on the site of Buckingham Palace.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the new house of the Duke of Buckingham was considered one of the finest mansions about town. It was surrounded by grounds of great beauty and seclusion, the old Mulberry Garden having now been converted into part of the demesne.

> What cavalier would know St. James's Park?
> For *Locket's* stands where Gardens once did spring,
> And wild ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing.
> A princely palace on that space does rise,
> Where *Sedley's* noble muse found mulberries.[2]

[1] *Quarterly Review*, 1812.

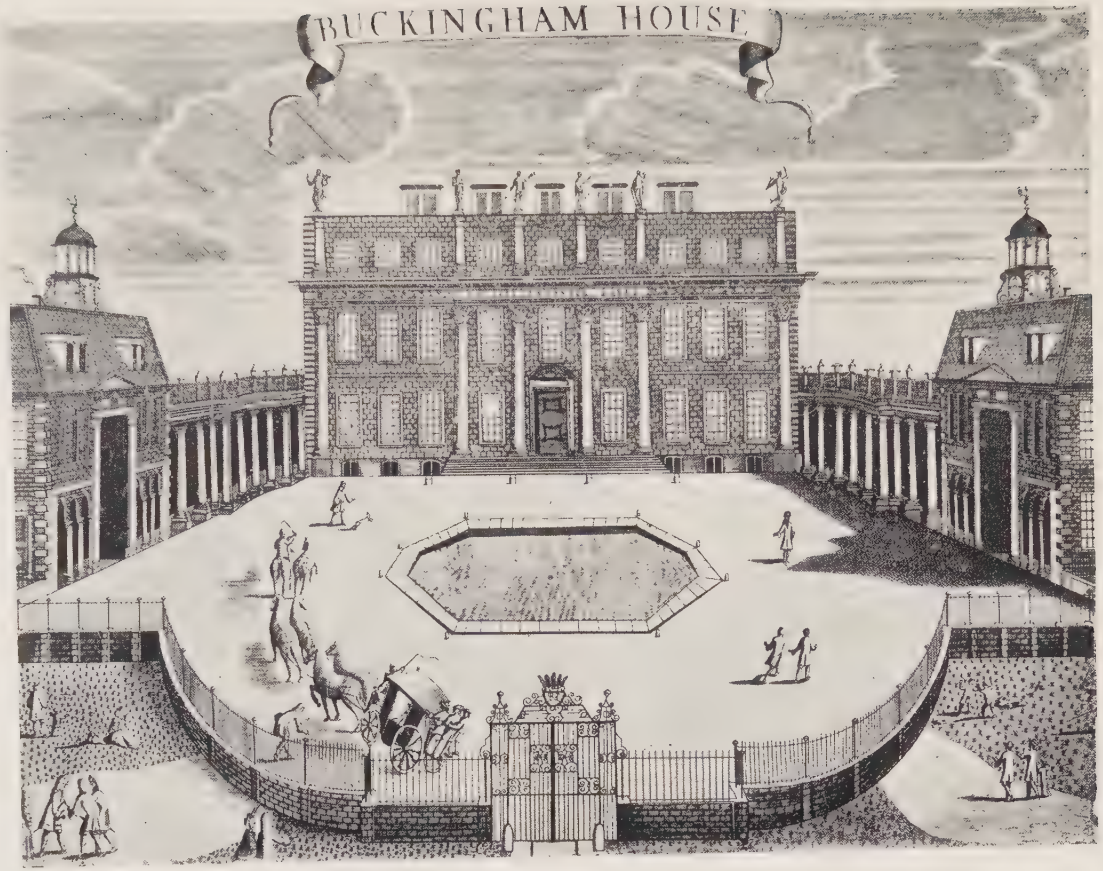
[2] "Art of Cookery," by Dr. King.

Pope styled it "a country house in summer and a town house in winter," and the noble owner endorsed the sentiment when he caused to be inscribed in gold letters along the garden front, underneath the figures of the Four Seasons, "Rus in Urbe." Shortly after he had settled in his new abode the Duke wrote a detailed description of it to his friend the Duke of Shrewsbury, from which it is gathered that Buckingham House had some pretensions to artistic elegance. The Duke comments with satisfaction on the spacious rooms, especially his own bedchamber, from which he issued at seven o'clock in the morning to walk in the gardens, where he could view "a vast town, a palace and a magnificent cathedral." The avenues of "gay flourishing limes and goodly elms" along St. James's Park, with the Mall between, led up to the house. The Duke describes a gravel walk from the front of the mansion, between two groves of tall limes, interspersed with ornamental tubs containing bay and orange-trees, which led to the canal, six hundred yards long, with two rows of limes on each side. From this it is evident that the grounds of old Buckingham House practically joined the canal in St. James's Park, and the front outlook must have been one of uninterrupted sylvan beauty.

> No rattling wheel disturbs the peaceful ground,
> Or wounds the ear with any jarring sound.[1]

This cannot be said of the Palace to-day, now that a great sweep of road divides it from St. James's Park and "rattling wheels" are heard all day long.

[1] Charles Dryden in a Latin poem on Buckingham House, translated by Samuel Boyse, and included in Nichol's "Select Collection of Poems," 1780.



From a contemporary print.

OLD BUCKINGHAM HOUSE,

Showing the Duke of Buckingham driving into the courtyard in a coach-and-six.

[*To face p.* 282.

It was only in declining years that the founder of Buckingham House gave himself up to a domestic life and sylvan delights. The Duke had been one of the gayest men of the day and a famous gamester. Each year he gave a dinner to his spendthrift friends with whom he consorted at Mary-le-bone, a gaming house which stood on the site of Regent's Park. The toast of the evening was: "May as many of us as remain unhanged till next spring meet here again." When a young man he was much enamoured of the Princess (afterwards Queen) Anne, and it was said that he owed his many distinctions and titles to a gentle sentiment in the Royal breast. He was made Lord Privy Seal, first Duke of Normanby, and finally Duke of Buckingham. Curiously enough, he married the natural daughter of Queen Anne's father. The Duke was a strong Jacobite, and viewed with unconcealed scorn the arrival of the Elector of Hanover at St. James's, and looking forth from the windows of Buckingham House to the Palace of the "usurper," plotted for the return of the Stuarts.

Keeping aloof from Court life, the old Duke devoted himself to literature, and the memories of him which cling to Buckingham House are largely connected with the quill, although he never ceased to sumptuously entertain his friends. He wrote the tragedies of "Julius Cæsar" and "Brutus" and some essays on poetry, all highly extolled by the critics of the time, because, forsooth, my Lord Buckingham was a great man. He died in 1720, having spent some seventeen years in the house to which he gave his name.

After his death, his widow, Catherine Darnley, the reputed natural daughter of James II., continued to live at Buckingham House, and adopted a style of impressive pomp and ceremony.

Walpole dubbed her in irony the "Princess Buckingham." "She is more mad with pride," he writes, "than any mercer's wife in Bedlam." Now that her lord was dead, her Grace set up an assumption of regal dignity in her own right, and desired every one to remember that she was the daughter of a King. Her mother, Lady Dorchester, had been in the habit of trying to upset her pretensions by the taunt: "You need not be so proud; you are not the King's, but old Graham's (Colonel Graham, a beau of the day) daughter." But her Grace of Buckingham preferred to choose her own father. Each year she went with filial reverence to Paris to weep at the tomb of James II. On the anniversary of the execution of Charles I. she robed herself in deep mourning and sat in the great drawing-room of Buckingham House upon a chair of state, heavily draped with black, surrounded by her women, also in mourning garb, and there in lugubrious silence received the faithful who came to do homage to the memory of the Royal martyr.

The Duchess kept a mimic Court at Buckingham House, and never permitted her attendants to sit in her presence. She made it also a rendezvous for the disaffected and a hot-bed of Jacobite plots and intrigues. Not content with the homage of her personal following, she endeavoured to exact the same punctilious attention from all with whom she had dealings, and took her revenge on any presumptuous person who gave her even an unintentional slight. It pleased her Grace, occasionally, to attend the Opera in state, dressed in scarlet and ermine; for such condescension she expected obsequious attention from the manager. On one occasion she sent for Cori, the prompter of the Opera, to pay him for

her box. He was not at home when the summons came, and in consequence did not reach Buckingham House until an hour afterwards. "Did he treat her like a tradeswoman?" demanded the infuriated Duchess; she would "teach him to respect women of her birth," and bade him wait upon her again at nine the next morning. Cori presented himself at Buckingham House at the appointed time, and was kept a prisoner there for twelve hours without food before it pleased her Grace to see him. Late in the evening, seated upon her chair of state, she received the unfortunate Cori with the air of a Princess giving audience to a suppliant.

When Catherine Duchess of Buckingham reigned at Buckingham House, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough lived in state at her house on the other side of St. James's Park, and great was the rivalry between the ducal widows. Her Grace of Buckingham was happy in the consciousness that she had given her lord as magnificent a funeral as that accorded to the hero of Blenheim. When her poor weak son died, she yearned for a funeral of unique distinction, and sent her compliments to Marlborough House to ask if the Duchess would be so good as to lend her the car used at the funeral of the great Duke. It is easy to imagine with what scorn old Sarah of Marlborough returned the following message: "The car which carried my Lord Marlborough shall never be used for any one else." "It is of no consequence," replied her Grace of Buckingham; "I have consulted the undertaker, and he tells me that I can have a finer for twenty pounds."[1]

[1] "Memoirs of Horace Walpole."

The rival Duchesses were excellent sport for the poets and wits. Pope tried to curry favour with both ladies, and having written his famous description of "Atossa," sent a copy to each of them, insinuating that it was levelled at the other. The Duchess of Buckingham believed him, but Sarah of Marlborough was not to be deceived; she knew herself too well, and stopping the person commissioned to read the poem to her, said: "I cannot be so imposed upon; I see plainly enough for whom it is designed." After abusing Pope roundly, she sent him a thousand pounds for the suppression of the all too faithful likeness. It has come down to posterity, nevertheless.[1]

The most ghastly memory connected with old Buckingham House was the death-bed of the famous Duchess. As she lay in her last agonies in the state bedroom she arranged with her attendants the details of her funeral. So afraid was she that any single mark of homage to her august memory and Royal parentage should be omitted, that she gave orders that the undertaker should bring the funeral paraphernalia for her to inspect, and lay moaning in anxiety lest the breath should have fled from her poor body ere it arrived. "Why don't they send the canopy for me to see?" she wailed. "Let them send it, even though all the tassels are not finished." She was further tormented by the fear that if she sank into insensibility those about her would take advantage of it to insult her dignity, and she made each of her ladies take a vow that they would not sit down in her presence before she was dead, even though she might be insensible. With this miserable hankering after the pomp and circumstance of earthly

[1] See "Atossa" in "Moral Essays," Epistle II.

dignity, the imperious Catherine of Buckingham passed to that world where distinctions of birth and rank are unknown.

The now famous Buckingham House, after a brief tenure by Charles Herbert Sheffield, a natural son of the late Duke, became Crown property, as it has since remained. George III., shortly after his marriage to the young Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, decided to have a family mansion in town, reserving his then residence of St. James's Palace for state ceremonials. Buckingham House, standing secluded in its lovely grounds, across the park, seemed the most eligible residence for the King's requirements. He purchased it, some authorities say for £21,000, and others for £28,000; modernised the front of the house; had the gardens freshly laid out, and enlarged them by the addition of a piece of the Green Park.

There is a touch of irony in the abode of the Jacobite Duchess becoming the possession of the representative of the House of Hanover—and, indeed, sharp contrasts now meet at every point in the associations of the house. While the Duchess of Buckingham had no higher thought than the assertion of a dubious Royal dignity, George III. and his Queen preferred a homely life devoid of courtly pomp. While the Duchess would have given her right hand for a crown, the King found it a troublesome appendage.

In the summer of 1763 the King and Queen entered into possession of Buckingham House, which was later settled upon Queen Charlotte, and its name changed to that of the "Queen's House." It was as yet without palatial pretensions, being nothing more than a commodious red-brick house, "dull, dowdy, and

decent." There was a lawn in front enclosed with iron rails. The King's apartments were on the ground floor, and were remarkable for their plainness. A grand staircase led up to the state apartments of the Queen, which were spacious, elegantly furnished, and hung with fine pictures. The saloon—at a later date—was fitted up as a throne-room, and there Queen Charlotte held her smaller receptions, and occasionally a public Drawing Room. Opening from the saloon was the Crimson Drawing-Room, and beyond it a smaller drawing-room upholstered in deeper crimson. The Blue Drawing-Room completed the range of the Queen's state apartments. Her Majesty's favourite sitting-room was the Green Closet, a plain apartment hung round with portraits by Gainsborough of all her children, excepting the Princess Amelia. The Queen's Breakfast Parlour, overlooking the gardens, was another favourite retiring-room. It was panelled in Japanese wood, and there Queen Charlotte kept her organ, on which she played the concertos of her favourite composer, Handel, to the delight of her spouse. A bust of Handel was placed above the organ.

The first incident which marks the Royal occupation of old Buckingham House was homely and characteristic. Queen Charlotte, with a young wife's desire to please her lord, planned a surprise for his birthday, which occurred shortly after they had settled in their new abode. She could not, however, carry it through while he was in the house, so with fond persuasions she asked the King if he would oblige her so far as to go to St. James's Palace for a couple of days, which he accordingly did. On the night of June 6th, the Queen summoned him back,

Photo by H. N. King.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE BLUE DRAWING-ROOM.

(To face p. 82.

and taking him up to one of the rooms in her house, drew back the shutters of the window with her own hand, and revealed to the astonished and delighted King a scene of fairyland. The grounds were beautifully illuminated; coloured lights shed their radiance from the Temple, the bridge, and the Museum, and at every vantage-ground were mottoes and devices appropriate to the King's birthday, and an orchestra of fifty players cunningly concealed amongst the trees performed his favourite airs. Here was a wife for you, my masters! Small wonder that the plain little Mecklenburg Princess bound the King to her with such strong ties of affection that he forgot the dark eyes of the lovely Lady Sarah Lennox, which had bewitched him in his youth. Lady Sarah had sought to beguile him by displaying her charms as she raked the hay in the park of Holland House when the young King took his morning canter. Princess Charlotte wrote a wise letter on the horrors of war and the blessings of peace, which, being shown to the King, inclined him in her favour. After marriage she followed up her conquest by the domestic attentions which "Farmer George" appreciated.

It becomes the faithful historian to add that the King's thoughts did sometimes travel back to the beautiful haymaker, even after he was wed, and there is little doubt that George III. had a deep affection for Lady Sarah Lennox, although he did not make her his Queen. The observant eyes of Horace Walpole noted that the King blushed during his marriage ceremony when allusion was made in the service to Abraham and *Sarah*; for was not the lovely maiden of his thoughts standing with drooping head holding up her rival's train. Another incident, many years

later, showed that the King still retained tender memories of his early love. Mrs. Pope, the celebrated actress, was considered to be very like Lady Sarah Lennox, and one evening the King, when seeing her act, said with soft pathos, unmindful of the Queen at his side, "Ah, she is very like Lady Sarah still." The beautiful girl who missed being the Queen of George III. married Sir Thomas Bunbury and, after his death, Major-General the Hon. George Napier, and became the mother of the gallant Charles Napier.

But to return to the Royal household at Buckingham House. It was one of great domestic felicity. Nothing pleased the King better than to admire the homely virtues of his Queen and to listen to her playing upon the spinet. At Buckingham House all their Majesties' children were born, with the exception of George IV., whose birth took place at St. James's Palace. The family was reared with great strictness. The Queen personally supervised the studies of her children, selected their preceptors, and so anxious was she that her own knowledge should be in advance of theirs, that she took lessons from all the special teachers, except the dancing-master. She is said to have been a great student of mineralogy and natural history, was undoubtedly a genuine lover of literature, and read and discussed the books of the day. She was pious, and presented copies of Ogden's[1] sermons to all her household at Christmas. Queen Charlotte's frugality at the Royal table has become proverbial. It was intended as a wholesome example to her children, but alas! with most of them it lamentably failed. We can picture the King and Queen seated at the

[1] Rev. Samuel Ogden, a favourite preacher with George III. and Queen Charlotte.

long dining-table in Buckingham House with the Princes and Princesses ranged in due order down each side. The attendants bring in the earliest of spring chickens or the first strawberries of the season. The young people look eagerly and longingly at the delicacy, but the Queen-mother waves the dish away. "Let it be taken to some sick person," says she; "we are all in good health and do not require these things, which might induce an invalid to take nourishment."

Both George III. and Queen Charlotte believed in corporal punishment as the best corrective for youthful delinquencies, and the old stones of Buckingham Palace could reveal many stories of Royal "spankings." The flogging was often given to the younger children by the Queen's own hand, being well and properly done. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was the Royal maxim, and Queen Charlotte mastered her maternal tenderness with a stoicism akin to one of Mary Wilkins's New England matrons. The King stood by and watched the castigation of his children with virtuous satisfaction. On one occasion he remarked to a lady of the Court, who had viewed the chastisement with a look of abhorrence, "If all mothers in this country followed her Majesty's example, there would be better manners in England." Alas, for the King's satisfaction, could he have foreseen the future! However, it would seem that the severe discipline had a good effect while the children were young, according to the testimony of Fanny Burney.[1] "How amazingly well," she writes, "are all these children brought up!" and she describes the sweet graciousness of the Princess Royal, the lovely nature of the Princess Amelia—the

[1] "Diary of Madame D'Arblay."

favourite daughter of the King, cut down in her youth and beauty—and the engaging manners of the little Princess Sophia. All six of the Princesses, according to Miss Burney, were models of beauty, sweetness, and propriety; still, scandal tarnished the names of some of them later. The "spanking" of the Princes was continued when they were big boys, and was little short of brutal. The Princess Sophia told the Hon. Amelia Murray that she had seen "her two eldest brothers, when thirteen and fourteen, held by their arms to be flogged like dogs, with a long whip."[1] Small wonder that they escaped from parental control at the earliest possible moment, and that the excesses of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York became the scandal of the time! The Dukes of Kent and Cambridge were the most exemplary of the sons of George III. The Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., swore with such virulence that when he was about to visit Lord George Murray at Weymouth, Lady George[2] had the temerity to write to his Royal Highness beseeching him to avoid the use of expletives, for fear her little boy should learn them. It is to the credit of the jovial sailor Prince that he observed the wish of his hostess. On the completion of his visit he said to her: "I am sure your little boy has not learned any naughty words from me." "I do feel very grateful, sir," replied Lady George; "but if your Royal Highness could refrain for a week, why not give up a bad habit altogether?" The Prince laughed away the gentle remonstrances, and continued the swearing throughout his life.

[1] "Recollections," by the Hon. Amelia Murray.

[2] Mother of the Hon. Amelia Murray, the writer of the "Recollections."

Queen Charlotte had brought from her own country two favourite German waiting-women, Mesdames Berkendorff and Schwellenberg, and they carried matters with a high hand at Buckingham House. Regarding it as the special domain of their Royal mistress, they did not hesitate to flaunt themselves before the English attendants. Throughout her Court life poor Fanny Burney stood in daily terror of Madame Schwellenberg. Latterly that lady became so full of pride that she boasted that she was better attended than the Queen herself, and obliged her servant to wait continually at the step of the door to her apartment, so that she need not have the trouble of ringing when she required her services! It was a favourite boast with the Schwellenberg that if a thing was good enough for the Queen, it was not good enough for *her*.

It is astonishing that Queen Charlotte, credited with being somewhat of a shrew herself, tolerated the presumption of her attendants. She held her own with the rest of the Court, even in her early married life, when she was only a girl in years. Lady George Murray relates many stories of that period which the Queen told her. A curious *contretemps* happened one evening through Queen Charlotte's ignorance of English Court etiquette. It was the King's custom to leave his wife's sitting-room at nine o'clock in the evening to transact business, and a lady-in-waiting came to sit with the Queen. Lady Hinterland being in waiting on one occasion, was punctilious not to take her leave until dismissed. "'I sat and the good lady sat, and we both got very tired,' the Queen told Lady George Murray. At length Lady Hinterland ventured: 'Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that I must wait

till your Majesty dismisses me.' 'Oh, goot my lady!' I said, 'why did you not tell me dat before?'"

Not only did Queen Charlotte find the observance of Court etiquette tiresome, but she chafed under the restraints of the orthodox English Sunday; her industrious fingers ached for employment. "If I read all day," she said, "my poor eyes get tired. I do not like to go to sleep, so I lock my door that nobody may be shocked, and take my knitting for a little while, and then I can read my good books again."

It has become the custom to speak of the first Royal mistress of Buckingham House as a severe and parsimonious lady, who sent the maids of honour supperless to bed and begrudged them cherry tart for dinner; but there are evidences in the memoirs and reminiscences of the period which show that she was capable of great kindness and was esteemed and beloved by those who knew her best. Her frugality was intended as an example to the Royal children, and there is something peculiarly sad in the disappointment which her eldest born, the boy of such beauty and promise, caused her. A pathetic incident, narrated in Fanny Burney's "Diary," speaks eloquently of the Queen's sore heart. One day she read aloud from the *Tatler* an article about a young man of good heart and sweet disposition who had been allured into a life of pleasure and had become a hopeless libertine, and asked Miss Burney what she thought of it. "All the mother was in her voice, while she read it," says her attendant, "and her glistening eyes told the application throughout." Poor Queen Charlotte! so full of excellent virtues and righteous endeavour, how often have the walls of old Buckingham House witnessed her tears as she sat at her tambour

Photo by H. N. King.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE STATE DINING-ROOM.

[*To face p.* 294.

frame or tried to read her "good books" while musing a mother's grief, or struggling with wifely fears when the insidious mental disease began to afflict her beloved consort! Small wonder if she grew irritable and shrewish, when the sweetness and joy of life was gone, and only the gall and wormwood remained!

It was at Buckingham House that George III. collected his splendid library, afterwards removed to Windsor Castle and finally given to the nation by George IV. It is now lodged at the British Museum. The King, though somewhat of a pedant, had a genuine admiration for literary taste and merit, and when his library was being formed charged the librarian never to bid against a poor scholar or book collector. To the King's library, by special favour of the keeper, Dr. Barnard, came Dr. Johnson to consult the rare tomes. One day, when he was so occupied, the King entered the library, and then ensued the historic interview recorded by Boswell. The King asked civil questions about books, and the great lexicographer replied in loud, sonorous tones of wisdom. Many times did Johnson recount the scene to the wits and scholars gathered at the "Mitre" tavern. "Well, doctor," the less fortunate Goldsmith would say, at the close of the narration, "you acquitted yourself better than I should have done, for I should have bowed and stammered through the whole of it." At another of his visits to Buckingham House Dr. Johnson encountered the little Prince of Wales, and, as became a pedagogue who had experience in the tuition of small boys, began to question the "hope of the nation" about his lessons, and catechised him on the Scriptures. The answers of the future "Prince Florizel" were very satisfactory.

Queen Charlotte shared the King's love of books and also made

a point of encouraging literary merit. Lady novelists were not as plentiful in those days as now, and a "female" writer stood on a pedestal above and apart from her kind. When Fanny Burney's "Evelina" became the talk of the town, it seemed to the Queen that she could not more fittingly show her appreciation of the author's gifts than by offering her a post at Court. "I am sure, Miss Burney, we shall suit one another very well," said the Queen, and so the most celebrated authoress of her time "was royally gagged and promoted to fold muslins," having literally no option but to accept the position of second keeper of the wardrobe to Queen Charlotte at a salary of £200 a year, and forsake her desk for the mixing of the Royal snuff. "It is a very fine-scented and mild snuff," writes poor little Burney, struggling with her new duties, "and requires being moistened from time to time to revive its smell." The Princess Royal behaved very sweetly, holding the snuff-box to be filled and then taking it to her august mother. What a moment of anxiety for Burney! Presently the Princess ran back and said with a look of congratulation: "Oh, Miss Burney, mamma says the snuff is extremely well mixed, and has sent another box to be filled." Could the author of "Evelina" desire a greater triumph?

For five years she continued her duties at Court, and the dulness of Windsor Castle and Kew Palace, where their Majesties spent the summer months, was compensated for by the winters passed at Buckingham House, where Miss Burney was at liberty to receive her friends, and had opportunities for entering a little into the literary society of the capital. Not that literature was tabooed at Court, for it was a favourite occupation with the King to engage Miss Burney in a discussion on the merits of

Shakespeare. George III. had no opinion of the national dramatist, and denied even that his writings had merit. "Was there ever such stuff," cried he, "as the greater part of Shakespeare?—only one must not say so. But what think you? What? Is there not sad stuff? What? What?" and poor little Burney, not daring to refute the Royal opinion, meekly answered: "Yes, indeed I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that——" But the King would hear no more.

The Queen was learned in the writings of German philosophers, and Miss Burney, not having read them, was often placed in conversational difficulties. Her Majesty was an extensive reader, and occasionally expressed surprise at Miss Burney's limited knowledge of books. The Queen had a hobby for picking up second-hand books.

"Oh, it is amazing," she would say, "what good books there are on stalls!"

"It is amazing to me to hear that," said a lady at Court.

"Why?" replied the Queen. "I don't pick them up myself, but I have a servant who is very clever, and if," she added with excellent reasoning, "they are not to be had at the booksellers', they are not for me any more than for another."

It is a quaint and anomalous picture which the Court of Queen Charlotte presented at Buckingham House. The ladies-in-waiting moved about in the old Windsor uniform—a blue cloth habit like a riding-habit, but being the length of a gown, ornamented with buttons having a star surrounded with the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," and a scarlet collar. Some curious little points of etiquette were observed in the Queen's House. No one might

pass a room where a member of the Royal Family was if the door was open. It was against etiquette to knock at the Queen's door, her attendants being required to rattle the handle or the lock. Many German customs were observed, especially at Christmas, when Queen Charlotte had a Christmas tree—an object unknown in English homes—set up in the room of her favoured attendant, Madame Schwellenberg. There are traditions that the Queen occasionally boxed the ears of a delinquent maid of honour, which does not seem improbable if we consider the chastisement which she gave to the Princesses, and which her Majesty would doubtless consider might properly be extended to young ladies who were her attendants. The Court was a curious mixture of homely discipline, intellectual intercourse, and stately grandeur, for when Queen Charlotte left her knitting and her books and music in the Green Closet, where she was a simple German *frau*, and entered the Grand Saloon on her reception days, her attire and manner were regal and imposing. She dressed magnificently on state occasions, and had a particular fancy for wearing rich lace. Some of the hordes of Queen Charlotte descended to her illustrious granddaughter, Queen Victoria.

Before Fanny Burney left her post at Court, to become in due time Madame D'Arblay, the King had lost his reason, and the royal mistress, to whom she had become deeply attached, was in the depths of despair. One of the most pathetic memories connected with Buckingham House at this period is the hasty visit paid by Queen Charlotte from Windsor to see the illuminations which the joyful citizens of London set up when it was known that the King was himself again. In this brief interval of joy the Queen's

memory must have travelled back to her early married days, when she had planned the illumination of Buckingham House gardens for a birthday surprise to her lord. The present was but a brief spell of happiness for the devoted wife ; ere long the painful malady returned and followed the old King to his grave.

After George III. became permanently insane, and the Regency was established, Buckingham House was shorn of its former importance. To Queen Charlotte it had become a place of buried hopes and sad memories. She rarely resided there except for the convenience of holding state ceremonials. The unhappy differences with her son, the Prince Regent ; the scandal of his matrimonial relations, and her virtuous dislike of the wife chosen by the Duke of York, all rendered Court functions strained and unpleasant. Still, the Queen endeavoured to maintain such shreds of dignity as remained to her, and punctiliously continued her Drawing Rooms and receptions at Buckingham House. It was the scene during these later years of several historic ceremonies. From Buckingham House the Princess Charlotte, after dining with her Royal grandmother, drove to Carlton House to marry Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. This union promised to be the one drop of happiness in the old Queen's cup of misery, and in honour of the event she held a grand Drawing Room four days after the celebration of the marriage. The fair young bride and her devoted husband were present, and all society came to do them homage. The carriages of the guests extended in a line from Buckingham House to Oxford Street. In one short year the bride and her infant son lay dead at Claremont, and the Queen's heart was again rent in twain.

In this same year Princess Mary was married to the Duke

of Gloucester in the saloon of Buckingham House, the Prince Regent giving his sister away, and in the year 1818 the aged Queen, now seventy-five, witnessed the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Homburg, and the marriage of the Duke of Cambridge with the Princess Mary of Hesse. The latter was the last event connecting Queen Charlotte with old Buckingham House. A few months later the Queen had passed away, to be followed ere long by the aged King. It was indeed a melancholy ending to the life which they had entered upon with such prospect of felicity fifty-six years before. Buckingham House, now standing tenantless, neglected, and dilapidated, seemed the sad emblem of their disappointed hopes.

So it stood until, in the year 1825, his Majesty King George IV. decided to turn the old house into a Palace. The transformation had to be proceeded with astutely. The King had already erected a costly pleasure pavilion at Brighton ; the restoration to Windsor Castle had cost the nation a large sum ; and Parliament was not in a mood to vote a further grant for the turning of Buckingham House into a Palace. His Majesty, appreciating the position, merely asked that a sum of money should be granted for the enlargement and repair of the old house. George IV. was unable to emulate the King of Bavaria, who in giving directions for the building of the Palace at Munich said: "Build me a Palace in which nothing within or without shall be of transient fashion or interest ; a Palace for my posterity and my people, as well as for myself ; of which the decorations shall be durable as well as splendid, and shall appear one or two centuries hence as pleasing to the eye and taste as they do now." John Nash, the architect, was in-

BUCKINGHAM PALACE AS DESIGNED BY GEORGE IV., AND SHOWING THE MARBLE ARCH IN FRONT OF THE FORECOURT.

[*To face p.* 300.

structed that he must keep to the original site and elevation of Buckingham House, because the King was only *repairing* it. Nevertheless, the "First Gentleman in Europe" had dreams of a palatial residence to vie with the ancient abodes of the Cæsars. Columns of Carrara marble began to arrive, and a magnificent marble arch, copied from the monument of Constantine at Rome, with figures of heroes, above which an equestrian statue of his Majesty was to stand triumphant, was designed. The "repairs" continued until the original structure was lost in a web of new buildings for which a much-suffering nation paid half a million of money.

By the year 1829, the King's "New Palace at Pimlico," as it was now called, was nearing completion. In spite of the money spent upon it, the Palace was neither grand, pretty, nor effective, and the wits, satirists, and democrats of the day expended their humour and their wrath upon it and the unfortunate architect, who was in a measure to be pitied, as, having to keep to the original elevation of the structure, his additions suffered by being dwarfed. There was scarcely any portion of the Palace which did not receive its dose of satire. Among the squibs of the time the illustrated parody of "The House that N[as]h Built," by T. Hume, became the most famous. I have heard old people still living apply this title to Buckingham Palace. The dome which surmounted the entrance of the Garden Front looked very much like an inverted slop basin to the critical gazers from the Green Park, and in Hume's parody it was referred to as :

> This is the beautiful Ball in the Cup
> Which the tasteful Committee in wisdom set up
> On the top of the Palace that N—h built.

After Nash had completed the Palace, the King did not like the side wings, and had them pulled down and altered.

> These are the wings which by estimate round
> Are said to have cost forty thousand pound,
> And which, not quite according with Royalty's taste,
> Are doomed to *come down* and be laid into waste.

The parody is amusingly illustrated with quaint woodcuts. The frontispiece shows the new Palace, and in the foreground figures of eager citizens viewing the wonderful structure through a telescope, and an artist seated at his easel limning its outlines with a rapturous pose. The concluding picture shows two toiling Britons, one breaking stones and the other rolling the streets.

> This is the man whom they Johnny Bull call,
> And who very reluctantly pays for it all.

As soon as the *furore* of the famous parody had subsided, a writer contributed to *Fraser's Magazine*[1] an ingenious and powerful defence of the King's new Palace and of its much-criticised architect. One might term the article the Buckingham Palace *apologia*. It conveys a good idea of what contemporary feeling was by the objections which it essays to answer. One of the great complaints made against the scheme was that there should be such an extravagant outlay at a time when poverty and distress abounded in the country. Seasons of public distress, the apologist contended, are exactly those in which public works should be undertaken. The erection of a palace may therefore be considered as a bounty given

[1] May, 1830.

to the unemployed. Two thousand families of the "intellectual class of operatives" were being maintained by the works at the new Palace and at Windsor Castle, not one of whom would find employment if the works were suspended. Reference is skilfully made to the progress of the nation in the appreciation of artistic work. The carver, gilder, sculptor, and painter are artisans created by this progress, and therefore they must be kept employed. "The weaver of tapestry for a palace is no less deserving than the weaver of rugs for the cottage couch"—indeed, the tapestry weaver is more important, because belonging to a "higher order of intellectual beings." In the same strain through page after page the writer continues his argument in favour of the new Palace, with the fervour of a John Burns pleading that the County Council should start relief works for the unemployed. He does not neglect to play also upon the national pride, reminding the "Save-alls" that it becomes a patriotic country that "the King should be suitably accommodated." "Public edifices are the monuments of nations," and compared with European capitals, London is wanting in the matter of palaces. After paying a compliment to the "elegance and quality" of Mr. Nash's genius, the apologist concludes by saying that the only objection which he takes to the Palace is that it is not large enough.

The writer in *Fraser* appends to his article a detailed description of the entrance and state apartments—the best account extant of Buckingham Palace as designed by George IV. The approach was from the Mall, which formed a fine avenue leading up to the Triumphal Arch, behind which was the Palace, forming three sides of a quadrangle. It is interesting to read what was the original

design of the arch, which, robbed of its splendour, now stands at the entrance to Hyde Park, and is familiar to every country cousin who visits town.

It was designed in size and general effect to be similar to the arch of Constantine at Rome. "The arch," says this writer, "has three gateways; the centre one rises to the architrave. Over the two side gates are tablets, containing on the one side female representatives of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and on the other the Genius of England inviting youth. Between each arch or gateway is a column, 20 feet high, of one block; these columns will support groups of trophies and figures. Behind these groups is a representation in bold relief of the battle of Waterloo. Above this is a large pedestal with statues of Victory at each corner, having in the centre Europe and Asia bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington. Surmounting the whole will be an equestrian statue in bronze of his Majesty. The side of the triumphal arch facing the Palace presents emblems and decorations of a similar character to those on the one side. Over the small gateways are figures of Valour and Virtue on one side and Peace and Plenty on the other. Occupying the same place with the representation of Waterloo is the battle of Trafalgar in bold relief, and corresponding with Europe and Asia, bearing the bust of the Duke of Wellington, is Britannia with her attendants contemplating a medallion of Nelson. The whole of this gorgeous pile will, when finished, be about 60 feet high. The gates are to be of mosaic gold, and the palisade which is to connect it with the wings of the Palace are to be spears of the richest workmanship that has yet been executed for such a purpose in that superb metal." This description

was written before the arch was completed, and it was destined never to be finished according to this magnificent plan.

The interior of the Palace had more pretension to magnificence. The hall was paved with white marble surrounded by a mosaic border. Steps led from it up to the guard-room, and both the guard-room and the hall were ornamented by more than a hundred pillars, each formed of a single block of Carrara marble, surmounted with golden capitals. At the end of the hall was the Grand Staircase, of pure white marble, ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs. This led to the state apartments, the first of which was the saloon, or Throne Chamber, 60 feet in length, having a fine ceiling richly embossed with gold; "the walls," says the writer, "are to be hung with silk and decorated with bas-reliefs." A portico from the saloon afforded a pavilion for promenading in the open air. Beyond was the great picture gallery, 175 feet long, lighted by two rows of circular windows in the ceiling, representing stars of all the orders of Knighthood in Europe. Next came the State Bedchamber, and behind it the King's closet. A charming set of apartments *en suite* was formed by the Bow Drawing-Room, the Great Drawing-Room, and the music-room leading into the picture gallery.

The interior decorations of the state apartments were of the most elaborate kind. The ceilings were ornamented in various colours and the floors were inlaid with wood to correspond in colour to that of the ceilings. It was not his Majesty's intention to use carpets. All the door-cases were of statuary marble, richly sculptured with figures, and the door cornices of "corresponding elegance." And not only were the door-cases and chimney-pieces in

this "palace of art" of "sculptured ornament," continues the writer, but "historical or allegorical bas-reliefs adorn all the compartments in the state rooms." The interior of the Palace presents an "English snugness in the midst of the greatest profusion of splendour."

In addition to the state apartments for the King's use, there were separate suites of rooms provided for an Heir-Apparent, the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord High Steward, and for guests. But George IV. does not appear to have considered the possibility of apartments being required for a Queen Consort. Having quarrelled with his own wife, Queens were not in the King's calculation.

The most imposing exterior of the Palace was the Garden Front, to be seen in its entirety from the grounds. It was 345 feet long, ornamented with five Corinthian towers, the centre being circular and surmounted by the much-ridiculed dome. A terrace extended the whole length of the Garden Front, having at either end a conservatory in the form of an Ionic pavilion. The Pimlico exterior—viz., facing the Mall—was admitted, irrespective of the arch, to be a little mean for a public entrance. "It would," says the writer, "do passably for a private gentleman's house; but the moment the door opens, it presents a lobby not more respectable than that of an ordinary inn." The open corridor, leading to the state apartments, also comes in for censure. The steps to it cannot fail, he thinks, to be a cause of inconvenience to the courtiers afflicted with "gout, lumbago, or sciatica," while "the gorgeous dames in the flimsy paraphernalia of a Court day, with naked bosoms, perishable complexions, and transient atmospheres of essences, are at the mercy of the winds and showers before they reach the entrance hall."

After the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A., in Jesus College, Oxford.

JOHN NASH,

Architect to George IV., and designer of Buckingham Palace.

[*To face p.* 307.

Such was the design for the new Palace, fast nearing completion, when George IV. died in 1830, and the spur to the enterprise was gone. Nash, shortly after the death of his Royal master, retired to East Cowes Castle, where he died in 1835, aged eighty-three. His last years were embittered by the storm of abuse and ridicule which his design for the King's Palace had brought him, and he might well have exclaimed that when he died "Buckingham Palace" would be found written on his heart. John Nash was a Welshman, and had found favour with George IV. by his designs for some alterations at the King's Pavilion at Brighton. It was he who planned Regent Street, the terraces along the edge of the new Regent's Park (converted out of the old Marylebone Park), the east wing of Carlton House Terrace, the Haymarket Theatre, and many other well-known buildings. Nash used stucco so extensively for his buildings, that the wits had it:

> Augustus at Rome was for building renown'd,
> For of marble he left what of brick he had found;
> But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
> He finds us all brick and he leaves us all plaster.

A portrait of the famous architect by Lawrence is preserved at Jesus College, Oxford.[1]

William IV. had viewed his brother's building mania with derision, and on his accession swore at the Palace at Pimlico in his finest style, and declared that he would never occupy it. He made St. James's Palace his town residence. Meantime the work at the new Palace went forward, and by the year 1835 was

[1] A reproduction of the portrait is given by permission of the Principal.

virtually completed. Singularly enough, this was the year in which Nash died. Ten years had Buckingham Palace been in building, and it now seemed that the crowning dishonour had befallen it by the King refusing to live in it. Foreign visitors spoke of it as a species of white elephant, a kind of England's folly. Von Raumer declared that he would not have it for a free residence.[1] "I should vex myself all day long," he wrote, "at the fantastic mixture of every style of architecture and decoration—the absence of all pure taste—the total want of an eye for measure and proportion." He suggested that the best thing would be for Aladdin with his magic lamp to come and remove the Palace into an African desert, and it might then make an object of interest for savants and curiosity hunters. A writer in the *Athenæum*[2] described it as a "Penelope's web of a building," adding that he did not believe that so much "trumpery decoration, bad contrivance, and gratuitous waste of money were ever packed together in so limited a space." A foreign critic, Waagen, said that the Palace looked as if "some wicked magician had suddenly transformed some capricious stage scenery into solid reality." It served the newspapers for a topic in the silly season, and persons desiring to make themselves famous unfolded a fresh scheme for utilising the new Palace. Country cousins went to gaze at it, and shivered as they thought of the wind sweeping through the silent, empty corridors, and whistling down the white marble staircase. In front was a howling wilderness of sandy gravel and the *débris* of building operations. It was a spot cut off from the surrounding streets, and the two unhappy sentinels who guarded

[1] "England in 1835." [2] July, 1835.

the structure were the most commiserated men in London; I question if even a solitary nursemaid cheered their loneliness. People continued to gaze and criticise and suggest, until with the accession bells of 1837 a new and glorious era opened for the much-abused Palace.

The young Queen did not propose to remain in her childhood's home of Kensington Palace; she disliked St. James's, and decided to make the new Palace her town residence. An army of three hundred willing workmen put the finishing touches to the structure, and upholsterers made it beautiful and gay within. It was a joke of the time that after all the new Palace would be one of the cheapest in Europe, because it had been built by one monarch, finished by another, and furnished by a third. "What shall the Royal abode be called?" became the question of the hour. "The Queen's Palace," said a joyous and loyal people, but her youthful Majesty liked the old name best, and would have it Buckingham Palace.

On July 13th, 1837, scarcely a month after her accession, Queen Victoria quitted Kensington, and drove in state through cheering crowds to Buckingham Palace. She entered through the great bronze gates which men had worked day and night to complete, and under the Marble Arch, upon which the Royal Standard floated for the first time; and so passed a new Queen into a new Palace. Henceforth the satirised and abused structure became hallowed; the casket was ennobled by the jewel which it now contained.

On the evening of her arrival at Buckingham Palace the young Queen gave her first dinner-party, and in the weeks which

followed she received numberless deputations and gave many receptions of the more informal kind. Levées, Drawing Rooms, and all public state functions were still held at St. James's, Buckingham Palace being strictly her Majesty's private home. A gorgeous throne upholstered in crimson velvet with gold trimmings was set up in the saloon of the Palace, and the girl-Queen tried it in sportive mood, and said it was the most comfortable throne she had ever sat upon.

Up to this period, Buckingham Palace had anything but palatial surroundings. A dirty high-road led past Buckingham Gate, and out of it opened innumerable squalid courts and alleys. The shops in the neighbourhood were of the least respectable kind, and most of the private houses exhibited cards of "Furnished Lodgings." It was, in fact, a dirty and miserable quarter. With the coming of the Queen all was changed. Pimlico the squalid started out of its caterpillar condition and took wings like a butterfly. The alleys and hovels disappeared. The "penny shavers" became fashionable perfumers and the tobacconists repainted their wooden Highlanders. The roads were made up, the footpaths levelled, and the sandy desert in front of the Palace blossomed like the rose with gay promenaders. Young ladies in large, round drawn-silk bonnets and voluminous skirts walked with the conscious dignity that they belonged to the royal sex. The beaux, with their hands upon their hearts, promenaded in tailed coats with high collars, satin vests, and enormous neckcloths akin to those of "The Last of the Dandies." Their hair was scented and curled, and they wore whiskers styled the "mutton chop." The moustache was a vulgarity not known amongst smart men. Many

From a contemporary lithograph.

CORONATION PROCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA,
Stretching from the gates of Buckingham Palace up Constitution Hill.

[*To face p.* 310.

looks did these impressionable youths cast at the Palace windows, for it was considered a point of honour to be madly in love with the maiden Queen. The Mall was thronged with the carriages of the ambassadors and nobility, and began to look as gay as in the days of the Stuarts. The nursery-maids no longer stayed with their charges under the trees in St. James's Park, but eagerly pushed up to the confines of the Palace. Elderly gentlemen used strong language as they stumbled over poodles and small boys, or got their legs entangled in hoops. From morning till night crowds waited to get a glimpse of the Queen should she chance to drive out, and if only a servant crossed the courtyard of the Palace the buzz of expectancy travelled to the Green Park, for there was always the possibility that it betokened some intended Royal movement. No longer did the wind whistle with eerie sound through the corridors and the sumptuous rooms stand desolate. The sentries, once so commiserated, were now the most envied men in London, for instead of an empty and derided Palace, they guarded the home of the popular young Queen.

For nearly three years Victoria kept her maiden Court at Buckingham Palace, investing it with the atmosphere of a bright, gay girl enjoying her entrance into the world of men and affairs. A feature at this period were the informal dances which her Majesty gave to her private friends, and the evening concerts at which she herself frequently sang. On July 17th, 1837, she went from Buckingham Palace to prorogue her first Parliament, and on June 28th, 1838, she issued from its gates for her coronation in the state carriage with the eight cream-coloured horses, postillions, and running grooms which became so familiar to the people

throughout her reign. She wore a dress of crimson velvet and ermine, with a gold circlet surmounting a cap of purple velvet. As the procession emerged from the Palace the gay young Queen put her hands to her ears in mock alarm at the thunder of the saluting guns, and chatted merrily with Harriet Duchess of Sutherland, who attended as Mistress of the Robes. More notable still was the return to the Palace of the crowned Queen through the cheering and exultant crowds. As she entered the courtyard the girl triumphed over the monarch. "There is Dash," she said, as the barking of her favourite dog greeted her. "I must go and give him his bath." Laying aside her regal robes, the coronation ring, which had caused the finger to swell so that it was necessary to apply iced water to remove it, and the golden orb, which had made her wrist ache to carry, the Queen had a frolic with her pet to compensate him for not being included in the Royal pageant. In the evening the Palace was the scene of the coronation dinner, when her Majesty entertained a hundred distinguished guests, and outside the Palace fireworks blazed and London rolled a tide of joy.

On February 10th, 1840, the scene had changed. Buckingham Palace had witnessed the last of the Courts of the maiden monarch; and down its marble staircase the Queen came in the snowy whiteness of her bridal dress, and the crown for the nonce had given place to a wreath of orange blossoms. The wedding took place at noon. Previously Royal marriages had been celebrated in an evening, but Victoria courted the light of day for herself and her chosen husband, and was desirous that her people should have the opportunity of seeing the procession on its way to and from St. James's Chapel Royal. The wedding breakfast took place at Buckingham Palace,

attended by the magnificence that such an unique occasion demanded. Not for three hundred years—since Mary was wedded to Philip of Spain at Winchester—had the marriage of a Queen-regnant been celebrated. On February 14th the Queen and the Prince Consort returned from their honeymoon at Windsor to Buckingham Palace, driving through miles of cheering crowds exhibiting white favours, and within its walls they held their first joint reception. The Prince, after handing the Queen bride to her throne, took his stand beside her, settling at once the question of his position at Court functions, which had been much discussed and disputed in society. "I told you that was the best way to settle the matter," said the old Duke of Wellington, with an inward chuckle; "let the Queen place the Prince where she thinks fit." On June 10th, only a few months after her marriage, occurred the first of that series of attempts on the late Queen's life from which she so providentially escaped. She was driving from Buckingham Palace along with the Prince up Constitution Hill when the man Oxford presented a pistol and fired directly at her. The Prince rose to shield his wife, and the Queen displayed the greatest courage; after a second shot had been fired, she stood up in the carriage to show the people that she was not hurt. In the days that followed the vicinity of the Palace was the scene of an unique demonstration of loyalty. As the hour approached for the Queen to take her usual drive in the Park, ladies and gentlemen of the nobility assembled to attend her carriage as a voluntary bodyguard.

Early in the succeeding November, elaborate preparations were made at the Palace for the *accouchement* of the Queen, and there on the 21st of the month at 1.40 p.m. the Princess Royal

was born. The occasion was attended by an incident which shows that the measures for protecting the town residence of the Sovereign were at that time very lax. On the day after the Queen's confinement a disreputable little urchin, known to fame as "the boy Jones," was discovered on the staircase leading to the Queen's private apartments carrying a supply of cold meat and other edibles, tied in a pocket handkerchief, he having helped himself from the Royal larder. Questioned as to his behaviour, he replied that he had on two other occasions entered the Palace and secreted himself in the Queen's apartments. He refused to disclose his means of ingress, but it was generally supposed that he had climbed the garden wall at Constitution Hill, and crept into the Palace through an open window. Curiosity appeared to be his only motive. He was ultimately sent into safe keeping and provided with employment on board one of her Majesty's men-of-war. It became a joke amongst the ladies of the Court that "the boy Jones" must be a descendant of the famous architect In-I-go Jones. A year later, on November 9th, 1841, the Queen gave birth to a Prince, and a scene of great excitement and jubilation occurred outside the Royal residence. Edward VII. is the only monarch born at modern Buckingham Palace, although William IV. first saw the light there when it was Buckingham House.

Throughout the twenty years of Victoria's unclouded married life the Palace was the scene each season of gay Court festivals. The most famous of these were the now historic fancy-dress balls. The first took place in 1842, and has descended to posterity as the "Plantagenet Ball." It was a magnificent historical picture

of the Court of Edward III. and Queen Philippa, the Sovereigns being impersonated by the Queen and Prince Consort. Anne of Brittany was represented by the Duchess of Cambridge, having around her a separate Court of one hundred persons. The great feature of the ball was a succession of quadrilles of all nations being danced before the Queen by groups attired to represent the various nationalities. The Czar Nicholas sent experts from his Court to instruct in the Russian dances. The Queen's magnificent robe for the occasion was on public view in the West End. The stomacher blazed with £60,000 worth of jewels. "This is a night of nights," writes an eye-witness in the *Court Journal*, and through the vision of this ecstatic person we see the pageant in its full splendour. All the beauty, grace, and bravery of England were assembled that night within the walls of Buckingham Palace, and as we read the detailed account of the various personages one pauses with interest before names since known to fame. The late Duke of Argyll, a newly presented youth, danced in the Highland set with great spirit. Lady Peel was there in a cherry-coloured jupe, and the great Sir Robert in a Vandyke dress with crimson doublet and breeches of white satin. There, too, was the rising politician, Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, and his beautiful young wife, dressed as La Reine Claude, wife of Francis I., in a Grenat velvet jupe over a white satin skirt, wearing sleeves and veil of gold tissue. The gathering had a special interest as being the first public ball given by a Sovereign of the House of Hanover. One finishes the reading of the description believing, in the words of the eulogist, that "her Majesty's masque was the incarnation of a dream."

In the year 1845 took place the second famous *bal costumé* at Buckingham Palace, and the courtyard was filled with carriages whose occupants stepped forth in the glory of satin brocade, hooped petticoats, powdered wigs, and towering *toupées*—the time represented being 1740-50, and the festivity was designated the "Powder Ball." It would have been more in keeping had the fair dames stepped out of sedans instead of coaches. When the Royal fiat went forth for a ball to represent this period, it caused some consternation, for the dress did not seem likely to be becoming. However, the ladies became reconciled when they discovered that powdered hair made the complexion look more brilliant, and that if the hoop disguised the figure, the stomacher displayed it. Half the great houses in London presented the appearance of *costumiers'* establishments, so busy were the fair mistresses in ransacking the hordes of their grandmothers for stuffs and designs for dresses. Antique jewellery attained such a fictitious value that the sword of one gentleman cost £2,500. The ball took place on the evening of June 6th, and the guests numbered twelve hundred. The Diplomatic Corps and foreigners of distinction appeared in the uniform of their respective countries in use at the period. The ladies wore powdered *toupées*, brocaded trains looped up with golden chains over looped petticoats and high-heeled shoes, and the gentlemen square-cut velvet coats richly embroidered, knee-breeches, and wigs powdered and curled. As the company streamed up the Grand Staircase it looked like a resuscitation of the Court of Caroline of Anspach. The Queen received her guests dressed in a magnificent brocaded dress trimmed with point lace which had belonged to her grandmother, Queen Charlotte, and which had in all probability been worn by her on festive occasions at old

Buckingham House. Prince Albert was resplendent in a scarlet velvet coat, gold brocaded waistcoat, and white satin breeches. The Duke of Wellington in a field-marshal's uniform was a marked figure as he led in his handsome daughter-in-law, Lady Douro, the present[1] aged Dowager Duchess of Wellington, in a brocade trimmed with lace flounces which had once adorned the vestment of a Pope; and Miss Burdett-Coutts, the banker's heiress, lately received into society, outshone most of the great ladies by the splendour of her jewels. She wore a diamond necklace which had belonged to Marie Antoinette.

These entertainments did not escape the voice of the censor, and it seemed that Buckingham Palace was again to be condemned for being the cause of thoughtless expenditure at a time when there was much distress and poverty in the land. The Queen's motive, however, was to promote trade and circulate money, and the ladies were requested to revive the home industries by wearing dresses of English manufacture.

The year of the Great Exhibition was perhaps the most brilliant connected with the Court at Buckingham Palace. London was crowded with distinguished people from all countries, and the Queen entertained on a scale of great magnificence. On June 13th, 1851, her Majesty gave the third of her famous *bals costumé*, known as the "Stuart Ball," the costumes being those in vogue at the Court of Charles II. At this ball the ladies were outshone by the gentlemen. Gay cavaliers were they all with love-locks, collars and cuffs of Honiton lace, and a profusion of ribbons such as had never been seen before in Buckingham Palace. The gentlemen

[1] 1902.

wore them hanging in bunches like a Highlander's philibeg, and even had their shirtsleeves bound and ornamented with ribbons. The "Duke" was there, but he drew the line at love-locks, and wore his own scanty grey hair, which made him look an eccentric figure amidst the crowd with flowing wigs. Gladstone was a brave figure in a black velvet coat turned up with blue satin, ruffles and collar of old point lace, black breeches and stockings, and shoes with spreading bows, as Sir Leoline Jenkins, Judge in the High Court of Admiralty. Disraeli was not at this period a *persona grata* at Court. The Queen and Prince Consort appeared in superb dresses of the period, her Majesty's pretty brown hair being plaited with pearls beneath a crown of diamonds.

Prior to the Exhibition year of 1851, additions were made to the Palace which brought it to its present size, and the new part provided handsome suites of rooms for the Queen's guests. When her late Majesty first occupied the Palace, it was a low building with a colonnaded front and two wings, forming the three sides of a forecourt. The Marble Arch, only partially completed according to the original design of George IV., stood at the entrance to the forecourt. In 1847 the Eastern Front facing the Mall and St. James's Park was built under the direction of Mr. Blore, who had designed Abbotsford. The new block enclosed the old forecourt and gave a more imposing appearance to the Palace. A large riding-school and an exceptionally handsome ballroom had been added during the early part of Victoria's reign, as also the private chapel.

The ballroom is the most noteworthy of the state apartments added to Buckingham Palace by Queen Victoria. It is a magnificent

room panelled in crimson silk and having an inlaid polished floor. There are three tiers of seats on either side, and at the upper end an orchestra, at the back of which is an organ. The Royal daïs is at the opposite end from the orchestra. The supper-room is adjacent, and has a domed ceiling painted to represent the awning of a tent. Another interesting room is the Queen's closet, hung with portraits in enamel of Nelson, Wellington, Pitt, the Georges, and William IV., and various Princes and Princesses of the Royal house. It has a marble mantelpiece with bronze supports. Here Victoria robed on state occasions, and it is now used for the same purpose by Queen Alexandra. It is hung with pictures collected by George IV., comprising some by Rembrandt, Rubens, Teniers, and Gainsborough. The Throne-Room is the most important of the state apartments, and its colouring is crimson. Here all Drawing Rooms have been held for the past thirty-two years. The Yellow Drawing-Room has the furniture elaborately carved and overlaid with burnished gold and upholstered in yellow satin. In panels round the walls are full-length portraits of members of the Royal Family. It communicates with the Queen's private apartments on the north side of the Palace, and there Victoria received her family on state occasions before proceeding to the public state rooms.

The State Dining-Room opens on to the garden, and has something of the appearance of a hall of mirrors, the space between each window being filled with immense mirrors. At one end the buffet of gold plate stands before a mirror. It can be readily understood that the reflection of the glittering plate and the table decoration in the mirrors when a state banquet is held presents a picture of great splendour. Within these apartments four Drawing Rooms, two state

concerts, and two state balls have been held each season, as well as occasional state dinners, the most notable being those connected with Royal marriages and with Queen Victoria's Jubilees. Forty years ago they were the scene of constant gaiety, and there many of the most distinguished potentates of last century were entertained, including the Czars Nicholas and Alexander, Napoleon III. and the Empress Eugénie when at the height of their power, the first German Emperor when King of Prussia, the Sultan of Turkey, and the Shah of Persia. On two occasions the late Shah lived in a special suite of rooms at Buckingham Palace when visiting this country.

The gardens of the Palace cover some forty acres, and have been the scene of many garden-parties, the invitations sometimes numbering two thousand. They were laid out by the Prince Consort with the skill for landscape gardening for which he was famed, and present a lovely prospect of lawns, foliage, and ornamental water. The Queen's Pavilion is in the most secluded part of the grounds with a view to the lake, and was the first of the sylvan retreats erected by the late Queen, for which she later became famous at Osborne and Balmoral. It consists of three rooms and a kitchen, and is something much more than a summer-house. It might be called a Temple of Art. The principal apartment is an octagon with a vaulted ceiling, and is decorated with frescoes by Stanfield, Leslie, Maclise, Landseer, Eastlake, and other distinguished artists of the day, to illustrate scenes from "Comus." To the right is a room richly decorated in the Popeian style, and to the left is the famous Scott room, which has a series of frescoes painted by E. W. Dallas from sketches

Photo by H. N. King.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE QUEEN'S PAVILION.

[*To face p.* 320.

by Gruner of scenes in the novels and poems of Scott. This was her late Majesty's favourite room.

The erection of the new front to the Palace by Victoria in 1847 necessitated the removal of the Marble Arch, which shortly before the Exhibition of 1851 was placed in its present position at the entrance to Hyde Park, after being shorn of some of its grandeur. The figure of Britannia, turned into Minerva by clipping the head of Nelson off the shield, was removed to adorn the Royal Academy. Other figures and the bas-reliefs were utilised to decorate the Palace and grounds. Little did George IV. dream that his wonderful creation, intended to give the Royal abode the air of a palace of the Cæsars, would become known to succeeding generations as a stopping place for omnibuses and a station on an electric tube railway!

But to return to the Palace. It becomes impossible to enumerate a twentieth of the memories attaching to it during the earlier decades of Victoria's reign. There she entertained emperors and kings, and received the great and the brave men, and the grace and beauty of the period. From its windows she watched the funeral of Wellington passing to St. Paul's, and waved farewell to her troops as they left for the Crimea. There her children spent much of their singularly happy childhood, forming a pleasing contrast in many respects to that passed within its walls by the family of George III. The years sped onward until the gates of the Palace were opened for the first bride of the Royal house. The Princess Royal was married to Prince Frederick of Prussia on January 25th, 1858, the procession going from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Chapel Royal, where the ceremony was performed.

The bridal presents were set out in the Palace under the direction of the Queen and the Prince Consort. Three years after this happy event, the climax to her late Majesty's married life, the blow fell which turned her gay and happy town home into one of sombre stateliness.

After being for twenty years the scene of a brilliant Court, Buckingham Palace now entered upon a long period of intermittent animation. Although in name it still remained the town residence of the monarch, it was shorn of its dignity as the home of the Royal Family, only being inhabited for brief periods during the Queen's occasional visits to the metropolis. It became, however, more even than in its former history, a place in which "to see fashion." In the first years succeeding her widowhood, the Queen held small functions at the Palace called "Courts," at which the nobility were received, and in 1868, for her Majesty's convenience, the big state Drawing Rooms were transferred from St. James's, where they had been held for nearly two hundred years, since Whitehall was burned down, to Buckingham Palace. The first Drawing Room held there was somewhat of a historic occasion, for it marked the return of the Queen to public life, being the first Drawing Room presided over by her late Majesty since the death of the Prince Consort, a period of seven years. It took place on March 12th, 1868. The presentations were limited, numbering only seventy, and the general attendance about three hundred gentlemen and ladies. The hour was three, instead of two o'clock, as it had formerly been at St. James's. Nearly all the ladies wore white, abstaining from colour out of deference to the widowed monarch. Since then each season has brought a stream of debutantes

to its portals, and all the "belles" of modern times have made their entrance into society at Buckingham Palace. The "beaux," if one can use the term in these days of prosaic masculine attire, have continued, as before, to make their bows at St. James's.

During the later years of Victoria's reign, Buckingham Palace attained unique distinction. On June 21st, 1887, the Queen, full of years and of honour, drove through the gates, which had opened fifty years before for her coronation procession, to the celebration of her Jubilee, accompanied by her children and children's children. Ten years rolled by, and again the great bronze gates of the Palace opened as the revered monarch passed amidst tumultuous demonstrations of love and loyalty to the Thanksgiving Service for her Diamond Jubilee. Henceforth Buckingham Palace yields the palm to none, for there is not, we believe, a palace in the world from whose portals have issued the Coronation, Jubilee, and Diamond Jubilee processions of the same monarch.

Yet another memory lingers about the now historic pile. We recall vividly how in the sunshine—Queen's weather to the last—of a May afternoon in 1900 the aged Sovereign, in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, reviewed the Guards ere they started for South Africa. An hour or two later, and the "mother of her people" drove away from the familiar gates—as it proved, for ever. Was it a premonition of the future that caused the Queen to bow her head and furtively wipe her eyes, and the Princesses to lean towards her with loving solicitude as the Royal carriage emerged from the Palace gates? The tide of memory had doubtless rolled back, and Victoria saw herself again as the girl-Queen and the happy bride, and through the span of years event crowded upon event.

Now the end was in sight, the goal almost attained. The people cheered with genuine affection as the frail, bowed figure passed along Constitution Hill, and the children were hoisted high to wave their mimic flags. It was their last sight of the great Queen. A few short months, and again the people thronged about the Palace gates, and anxious faces scanned from early morning late into the night the bulletins which told of the stricken Queen's condition, away in her island home on the fair bosom of the Solent. Now the official notice stated that she had had refreshing sleep, had taken some nourishment, and passers-by, as they stood to read, spoke hopefully that even yet the inevitable blow might be averted for a time. The glimmering hope soon died away. On the evening of January 22nd the drawn blinds of Buckingham Palace told of the passing of the great and good Queen.

* * * * * * *

After standing almost silent and desolate for a year and more, Buckingham Palace started on a new era in its history as the town residence of the King and Queen. Their Majesties are not without personal memories of their new home. There the King was born, and during his youth passed several months each year, and throughout the reign of their Majesties as Prince and Princess of Wales they have presided over innumerable state dinners, balls, and concerts given at the Palace, and Queen Alexandra has held more Drawing Rooms there than one can count. In the private chapel of Buckingham Palace the King and Queen witnessed the happy unions of their two daughters. Princess Louise was married to the Duke of Fife on July 27th, 1889, and Princess Maud

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co., Ltd.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY,
Showing the front built by Queen Victoria.

[*To face p.* 324.

to Prince Charles of Denmark on July 22nd, 1896. From the balcony, where bride after bride of the Royal house has bowed to the cheering multitudes below, the Prince and Princess of Wales were presented to the people by the late Queen after their marriage in St. James's Chapel Royal on July 6th, 1893.

On March 12th, 1902, the King and Queen held at Buckingham Palace the first of the brilliant succession of evening Courts which marked their Coronation year. Throughout the spring and early summer the Palace was gay again, as in the earlier Victorian days, and Constitution Hill became alive with a continuous stream of carriages of the nobility, and the equipages of ambassadors and Indian princes, and the authorities found it necessary to augment the supply of chairs in the Green Park. On June 23rd their Majesties arrived from Windsor and drove through garlanded streets and cheering crowds to Buckingham Palace, in readiness for the great event, for which all the country had prepared, on the 26th. At noon on the 24th came the paralysing announcement of the postponement of the Coronation, owing to the dangerous illness of the King. Consternation and anxiety reigned supreme around the Palace, where great crowds stood all day long and far into the night to read the bulletins as they were posted up. In the weeks which followed, the vicinity of the Palace continued to be the scene of loyal and affectionate anxiety until the King left London for his yacht on the Solent to complete his convalescence. This trying period forms an instructive memory in the history of the Palace, and one of which the nation may well be proud, as exhibiting the strong affection binding the people to the monarch, which enabled a crisis of such magnitude to pass without a discordant note

being raised. If the British people take their pleasures sadly, they know how to bear a catastrophe with dignity.

The loyal welcome which greeted Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra when, on August 9th, the gates of Buckingham Palace at length opened for their Coronation procession, though more subdued, possibly, than it would have been on the original date, was distinguished by a deeper note of feeling. The occasion was one not merely of jubilation, but of thanksgiving that the King had been restored to health and thus enabled to celebrate his crowning. When, after the return of their Majesties from Westminster Abbey, they came out on to the historic balcony, wearing the insignia of their office, a remarkable demonstration was given by the multitudes massed outside the Palace gates and stretching far up the Mall. First a great shout arose, hats and handkerchiefs were waved, then hands were clapped and finally the strains of the National Anthem rose and gathered volume until the booming of the cannon was drowned in a universal "God Save the King!"

APPENDIX

AUTHORITIES AND WORKS CONSULTED

Accounts in Record Office.
Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle."
"Annals of Margam."
"Annals of Windsor," Tighe and Davis.
Argyll's (Duke of) "Governor's Guide to Windsor."
Ascham's "Letters."
Ashmole's "History of Garter."
Athenæum.
Belgravia, vol. v.
Benger's "Memories of Anne Boleyn."
Birch's "Life of Henry Prince of Wales."
——— "Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth."
Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson."
Bowack's "Antiquities of Middlesex."
Boyer's (A.) "Life of William III."
Bradley's "Middlesex."
Buckingham's (Duke of) Letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury.
Burke's "Anecdotes of the Aristocracy."
Burnet's "History of his own Time."
——— "Life and Reign of Queen Anne."
Burney's (Fanny) "Evelina."
Camden's "Historical Works."
Carter's "Westminster."
Cavendish's "Life of Cardinal Wolsey."
Caxton's edition "The Golden Legend."
Chambers's "Life of James I."
Clarendon's (Earl of) "Correspondence."

"Chronique de la Traison et Mort de Richart deux, Roy Dengleterre."
Cobb's (J. F.) "Story of the Great Czar."
Cooke's (C. Kinlock) "Memoir of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck."
Cottonian MSS.
Court Journal.
Defoe's "Journey through Great Britain."
Delaney's (Mrs.) "Autobiography."
Dixon's (Hepworth) "Royal Windsor."
Doran's "Queens of the House of Hanover."
Ellis's (Sir H.) "Original Letters."
Etherege's "Sir Fopling Flutter."
Evelyn's "Diary."
Faulkner's "History of Kensington."
Fenn's "Paston Letters."
Fitzgerald's "Life of George IV."
Fraser's Magazine.
Froissart's "Chronicles."
Gentleman's Magazine.
Giustinian's "Despatches."
"Golden Book of St. Albans."
Greville's "Memoirs."
Hall's "Chronicle."
Harleian MSS.
Harris's (W.) "Life of James I."
Hentzner's "Journey into England."
Hervey's (Lady) "Letters."
——— (Lord) "A Morning at Court."
——— ——— "Letter Books."
——— ——— "Memoirs of George II."
Historical Papers of Henry VIII.
Holinshed's "History."
Howel's "Londonopolis."
Huish's "Life of George IV."
Hume's (T.) "Satires."
Hunt's (Leigh) "The Old Court Suburb."
James I.'s "King's Quair."

Jameson's (Mrs.) "Decoration of Garden Pavilion, Buckingham Palace."
Jenkins's (Lewis) "Memoirs of the Duke of Gloucester."
Jesse's "Literary Memorials of London."
Knight's "London."
Larwood's (J.) "London Parks."
Law's (Ernest) "History of Hampton Court Palace."
——— ——— "Historical Guide to Kensington Palace."
"Lettres et Mémoires de Marie d'Angleterre, épouse de Guillaume III.," edited by Dr. Doebner.
Lilly's "Life and Death of Charles I."
Loftie's "Kensington Picturesque and Historical."
——— "Kensington Palace."
London Gazette.
Macaulay's (Lord) "History."
Marlborough's (Duchess of) "Correspondence."
Mathias's "Pursuits of Literature."
Melville's (Sir James) "Memoirs."
Milles's "Catalogue of Honour."
Montague's (Lady Mary Wortley) "Letters."
Morris's (Charles) "Poetical Works."
Motley's (J. Lothrop) "Life of Peter the Great."
Murray's (Hon. Amelia) "Recollections."
Newsletter.
Nichol's (John) "Progresses of Elizabeth."
Nicolas's (Sir Harris) "History of the Orders of Knighthood."
——— ——— ——— "Memoir of Elizabeth of York."
Notes and Queries.
Papendiek's (Mrs.) "Court and Private Life in the time of Queen Charlotte."
Pepys's "Diary."
Pope's "Poetical Works."
Poynter's "Essay on Windsor" in the book of Sir Jeffrey Wyattville's Illustrations of Windsor Castle.
Prior's Works.
Pyne's "Royal Residences."
Quarterly Review.
Raikes's "Journal."

St. James's Magazine.
St. Pelaye's "Memoirs of Ancient Chivalry."
"Saxon Chronicle."
Schuyler's (E.) "Life of Peter the Great."
Scott's (Sir Walter) "Life of Dryden."
Sedley's (Sir Charles) "The Mulberry Garden."
Sheppard's (Rev. Edgar) "Memorials of St. James's Palace."
Sieur de la Serre's "Narrative."
Spectator.
State Papers (various).
Stead (W. T.), *Borderland.*
Stow's "Annals."
Strickland's (Agnes) "Queens of England."
Stuart Papers.
Suffolk's (Lady) "Letters."
Surrey's (Earl of) "Elegy on Windsor."
Swift's "Journal to Stella."
Tennant's "London."
Tennyson's (Lord) "Queen Mary, a Drama."
Thackeray's "Esmond."
—— ——— "Four Georges."
Thornbury's "Old and New London."
Tickell's (T.) "Kensington Garden."
Timbs's (John) "Curiosities of London."
———— —— "History of Clubs and Club Life."
Von Raumer's "England in 1835."
Walpole's (Horace) "Memoirs of George III."
———— (Sir Robert) "Memoirs and Letters."
Waterford's (Lady) "Diary," in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," by A. J. C. Hare.
Wheatley's "Round about Piccadilly."
Wilkins's (W. H.) "Caroline the Illustrious: Queen Consort of George II."
———— ——— "The Love of an Uncrowned Queen."
Wraxall's "Historical Memoirs."

Printed by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ld., London and Aylesbury.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co.'s NEW BOOKS

By HENRIETTE CORKRAN.

CELEBRITIES AND I. Being Impressions of a large number of celebrated Men and Women whom the Author has met. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 16*s.* net.

The Woburn Library of Natural History.

Edited by His Grace the DUKE OF BEDFORD, K.G.

(*President of the Zoological Society of London*).

Each Volume in crown 4to, handsome cloth and gilt top, fully illustrated with coloured and other Plates, 12*s.* 6*d.* net. THE FIRST VOLUME NOW READY.

WILD FRUITS OF THE COUNTRY SIDE. By F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A., Author of "Familiar Wild Flowers," etc. With 36 Fine Coloured Plates by the Author.

"A charming book, illustrated with very attractive drawings. A very pleasing and interesting volume."—*Spectator.*

THE TIMES says:—"*It is difficult to avoid the use of superlatives in writing of this superb work.*"

"The book of the year." THIRD THOUSAND.

SIR HARRY JOHNSTON'S Great Work.

THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE. In two large vols., 1,053 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, gilt, 42*s.* net. With 506 Illustrations, 48 full-page Coloured Plates, and Nine Maps specially drawn for the work.

"This masterpiece—by far the best book of its kind dealing with any part of the great African Continent."—*Daily Telegraph.*

"A magnificent work."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Edited by A. TREVOR-BATTYE.

LORD LILFORD ON BIRDS. Being a Collection of Informal and Unpublished Writings by the late Lord Lilford, President of the British Ornithologists' Union, with contributed papers upon Falconry and Otter Hunting, his favourite sports. In crown 4to, cloth gilt, 16*s.* net. With numerous Drawings by A. Thorburn, including a Photogravure Plate.

A Charming Book for Nature Lovers. By OLIVER G. PIKE.

HILLSIDE, ROCK, AND DALE: Bird Life Pictured with Pen and Camera. By the author of "Woodland, Field, and Shore," etc. In crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6*s.* Illustrated with 110 Photographs and a Coloured Frontispiece.

A Famous Writer and her Work.

MARIE CORELLI: The Writer and the Woman. By T. F. G. COATES and R. S. WARREN-BELL. In crown 8vo, cloth gilt and gilt top, with Illustrations, 6*s.*

A Seventh and Cheap Edition of DEAN HOLE'S Very Successful Work.

THEN AND NOW. In demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 6*s.* net, with Portrait.

A New Edition of MARIE CORELLI'S Successful Story.

JANE. With Illustrations by G. H. EDWARDS. 2*s.*

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co.'s New 6/- Novels

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS.

Messrs. HUTCHINSON & CO. announce that a Third Large Edition of JEROME K. JEROME'S New Long Novel, PAUL KELVER, 6s., is Now Ready.

JEROME K. JEROME'S Great Novel.

PAUL KELVER

"A book which puts the writer in the first rank of living novelists."—*Sketch.*

"Mr. Jerome has recorded his memories with the touch of the true artist. It recalls the books which chronicle the childhood of David Copperfield and Paul Dombey. A remarkably good book—a book which places its author in a rank far above the many popular entertainers of literature."—*Times.*

"And now comes with 'Paul Kelver' a big book. The book is really great. Everything is there, humour and pathos, sympathy and wisdom. One laughs, and cries, and approves. The book, in short, must admit Mr. Jerome to the ranks of the great English novelists of the day. In that high class he may now take one of the highest places."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

VIOLET TWEEDALE'S New Novel.

THE HONEYCOMB OF LIFE

"A smart study of smart modern society. It is undeniably clever, it is subtle and full of phrases which should catch the eye and move the minds of the sort of connoisseurs who make circulating library vogues."—*Athenæum.*

A REMARKABLE NEW HUMOROUS AMERICAN NOVEL.

By C. R. SHERLOCK.

YOUR UNCLE LEW

"'Uncle Lew' is altogether worthy to rank with 'David Harum.'—*Glasgow Herald.*

"A fascinating personality. Read the book and you will not regret it."—*Onlooker.*

"A quaint and jolly figure, likely to interest every one who makes his acquaintance."—*Scotsman.*

THE MYSTERY OF JOHN PEPPERCORN.	TOM GALLON.
A SPECKLED BIRD.	AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON.
A SON OF GAD.	J. A. STEUART.
THE NEW CHRISTIANS.	PERCY WHITE.
SUCH AS HAVE ERRED.	ELLA MACMAHON.
THE PRIEST AND THE PRINCESS.	R. L. DIXON.
THE OTHER MAN.	MARTIN J. PRITCHARD.
THE MYSTERY OF THE ROYAL MAIL.	B. L. FARJEON.
THE WAY OF A MAN.	MORLEY ROBERTS.
THE GOLDEN KINGDOM.	DR. ANDREW BALFOUR.
THE MOTOR MANIAC.	MRS. EDWARD KENNARD.
RED LION AND BLUE STAR.	J. A. BARRY.
WITH CLIPPED WINGS.	MARY STUART BOYD.
THE RELATIONS, AND WHAT THEY RELATED.	G. M. ROBINS.
WHERE THERE'S A WILL.	E. EVERETT-GREEN.
THE RACK OF THIS TOUGH WORLD.	AGNES GIBERNE.
THE CHARITY GHOST. (*A Christmas Story.*)	TOM GALLON.

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & CO., PATERNOSTER ROW.

DA
660
T67
Tooley, Sarah A.
Royal palaces and
their memories.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
DA660.T67
Royal palaces and their memories,
0 00 01 0104866 8